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PROSPECTUS OF
The Haverfordian.

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, SIXTH MO. 25, 1879.

No. 1.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

Delivered by John H. Gifford, of the Class of '79.

IN the name of our Class and, much more, in the name of our Alma Mater, to whom is due the honor for all success and interest in this, the closing exercise of our course, again, friends of our Class and College, we thank you for the kindness of your presence. We wish to ask that, for a few moments, you will favor us with your patience, while we here bid farewell to so much that we have held and must always hold most dear.

And, first of all, Fellow-students, we extend a parting word to you,—you whose entrance among us we have watched so carefully, that, for the first few days, our anxiety may have been to your minds almost a burden, and was, indeed, a selfish feeling. What difference time has made in the relations between us is better felt than told. Our interest in you hereafter shall be not less strong, but nobler. If our hopes are not deceptive, we shall all belong to the same society in the world,—that of the good and useful. There we shall await the realization of expectations which your qualities inspire,—the fruit of your efforts here. Confident as we are of the fulfilment of your highest ideals, the thought of separation becomes to us one of merely giving way, that you may advance to greater usefulness,—a pleasing, not a solemn thought. Only the memory of past associations springs up, and gives a tinge of sadness to the final word which seems to break forever the connections between us as we say, Farewell!

We turn to the guardians and protectors of our Alma Mater. Gladly, were we able, would we acknowledge, were it only in words, the depth of the debt we owe to her, she owes to you. This, for us, as for all of her children, the work of our lives must prove. We feel indebted, however, not so much for the knowledge she has given us, as for her *training* of all that makes the man; for that fostering care which she has suited to the fullest freedom. She seems to have imparted a share of the beauties of her outward self to the character of her sons, and now to smile in silent satisfaction for the usefulness and integrity of their lives. With a fond desire that your reward in us, as in them, may be great, with gratitude for your generosity, with confidence in your wisdom, with honor and with respect, we bid you Farewell!

But to you, our professors, for your efforts, for your interest, for your advice, what shall we say? Like a child before its benefactor, we are dumb with gratitude; certain that the gift is great, but unable yet to prize its worth. This the experience of the future must teach us; that shall more than atone for the inappreciation of the past.

If there is aught in us to-day more than at the beginning of our course, and you know what it is; if we have learned to distinguish honest doubt from skepticism, means from ends, true from apparent blessing; if we have gained a stronger faith, a nobler love, a loftier aim,—for this we are grateful to you.

If you have been merciful to our faults; if you have given us a mortgage on the future, to bear interest forever; if the intimacy

and unspoken communion of our minds with yours has secretly guided our thoughts and actions, shaping our lives,—we thank you for this. To you, now, but not to the influence of your lives and teachings, we must say, Farewell!

Finally, Classmates! the moment for the granulation of this little cell has come. The tissue, that has bound us together, must here be broken. Each of us must now become, by himself, a nucleus. Where each may be cast, to what organ he may be attached, if only his proper growth and function be not hindered, makes little difference. Let us, however, remember this: nowhere in the world is individual influence so powerful as in our own free land, nowhere so great as here is every man's responsibility for the welfare of his fellows, nowhere is good and evil in such open conflict. The principles of our government are the hope of the world; but the hope of our nation is in the integrity of the people, and, most of all, in the transcendent power of the great and the good. Let us, while we strive, feel that the fate of the world is resting on us.

And, Classmates! it will not be strange if, in the fields of life, we find the garlic growing side by side with the violets and the daisies. The world, too, may give us a tossing now and then, one more severe and no less useful, perhaps, than that with which we were favored by our immediate predecessors. If it is the means of making wisdom follow knowledge, let us take it with a smile. In this as in everything, be our motto, "This and more."

... "All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when we move."

But our hope is in the future, our joy is of the past; it is passing from one to the other, from the known to the unknown, which makes our sorrow now. The memories of the past, uncalled, spring up to testify. The societies, the studies, the sports, the walks, the friendships, the place itself and all about it, a hundred recollections deeply engraved upon our minds, arise to swell the throng. Happy the thought, we have not these to lose! The sweetness and influence of these memories, immortal as our minds, nothing can remove. We are to relinquish only the objects from which they spring; and now to these, many as they are, and dear, with feelings of sadness subdued by hope, we bid one fond farewell! Lovely and benignant Mother, Classmates, all, Farewell!

College work has two values. It has what may be called a knowledge value, or the benefit derived from the knowledge obtained; and it has a disciplinary value. Of the two, the latter is by far the most important; there is a popular tendency to underestimate this disciplinary value, and to measure things by their knowledge value. Thus there are many erroneous opinions as to the importance of certain studies. The motto of a certain training-school contains the whole idea of education in a nutshell,—“Power, not Knowledge.” This does not mean that mere knowledge is to be despised, but that it is trivial as contrasted with the power obtained through a conscientious discipline of the mental and moral powers.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

C. W. TOWNSEND.

A. P. CORBIT.

W. A. BLAIR.

WALTER C. HADLEY, Business Manager.

Subscription Price, One Copy, One Year.

\$1.50.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.

Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Advertising rates, 10 cents per line, agate. Special contracts made upon application to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

THE efforts at college journalism at Haverford have been somewhat spasmodic in the past. Annuals bearing the name we have chosen, *The Haverfordian*, others with the sprightly title of "The Grasshopper," and perhaps still others with other names, have from time to time been issued, but we know of no attempts to publish regularly a journal at shorter periods.

The present management will begin, with the commencement of the next college year, the publication of a monthly journal, of which this little sheet is the forerunner. We take this occasion to state our aims, and to invite the co-operation of our friends.

We purpose to make *The Haverfordian*, as its name suggests, the representative of the daily life and work of the students of Haverford College, an index of the culture and discipline received, and a means of inter-communication between the members of the annually increasing family of those who have been here as students, and, having received the seal of faithful and intelligent effort, have gone out into the world, to fight its battles and to win its victories.

Thus it appears that our field is local and the interest upon which we depend entirely personal. We feel confident if we are faithful to our purpose and loyal to the highest welfare of the Institution under whose beneficent influence we are laboring, that we shall neither be lacking in interest nor support.

A short history of our undertaking may not be devoid of interest. During the discussion of society matters here last winter, the need for a higher incentive to excellence in composition became quite apparent; and, on the other hand, it was felt that some of the literary work done here was worthy of a better fate than to be bound up and laid away upon the library shelves. It was thought that a printed paper would supply both these demands.

The initiatory step was taken by the Loganian,

which appointed a committee to consider and report on the desirability of such an enterprise. Upon making a favorable report on this point, the committee was continued, to report a plan of organization, which was, with little change, adopted. In accordance with this plan, the Loganian appoints the business manager, and each of three societies one editor. These are to have entire control of the paper for the year, and are alone responsible for anything that may appear in its columns.

To those who feel a special interest in our new enterprise we would say that we have every reason to believe that our paper rests upon a solid foundation. It has the hearty support of the entire College, Faculty and students, and we are sure that no effort will be spared to make it a success in every respect.

Although our plans are not entirely matured, we think it safe to say that *The Haverfordian* will be issued on the 1st of each month during the college year, and will contain twelve pages, about the size and form of this prospectus. We shall take care that the quality of the paper used and the mechanical execution shall be unexceptionable.

We mail copies of this prospectus to many who, we think, will be interested in our enterprise, and we hope that while the matter is fresh in their minds they will send us their subscription for next year. If put off until the opening of the college year it may be forgotten. Funds may be sent in registered letter, draft on Philadelphia, or in P. O. Money Order on Bryn Mawr, payable to the order of *The Haverfordian*.

We shall be glad to have the opportunity to record upon our subscription books the names of all now living, of those who have ever been connected in any way with Haverford.

We humbly suggest to our friends present at Commencement the convenience with which you can "interview" our "Business Manager" with reference to your subscriptions for our first volume. Please test it!

We will gladly furnish copies of this prospectus to those willing to aid in extending the circulation of *The Haverfordian*. They may be obtained of the business manager.

The American people are becoming more alive to the benefits and demands of higher education with each succeeding year. They show this appreciation by enlarged gifts to provide the means for education. A decade ago, the gift of a few thousand dollars was quite extraordinary; now donations of a million and more are not rare.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

PERSONALS.

'81.—Fred Davis has left us, and is at home.

'78.—Crosman, Baily and Hill graduate to-day at Harvard.

'81.—L. M. Harvey is in Indianapolis, in college.

'81.—George F. Hussey expects to enter the Harvard Law School next autumn.

Professor Samuel Alsop, Jr., is reported to be in better health than when he resigned his position as superintendent in Eleventh month last, and is interested in silver-ore milling in Colorado.

Three of the Class of '79 are contemplating medicine as a profession.

The Alumni Gold Medal was awarded by the judges to J. P. Edwards, of '80, for excellence in oratory, on the 30th of last month.

'81.—Vail will spend the vacation in Canada.

'81.—Johnson intends to rusticate near Lake Champlain.

Professor Sharpless will take a trip to the Rocky Mountains soon after College closes.

'80 —W. F. Perry will summer at Lake Mohonk.

'80 and '81.—The Edwardses, Major and Minor (we don't want to forestall the season by saying "Senior" and "Junior"), will devote their surplus energies, during the holidays, to the running of a steam-thresher in Indiana.

'80 —C. F. Brede will follow ye peaceful kine, and scatter ye fragrant hay, near Coloma, Md., until next term.

'81.—Hadley, our business manager, will spend his summer months soliciting Kansas school boards in behalf of the publications of Messrs. Appleton & Co.

'82.—W. H. Robinson will assist in running the new hotel at Lake Minnewaska.

'80 —F. H. Cope and John Whital have both decided to go into business. We would have been glad to have them remain, but extend our best wishes for success.

'60 —Professor Clement L. Smith presided over the Harvard Examinations for Women in Philadelphia recently.

'67 —Professor R. M. Jones and Daniel Smiley, Jr., of '78, sailed for Europe on the 14th.

'78 —Jonathan Eldridge is Assistant Governor and Librarian at Westtown.

'75.—Professor J. F. Davis expects to sail about Ninth month 1st for Germany.

'76.—F. G. Allinson, Fellow of Johns Hopkins University, has been given a six months' leave of absence for travel in Europe.

'80.—J. L. Lynch will occupy his usual post at the Water Gap during the summer.

"Don't want any books, book-shelves, chairs or carpets; am going to room alone next year; don't want anything!" is pasted in large letters on the door of a Freshman's room on the third floor of Barclay Hall.

Porter & Coates will publish, during the next fortnight, a treatise on Geometry, by Professor Isaac Sharpless. Part I. will also be bound separately for the use of those who wish only the elements of Plane Geometry.

LOCALS.

John E. Sheppard, Jr., is the Salutatorian to-day.

There is a good prospect for a large attendance next year. We should be glad to see Barclay Hall full of students.

The new Museum will be fitted up this summer. Dr. Townsend will be the fittest. We confidently expect his survival, according to the Darwinian theory.

The Loganian has turned over to the College all its collections, except the numismatic. This was done in order that they might be properly arranged in connection with those belonging to the College.

The College Library has received recently, from friends in England and Ireland, several hundred volumes of denominational books. The large addition to the shelf capacity of the library, which is now making, comes none too soon. It will add greatly to the appearance of the room, as well as to the usefulness of the library.

Among the more exciting episodes of the past year has been the discussion growing out of proposed changes in society work at Haverford. After innumerable plans had been proposed, discussed and rejected, the agitation finally subsided into a change in the organization of the Loganian, which society will consist hereafter of ten persons from each of the private societies, in addition to the Faculty and such students as are not members of the private societies. This plan, though having objectionable features, is perhaps the best that could have been adopted, and promises to infuse new life and activity into all the societies.

OUR COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

The following officers of societies have been elected for the coming year:

LOGANIAN.

President,	PROF. NEREUS MENDENHALL.
Vice-President,	JAMES L. LYNCH.
Secretary,	JESSE H. MOORE.
Treasurer,	LEVI T. EDWARDS.
President Council,	J. PENNINGTON EDWARDS.
Councilmen,	{ ALBANUS L. SMITH.
	{ C. W. TOWNSEND.
Editor <i>Haverfordian</i> ,	DR. C. W. TOWNSEND.
Business Manager "	WALTER C. HADLEY.
	{ PROF. ALLEN C. THOMAS.
	{ CHAS. E. GAUSE, JR.
Editors " Collegian,"	{ JOSEPH RHOADS, JR.
	{ J. C. WINSTON.
Librarian,	W. F. PERRY.
Curator,	ISAAC SUTTON.

ATHENÆUM.

President,	JOSIAH P. EDWARDS.
Vice-President,	ALEX. P. CORBIT.
Secretary,	JOHN E. COFFIN.
Treasurer,	ISAAC SUTTON.
President Council,	JOHN C. WINSTON.
Editor <i>Haverfordian</i> ,	ALEX. P. CORBIT.
	{ W. F. PERRY.
	{ E. O. KENNARD.
Editors " Gem,"	{ ISAAC SUTTON.
	{ W. H. ROBINSON.
Librarian,	LEVI T. EDWARDS.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE closing exercises of this College year have lacked none of the many interesting features of such occasions.

First in order of time is the public meeting of the Loganian Society, on the evening of the 23d. The programme, given below, was unusually able and interesting. The inaugural address of the incoming president, Dr. Mendenhall, dealt largely with the question of the future welfare of the Society, showing the necessity for individual and combined exertion in order to success. Space forbids any criticism on the orations, further than that they were all of high order, and reflected honor upon both the speakers and the Society.

—PROGRAMME.—

Inaugural Address,	President.
"The Republic of Liberia,"	
Charles E. Gause, Jr., Plainfield, N. J.	
"Advantages of Compulsory Education,"	
L. T. Edwards, Spiceland, Ind.	
"Objections to Compulsory Education,"	
J. C. Winston, Richmond, Va.	
"Christianity as a Medium of National Reconciliation,"	
Jesse H. Moore, Goldsboro', N. C.	
"Woman in America,"	Walter C. Hadley, Chicago.
"England and the Russo-Turkish War,"	
Wilmot R. Jones, South China, Me.	

Following the Loganian meeting came the semi-barbaric spectacle of the 'Annual Interment of Paley,' by the Sophomore Class. As this ridiculous custom has prevailed for more than a generation, it is probable that most readers of *The Haverfordian* are perfectly familiar with all the details. It is sufficient to say that, in the opinion of the participants, it excelled by far anything of the kind ever witnessed here.

On the evening of the 24th, the annual meeting and supper of the Alumni Association occurred. We were compelled to go to press before this interesting occasion, consequently we can speak only prophetically of the good things which were there served up. Among other proceedings will be the bestowal of the Alumni Prize Medal for oratory, upon J. Pennington Edwards, of Spiceland, Ind., a member of the Junior Class; and the awarding of the prize for the best essay on the "Substitution of Arbitration for War." The Alumni oration will be delivered by Professor Nereus Mendenhall, M. D., on the Necessity for more full and accurate definition of essentials in religious affairs.

The orator shows that the boasted accuracy of scientific theories is mere assumption, and rests upon far less solid ground than religious truth. He very truly

says that the cause of religious truth has been rendered more open to attack through the ill-judged efforts of dogmatic theologians.

We will close this notice of Commencement week with the programme of to-day's exercises:

—PROGRAMME.—

"The Mystery of the Pyramids,"	
John E. Sheppard, Jr., Greenwich, N. J.	
"The Colonization of America as foreshadowing her Destiny,"	John B. Newkirk, Greenwich, N. J.
"The Mendicant Orders before the Reformation,"	
William C. Lowry, Phila.	
"Nature and Consciousness,"	
Samuel Bispham, Jr., Phila.	
"The Greek Church,"	
Edward Gibbons, Wilmington, Del.	
"More Light,"	Francis Henderson, Germantown.
"The Tendency and Limit of Democracy,"	
John H. Gifford, West Falmouth, Mass.	
Conferring of Degrees,	
Address to Graduating Class,	
President Thomas Chase, LL. D.	

CRICKET NOTES.

The game of Cricket at Haverford, being the one great source of relief from the more arduous labors of Greek and Mathematics, does not appear to have lost ground either in interest felt or number of games played within the last year, and victories which have been added to the long list already heaped up by the predecessors of the present Dorian C. C.

Since Commencement of last year twelve matches have been played, of which seven were won, four lost, and one drawn on account of rain. Of these matches all but two were played on the grounds at the College, made so beautiful a year or two since by the munificence of some of the Alumni who cherished the memory of the many pleasant games played on the old ground during their college days.

The Second Eleven of the club especially has done itself credit, not having lost a single match this spring.

Prizes are annually offered by interested friends of the club for excellence in bowling, batting and fielding. We give below a list of the prizemen:

First Eleven prizes for excellence in matches.		Per Wicket.
W. C. Lowry, for bowling average,		5.81
S. Mason, Jr., for batting "		14.81
Alex. P. Corbit, for fielding.		
Sophomore and Freshman prizes on "scrub" matches.		Per Wicket.
W. P. Shipley, for bowling average,		3.63
W. P. Shipley, for batting "		13.07
Harry M. Thomas for fielding.		
The Comfort Prize Ball was awarded to W. C. Lowry for bowling; average per wicket, 3.46.		

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, TENTH MONTH, 1879.

No. 1.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

JOS. RHODES, JR. ALEX. P. CORBIT. WM. A. BLAIR.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial,	1
Please Read This,	2
Teacher or Scholar,	2
College Courses,	3
Personals,	4
Just for Fun,	5
Alumni Day,	5
Reunion,	6
Reunion Address,	7
Locals,	7
New Books,	8

EDITORIAL.

The design of *The Haverfordian*, and the causes which led to the undertaking, were set forth in the Prospectus which we published last Commencement Day. That paper was widely circulated among the friends of Haverford; and the hearty approval which the project received, encourages us to hope that this attempt to furnish an insight into the life and work of the College will be appreciated.

We aim to make *The Haverfordian* interesting to all who are interested in Haverford. For the old student, we will give a record of passing events, where the playground and literary societies shall have a place, as well as the more solid work and the changes and improvements which are made in the College. We thus hope to revive and stimulate the interest of all who have been here, by recalling pleasant recollections of the past, and by showing the advancement which has been made and still is making since their time.

The present year opens with the largest number of collegiate students which has ever been here. The wings of Barclay Hall which are allotted to them have room for only one more. This is encouraging. It shows that people are beginning to appreciate the glorious opportunity which Haverford affords for high moral and intellectual training. This increase of Haverford's usefulness

can be materially aided by the individual efforts of us all,—not necessarily laborious efforts, but such as flow naturally from a lively interest in the College. To help this interest is one end which we humbly hope to attain.

Nor do we wish our paper to be exclusively local. Most of our readers will feel an interest in some other Friends' school, if not in all. We intend therefore to notice events happening at or affecting the leading Friends' schools and colleges. If, by so doing, we can increase the general knowledge of the educational work among the Friends, we hope it will do some little good, besides entertaining our readers.

The literary work of Haverford will be represented. Many of the essays read before our societies are worthy of being more widely circulated than they have been heretofore.

The editors have authority to take any articles which they think fit from the three society papers; and they hope to be allowed by the writers to publish the best of those written for "miscellaneous meetings." Our readers can thus judge of the literary and mental training which our Alma Mater imparts.

Besides our internal resources, we have flattering promises of contributions from abroad; and we expect to present our readers with essays by some of Haverford's most literary sons.

The columns of *The Haverfordian* will be open for the discussion of all topics bearing on the interests which the paper represents; and we cordially invite our readers to send us any communications on such subjects which they may wish published.

As it was necessary, after College opened, to elect an editor, in the place of Dr. Townsend, whose loss we so much regret, we have been obliged to make a late start, and have been unable to complete some of our preparations. The reports from our sister schools and colleges are very limited; but we hope before our next issue to make arrangements with correspondents at several other institutions. Westtown, though often charged with being behind the times, is not always last, and sends us a hasty report of a session which good health, good work, and good feeling have combined to make a success.

Cricket news is uncommonly plenty. The intercollegiate match and the twenty-first anniversary of Haverford cricket, were events of unusual interest to old students. We hope that none of our readers will be disgusted with the sporting character of our first number; for we intend to keep to moderation in all things.

We can only ask your leniency towards the faults and shortcomings which we here present, hoping they will be fewer in future.

—◆◆◆—
PLEASE READ THIS.

We send the first number of *The Haverfordian* to many who have not yet subscribed to it, but who, we hope, will do so when it is brought to their notice. We can confidently announce that it will be continued through the present college year. The three literary societies have pledged for its support a sum equal to two-sevenths of the estimated cost, and we have promises of subscriptions and advertisements enough to make up the balance. It would, however, be a great disadvantage to the societies to have to pay this amount. We trust, therefore, that enough subscriptions will come in to make the paper self-supporting.

—◆◆◆—
TEACHER OR SCHOLAR.

Whether it be possible or not for the same man to achieve highest eminence both as a teacher of youth and in all that is implied in the term "scholar," it is not necessary now to discuss. The honor is certainly confined to a few. The object of this essay is to point out the fact that there is a great distinction between the two fields, and that this distinction should be recognized by those who have aspirations or intentions in either direction.

A very large number of college graduates annually seek admission to the ranks of the school teachers. Their motives are various. Some seek the command of the little ready money that the salary gives; some as a convenient mental drill; some with the idea of making it a life business; and some to put themselves in the line of securing an honorable reputation by investigations and discoveries in their chosen field.

But every man who accepts a salary from an institution should be careful to do all for which he is paid; and he should have a high standard of what the position requires. He may make such a bargain for extra time as he can; that is a private matter; but inside of the time allotted to his salaried work, he has more to do than to prepare for and hear the programme of recitations. He is in duty bound to give himself that general preparation for the proper performance of a teacher's work which it is within his power to give. Setting aside all personal

considerations, all ambitions, all distracting interests, he must *study teaching*. Cannot any one pick out two men of equal abilities both engaged in the profession, of which one is a vastly better teacher than the other? This is so because, while one has perhaps devoted thought to his Latin or geometry, or the subject taught, the other has studied the teaching. The one has ambition to be a great scholar, the other to be a great teacher. They are both honorable ambitions, and, if achieved, they will in general both be of advantage to the position which they occupy. But the one is generally using the position as a means to an end, outside of the object of the employers, of which the benefit resulting to their patrons will be contingent and distant; the other within that object, and which will return their remuneration in services rendered.

Now it is an important matter for any young man who has aims in the direction of pedagogy to determine, first of all, which one of these two fields he will occupy. That of an original investigator is the highest, and probably the most important; it will lead him into beautiful and absorbing work; and, though through many disappointments, yet the rewards of success are ample, remunerative, and satisfying. He will take his position in life in company with the great men of the earth, and enjoy the benefit of their intercourse, and feel the great impulses which fill their hearts and minds. It is a thought not to be lightly considered. If any young man is given this hope, let him not dismiss it as impracticable. Much is possible to earnest dedicated effort, always tending in the direction of one's choice.

And yet it is a pity to spoil a good teacher, in order to make a second-rate scholar. The energies devoted to investigation would go far towards redeeming many a teacher's failure. And we have no doubt that for the large majority of graduates, this is the direction to which they ought to turn. Let them study how to present subjects clearly and forcibly; how to create enthusiasm and interest; how to overcome sluggishness and restiveness, and how to discipline kindly and firmly without error and without apparent effort. They have a noble field before them, and one which they will not find too much circumscribed. Agassiz asked for no more flattering epitaph than—Teacher. It will be for them to follow closely in the footsteps of the investigator, and to interpret the result to the world; not merely to the little world which they meet in the class room, but to the great world of business men who look for instruction to the school teachers and college professors; not merely verbally to the class, but through lectures, essays, and books to the great reading and thinking public.

COLLEGE COURSES.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic*, President Eliot, of Harvard, is quoted as saying that the one essential of a cultivated man is the knowledge of his own language and literature. This opinion has given rise to a deal of discussion in the papers on the point itself, and incidentally on the place English studies should hold in a college course.

The more we have thought on the question, the more has President Eliot's position commended itself to our mind. Is it not, after all, *English* literature and the *English* language that most of us want?

What a large proportion, even of those who go through the full college course, is there that either have not the time to read after leaving college, or, wearied after their day's work at the desk or elsewhere, seek recreation in social visiting or places of amusement. It is useless to deny the fact that comparatively few of those who have not entered more fully into "the well of English undefiled" than is called for by the courses of most of our American colleges, become readers and students of it after their entrance into life's work. Not accustomed to reading carefully—scientifically, may we say,—the quiet charms of biography, criticism, travel, or more solid history, have little or no attraction for them; and if they read, it is some novel or romance, too often of the melodramatic school, or the kind which borders on the immoral, and is attractive for that reason.

Is there not some just fault to be found with the ordinary college curriculum? We have classical and scientific courses, and we say to the anxious parent, "Here are the courses, take your choice; either one is good, but"—and here comes in the bias of the particular professor addressed—"I think you will find the classical course the better. To be sure, it is a little harder, but then the training the mind gets in the study of the classics, the nicety of distinction in meaning, which can only be obtained by the study of the Greek hypotheticals and Latin subjunctives is worth far more than the extra labor." Or if a scientific man, "Nothing can teach such habits of accuracy as the study of mathematics; and then descriptive geometry and mechanical drawing beget steadiness of hand and a true eye, and are excellent preparations for civil engineering, or, indeed, for any profession your son may wish to take up. And nothing in the classics is more beautiful than calculus—why, you can do anything with it! besides, if your son has a mathematical turn, we will take him as far as he wishes to go. Determinants, theory of equations, quaternions, and to the extent of the beautiful modern geometry. And then public opinion demands that natural science should be fully taught, as you know. Physics, biology, zoology; why, these enter into our every-day life! we must know about *them*, and the classical course barely touches them." "But, my dear friend," says the parent to one or both of these professors, "my son wants to go into *business*. I am a business man, and I wish my son to succeed me. I have not had a college education myself, but my son shall,

if it is practicable. Now here is the difficulty: he is something over sixteen years old, at the end of four years he will be nearly twenty-one, almost a man; his tastes have, I grant, been improved; the studies he has pursued have been elevating, and his mind has a good deal of knowledge of one kind or another; but what has he learned that will help him in his business? I don't wish to disparage Greek or Latin; your hypotheticals may be very beautiful, or your subjunctives very—very *delicate*—was that the word?—but do they help him to write up his *journal*, or take off a balance-sheet? Or, what good does descriptive—descriptive—geometry do him? He don't expect to be an engineer; and as for calculus, or quaternions, I don't know what they are, though they sound well. I want an *English* course, where he can learn book-keeping, theory of *accounts*, not equations; the principles of exchanges, banking, what the balance of trade is, and how it is affected; and if you can teach him how railroads keep their accounts, by your calculus or modern geometry, teach them too, by all means. I tell you the colleges will have to wake up on these matters. Then, I want a good, solid knowledge of English literature. Instead of spending four years on Latin and Greek, let my son study the great English authors; I think he will find in Milton or Shakespeare or Bacon plenty of delicacy of expression and nicety of language. Not that I would be unwilling for him to study some Latin or Greek, if he has time; but is not one year enough? There are many who, like me, want an English, a distinctively English course; and if you cannot furnish it, we shall have to send our sons where we can *get* it."

And so, not finding what he wants, where he would prefer to send his son, he goes to some inferior place, whose authorities, eager to get pupils and glad to number such a man among their patrons, make any concessions that are asked, and *get* the youth.

This is a pretty fair account of what takes place at most of our colleges every year, and the number of such applications is yearly increasing. We think the question will have to be met, and it seems to us only one answer is possible, except with those colleges whose endowments are large enough to make them independent. And even these cannot ignore this thing, if they wish to impress their influence upon a large and most important class of the community. They will have to revise their courses, and take in this influential body, if they wish to keep its good-will, which even *they* cannot afford to lose.

Strong believers in classical education ourselves, and believing fully that no modern language can quite take the place of Greek and Latin, grieved as we should be to see them thrown aside, we feel sure that the day is not far distant when our colleges will have to add a *third* course; call it English, literary, business, or what you will. Let not the advocates of classical or scientific studies be too stiff in upholding their opinions, but yield with good grace, so as to get in as much of their respective branches as possible.

All this may seem far from what we started out with, but it is not. In such a course, give the student thorough instruction in the English language, its history, its formation, and its powers. A very elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin will give enough to enable him to understand the derivations. Demand this, and you will get it. Then let him study reading—elocution, if that sounds better. Let the great authors be studied critically, the allusions hunted up, the geography and history looked out. Let the history studied be judiciously selected; not only events and their causes and effects learned, but the philosophy of it all appreciated. Let him study the history of the Christian Church, its rise, progress, its decadence, and then its Reformation, and the rise of the various Protestant sects.

Let one age of English literature be compared with another, and the characteristics of each be noted; then let him also study social science, hygiene, political economy, with especial reference to modern systems of banking and commercial business generally.

Let *practical geology* be taught, the names of the common stones be known,—building stones and others. Let him learn to use his eyes in his walks, and notice the lay of the land. So with botany; let the useful woods, ornamental and building, be handled and known. Drawing, freehand and mechanical, should not be omitted. Add to this book-keeping, if you must, though we believe one week's experience in an office is worth forty outside. Add other things, as they suggest themselves, and you will have a course that will commend itself to many a parent, who, though able to send his son to college, does not do it, because he does not find what he wants, what seems practical in his eyes.

If the English literature of such a course be thoroughly taught, the graduate will have a practical education, and also a *culture*, if not equal to the classical graduate, yet pressing hard upon it. The number of cultured men will be largely increased, the influence of highly educated men will be much greater, the recreations and social converse of the whole community will be much more elevated.

The question, to our mind, seems to be resolving itself into *this*: Shall we have a large number of cultivated *English* scholars, or a small and ever proportionably smaller one of classical and scientific scholars? Can we hesitate which to choose?

L.

PERSONALS.

"Judge" has a new hat.

'73.—J. L. Tomlinson teaches at Baltimore.

'75.—C. E. Tebbetts is Professor of Natural Sciences in Penn College, Iowa, and is to be married soon.

'75.—Professor J. F. Davis paid us a visit before starting for Germany. He sailed from New York, 9th mo. 15th.

'76.—Frank H. Taylor gave us a call on the 23d. Business brought him again from the far West.

'76.—L. L. Hobbs is Principal of New Garden Boarding School, N. C. We understand he contemplates studying medicine.

'76.—T. W. Kimber has been admitted to the bar.

'78.—H. L. Taylor has returned from his tour in Europe. He stopped for a short time at the College, and then acted upon the advice of Horace Greeley.

'78.—C. P. Frazier has left Trinity College, N. C., and now has charge of the little tarheels at Goldsboro'.

'78.—E. Forsythe, after taking a course at Harvard, has accepted the position of Principal of Friends' Seminary at Moorestown, N. J.

'78.—We have it from good authority that G. W. White is really not yet married.

'78.—D. Smiley has returned from Germany, and now pedagogues it at the Wm. Penn.

'78.—Crosman will teach at Washington.

'78.—L. M. H. Reynolds rules the hopefuls at the Friends' Select.

'78.—F. K. Carey is studying law at Baltimore.

'79.—Gibbons, Lowry, Henderson and Bispham are at home.

'79.—J. B. Newkirk is in business in the city.

'79.—J. E. Sheppard will enter the medical department of the University this fall.

'80.—Dr. Townsend, who was an editor elect of *The Haverfordian* is at home. His health does not permit his attendance this year.

'81.—W. V. Marshburn has taken his A. B. at Yaddin College, N. C., and is now Principal of Sylvan Academy.

'81.—Hadley, our business manager, spent the summer as editor-in-chief of the *Indianapolis Mail*, an evening daily paper which is becoming very popular in the Hoosier State.

'81.—Phillips has just returned.

'82.—W. C. Chase has returned from his visit to Colorado, and now grinds Greek as formerly.

'83.—S. Shoemaker and A. C. Craig spent the summer in Europe, and are now settled down to work.

Does the maternal codfish call her young with a codfish bawl?

Can the troubles Miss Kellogg has with her voice be called tone-ails?

A physician says the germs of yellow fever are in ice. Yes; and the germs might be destroyed by boiling the ice before using.

ALUMNI DAY.

There was nothing of special moment to mark this year's gathering of our Alumni. Forty-four Alumni, about the annual average, answered to the roll-call, and were present at the public meeting in the evening. The business meeting, called to order, with V. P. Howard Comfort in the chair, had no matters of special moment before it. The committee "to appoint judges to sit at the public contest for the Alumni Medal" reported that, in pursuance of their appointment, Edward Wood, Henry T. Coates and Joseph M. Fox attended at the public competition in Alumni Hall, 5 mo. 30, 1879, where three (3) contestants were heard, and the medal awarded to Josiah P. Edwards of the Junior Class. Upon the motion to adopt the report, there was some debate and criticism of the manner in which the contest was conducted. Some gentlemen argued that the occasion would be better adapted to attain the desired end of being an encouragement to the students in their efforts to obtain "excellence in elocution" if more of the Alumni and friends of the College would manifest their interest by their presence. The Secretary of the Alumni was directed to notify the members of the next contest; and our reporter is informed that the committee having the matter of appointing the judges in hand propose hereafter to take charge of the evening, and endeavor to make the occasion one of as much interest as possible. He is also informed that this committee will consider, and probably direct, that the successful competitor shall deliver his oration at the evening public meeting of the Alumni, in order that the Association may be able to judge for themselves of the expediency of continuing the prize. A statement that the treasurer was without funds to pay for the medal for the current year resulted in an impromptu collection by which \$62 was raised from members present. If the prize is worth continuing, it would be very desirable that the Association should be able to provide a permanent fund for its support. The adjudicators in the matter of the prize of \$250 offered through the Association by Philip C. Garrett, for the best essay setting forth "the most practicable plan for promoting the speedy substitution of judicial for violent methods of settling international disputes," reported that the prize had been awarded Leon Chotteau, of France.

The report was accepted, and the following resolution passed: *Resolved*, That the various essays presented for competition are hereby referred to Philip C. Garrett and the adjudicators, with authority to make such dispositions thereof as they may think best in the cause of international peace, and to distribute the same as widely as practicable. John B. Garrett, on behalf of the adjudicators, further stated that they were materially aided in their efforts by an advertisement and notice inserted in the *London Times*, through the courtesy of our minister at the Court of St. James. That they had received about thirty essays, and that those next in merit to the successful one were from Australia and New Zealand.

The ballot for officers for the following year resulted as

follows:—President, John B. Garrett; Vice presidents, Joseph Parrish, Charles Roberts, Allen C. Thomas; Orator, Philip C. Garrett; Alternate, James Tyson, M. D.; Secretary, Edward P. Allinson, Treasurer, T. K. Longstreth; Executive Committee, Edward H. Coates, William S. Taylor, Henry Cope, Benjamin H. Lowry, Joseph M. Fox, Francis K. Carey, John E. Sheppard, Jr.

The supper performed its important function of ministering to the physical wants of the members, but was otherwise as stupid as usual, if not more so.

The annual address in the evening was delivered by the orator, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, and his thoughtful and scholarly effort was worthy of a larger audience than Alumni Day at Haverford is wont to muster. *Apropos* of the lack of interest in the proceedings of Alumni Day, if estimated by the numbers in attendance, our reporter is informed that the Executive Committee propose to recommend to the Association to consider at the next annual meeting the expediency of changing the day of meeting to the fall of the year, when it is thought the day could better assert its individuality, not being jostled cheek by jowl with Commencement. It is thought by some that more gentlemen would attend then, and that the prospect of cricket or foot-ball might prompt the members "to make a day of it," and brighten up their attachment to Alma Mater by snatching a few hours of boyish relaxation beneath her sheltering trees.

Would it not be well for *The Haverfordian* to endeavor to elicit through its columns some expression of opinion on this subject? for it is obvious that the future advancement of the College interests must depend in great measure on keeping warm and active the regard of her Alumni.

JUST FOR FUN.

CHINESE VERSION OF MARY.

"Was gal named Moll had lamb,
Fleas all samee white snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too."

The "Maine" thing is to be in love with Blaine.

What could the Cricket Club do without money and without "Price"?

A carpet dealer advertises "Carpets that can't be beat." Sends us up half a dozen.

Can essays on the sun and moon come under the head of light literature?

An afflicted Senior declares that the best cure for imaginary troubles is a corn.

Why does a certain Soph. search so assiduously for the first downy indications of a moustache?

A Sophomore says that a sand-storm is a rain of terra, and that the nose is the scenter of civilization.

A Rhode Island Junior says they don't have any telegraph in that state; when a man wants anything he hollers.

REUNION.

On Thursday, after the close of the match, many of Haverford's old cricketers assembled at the College, and a reunion meeting of old students was held; a supper provided for the occasion being one of the features, to which the present Dorian eleven were invited. Supper finished, collecting in front of Founders' Hall, where several dozen Chinese lanterns lighted the commodious if rather damp auditorium, the assemblage was addressed by Henry Bettle, who, in a very neat speech (which we give in another column), called attention to the strong position cricket occupied at Haverford, and the gratifying fact that the College was being governed more and more by those who recognized its claims, forming, as it does, another bond of union to Old Haverfordians; finishing, he invited President Chase to address the meeting.

He, coming forward, declared himself to be the oldest cricketer connected with the College; and although he could not claim to have originated the game at Haverford, yet he asserted himself to be the reviver of it after it had died out, and for a long time acted as godfather to it, caring for and nourishing it when it was young and tender in years.

Professor Pliny Chase, in answer to repeated calls, then spoke of the usefulness of active exercise, and how much more it was thought of now than formerly; contrasting the student of a half-century ago with that of to-day, and giving "*Mens sana in sano corpore*" as the motto of a student.

The following song, next on the programme, was sung by David Bispham, all joining in the chorus.

"SONG OF THE DORIAN."

[Air.—"When Johnny comes Marching Home."]

By the "Bard of Cobb's Creek."

Oh, at first we were a little club,
At Haverford, hurrah;
In Senior's eyes just the thing to snub,
At Haverford, hurrah;
But soon we taught 'em, with bat and ball,
That we were "some punkins" after all,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.

CHORUS.—For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.

In underhand bowling we first relied,
At Haverford, hurrah;
For we had a great dread of bowling wide,
At Haverford, hurrah;
But "piddlers" we always did despise,
And the way we would swipe 'em would open your eyes,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

Then Mellor and Broomall at round-arms did try,
At Haverford, hurrah;
And Thomas at long-stop would ne'er give a bye,
At Haverford, hurrah;
So that soon we vanquished the Delian quite,
And with the Eolian made 'em unite,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

When Broomall to Media had retired,
From Haverford, hurrah;
To gather laurels he was inspired,
From Haverford, hurrah;

But the team he brought to accomplish that task
We sent back home with their flag at half-mast,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
At Haverford, hurrah,
The "Varsity" first tried the colors to lower,
Of Haverford, hurrah;
But we hit their bowling over the creek,
Till they all returned to the city quite sick,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

In 'sixty-six, at the Wynnewood ground,
Near Haverford, hurrah,
The "Merion" our honors with claret drowned,
Poor Haverford, hurrah;
But for the thrashing they gave us that day
They afterwards had most dearly to pay,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

The "Varsity" often tried to rout
Old Haverford, hurrah,
But the Quakers always cleaned them out,
Brave Haverford, hurrah;
Till 'seventy-eight, when their graduates tried,
They met a Waterloo, known far and wide,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

Again, my lads, we have waxed them sore;
For Haverford, hurrah;
And we'll do whenever they want some more,
For Haverford, hurrah,
For we're the boys with the bat and the ball,
And we always play up when we're pushed to the wall,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

A poem was then read by Joseph Parrish, which will be published in our next.

After he had finished, Henry Cope, who is gratefully known to all Haverford cricketers, spoke of the recent victory as showing how the training received in the Dorian showed in the field.

The meeting then broke up, and the company seeming to have enjoyed themselves, and, judging from the frequent applause, to have enjoyed the entertainment, finished by a visit to the favorite retreat at the end of the lane on their way to the station.

This meeting, which was gotten up unexpectedly on changing the Inter-collegiate match from Nicetown to Ardmore, is only another of the many expressions of the interest old students take in not only Haverford, but in Haverford cricket; and not only do those who when here devoted themselves to the game, and keep it up on leaving, feel this interest, but those who were not at all skilled in its intricacies, retain a love for it (as many of their letters regretting their inability to attend the meeting express). One, a prominent man, says: "It has always pleased me to see Haverford clinging to cricket, and I have never learned to care much for its too popular rival, base ball."

The library will be kept open this year a sufficient number of hours daily to enable all to have as much use of it as may be desired. Professor A. C. Thomas is librarian, assisted by Walter C. Hadley, Isaac Sutton, and R. B. Hazard.

OPENING ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REUNION.

BY HENRY BETTLE.

The happiest man in all this world is said to be he who can make a good after-dinner speech, the next happiest man is he who can't make one at all. I belong to the latter class, and yet I am here to welcome you at the suggestion of that whole-souled, enthusiastic, devoted and unselfish friend of Haverford, and of cricket at Haverford, Henry Cope. I am here to rejoice with you as a member of the Dorian that she has trained and sent into the field such all-round players as Fox; such batsmen as Fred and Burt Bailey, and Charley Haines, and that most useful man to have around, John Jones; and such bowlers as Comfort and Lowry and Newkirk. And I am here to rejoice, above all, that cricket, within proper bounds and restrictions, has become an important element of education at Haverford. And this I am glad to recognize the fact that Haverford is being more and more ruled and governed and directed by Haverfordians; men who know her wants and needs by actual experience, and are determined, if possible, to supply them. And permit me further to express the desire, which I often felt, not only when present here among you, but when my feet have been turned far away from these pleasant halls, the earnest desire, almost craving, which I have for an increase amongst us of real, genuine brotherly affection and brotherly regard, as children of one common fostering mother. That letting the time past suffice wherein any of us may have sought to work out too selfishly our own ends, we should come up unitedly, and, to use a trite expression, as a band of brothers, certainly all of us in the moral, and as far as each may be able the material, support of this noble and useful institution and its faculty, headed as it is by that accomplished gentleman, (God bless him!) Dr. Thomas Chase. In this hard, practical, every-day American life of ours, where the getting of money is the principal thing, all those earlier and more enthusiastic and generous feelings of our better nature are apt to grow torpid and inert, if not entirely deadened, by daily contact with the cold and selfish world around us, and we need the refining influence of an ideal affection. This, in truth, is what we want,—the vision of a calmer, simpler beauty, to purify us in the midst of artificial tastes; we want the draught of a purer spring to cool the flame of our excited lives.

And nowhere else can we better find it than at this fountain of perpetual youth; nowhere else can we better cultivate these ennobling affections than by cultivating a love for and an interest in our Alma Mater, than by strengthening the hands and warming the hearts of these

faithful professors, who, like patient gardeners in the fields of mind, with constant vigil and unwearying toil are planting year by year those seeds of thought which shall germinate and fructify, and bring forth fruit in years to come. Fruit more precious than the golden apples of Hesperides, fruit delectable to the intellectual taste of man, and worthy the refecation of the higher intelligences.

For I verily believe that as this is increasingly the case there will come more and more to be verified the eloquent words of one of Haverford's own sons, the gifted Joseph Parrish, that "from the doors of this College as from the doors of all other colleges and schools over the land, will pour the ever-renewed flood of fresh young life trained in all exercise of noble deed, learned in lessons of a purer patriotism, of a more earnest duty, of a larger responsibility to the country, to humanity, to the Highest."

And so, to-night, let our united benedictions rise to thee, O Haverford! May peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy borders! Here, as of old,—

"May Learning dwell, and all her stores unfold;
Still may her priests around these altars stand,
And train to truth the children of the land."

LOCALS.

The Freshmen seem to enjoy the new Geometry. Thanks to Professor Sharpless.

The Archery Club seems to flourish, if we may judge from the arrows which fly over the lawn.

We have a new professor of chemistry this year, and shall expect the lecture-room to be occupied occasionally.

Prayer-meetings have been well attended thus far, and much interest is manifested by some of our new students.

The chemistry inclined students are interested in the analysis of mineral water from the celebrated Alburgh Springs, Vt.

Old graduates who visit us express their regrets that the magnolia has been removed from its place in front of Founders' Hall.

The State Fair held at the Centennial Buildings was largely attended by the students, who pronounced the exhibit very fine.

The sound of the hammer is less often heard in the halls, showing that most of the students have finished that disagreeable job of putting down carpets.

Improvements continue to go on around us. New book-shelves have been added to the Library, giving the much needed room for our large and rapidly increasing number of books.

The Juniors have been playing the College at cricket. Six of the first eleven men belong to '81, and the match was very close.

The new museum is completed, and the valuable collections of minerals, etc., are now arranged in order, and placed so that all can have the opportunity of examining them.

The Sophomores, after long deliberation, decided to give the Fresh. the usual tossing. The affair took place in the Gymnasium, and seemed to be enjoyed by all parties.

There are in college 22 students from Pa., 6 from Ind., 4 from N. C., 5 from Maine, 5 from N. J., 4 from Del., 4 from Md., 3 from Kansas, 2 from Iowa, 2 from Ohio, 2 from Mass., 2 from Va., 2 from N. Y., 1 from Mo., 3 from R. I., 1 from Ill., 1 from Cal., 1 from Vt., and 1 from Canada.

Two of our students have manifested so great an interest in the welfare of our country as to be willing to forsake the "classic shades of Haverford" for a while, and visit Maine, their native State, in order that they should, by their votes, help to put the right men at the helm of the "Ship of State."

A student here recently received a letter which had been mailed in Eastern New York about eighteen days before. It was stamped "missent;" and one of the extra postmarks, on examination, proved to be San Francisco, Cal., showing that the letter had twice crossed the continent before reaching its destination.

Quite an excitement was caused on the 20th by the cry of fire. A report was circulated that the meeting-house was on fire. This, however, proved false; but the dwelling-house in the lot adjoining our accustomed place of worship was completely destroyed. The inmates were fortunate enough to secure most of the furniture. The cause of the fire is attributed to a defect in the chimney.

Work has been commenced on the site of the Female College at Bryn Mawr. Dr. Joseph W. Taylor has been diligently at work for some time past to determine upon the best plan. He is not ready to publish his intended plan, but cellars are being dug for three buildings, —two about 120 feet in length and one about 100. The buildings are to be of brick, and a brick-yard is in operation on the grounds. We hope to be able, ere long, to inform our readers definitely as to the plan adopted.

It is the intention of the manager to enlarge the size of our paper to sixteen pages, next issue. If we continue to grow at this rate, we will soon have a ponderous monthly.

NEW BOOKS.

All Quiet Along the Potomac, and Other Poems, is the title of a volume from the pen of Ethel Lynn Beers, and just published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia. It affords the lover of good poetry no little delight to find, occasionally, that some of the choice verses which have appeared from time to time in the magazines and newspapers, have been incorporated in form, calculated to place them, as their character demands, among the permanent literature of the language. We often seize our scissors and scrap-book, in a sort of grim despair, and endeavor to save, for our own benefit at least, just such productions as comprise the volume before us. The author states that most of them appeared originally in the weekly press of New York City, and in a short history of "All Quiet Along the Potomac" she gives us an interesting taste of newspaper-waif life, showing how this poem, so universally known and admired, has been attributed to and claimed by a great number of authors.

"On the Shores of Tennessee," "Better than Diamonds," "Which Shall it Be?" "Weighing the Baby," and "Lights and Shadows" are among the real gems. "Off Barnegat" is the title of a poem founded upon the wreck of the schooner Tolck, by which the captain and his wife both lost their lives, but the little daughter escaped unharmed. The rich pathos and vivid description of the scene are particularly striking.

The volume is bound in cloth, with gilt edges at the top, and contains 350 pages. Price, \$1.75.

The Garland* is the title of a new 8vo, of 235 pages compiled by E. P. Gurney, who omits the customary preface, but places in its stead the index of first lines of the poems, which she has selected with great care, and among which are found the sacred verses which have been, and are, held dear by thoughtful Christians. "Abide with me" comes alphabetically, as it does in popularity, first. Whittier, Vaughn, Waring, Wesley, Bonar, Cowper, Cary, and Heber, are represented in the collection.

The Pre-historic World, from the French of Elie Berthet, by Mary J. Safford, a volume of three stories in which are summed up the recent discoveries of pre-historic time, is just published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

* Philadelphia, 1879: Porter & Coates. 12mo, cloth, extra. \$1.50.

No matter how good a philosopher a Senior may be, he can never resist the temptation to kick an empty tomato-can.

A Freshman, upon seeing the "Poems of Places" in the Library, remarked that Place must have been a great poet to write so much.

The class in physics is honored by the presence of three or four scholarly ladies of the neighborhood, who are interested in the experiments.

CRICKET

There is something about cricket which seems to attach itself more firmly to the affections than most other games. It cannot be the hard work attached to a thorough knowledge of it, for those who have never exerted themselves to any extent feel it. But whatever it is, it is certainly a point in favor of the game; and those students who think it slow and stupid should consider that there may be more in it than they suspect, that the love of it seems so lasting and so generally felt.

Although many of our readers are already familiar with the particulars of the late successful encounter of the Old Haverfordians with the University, yet, for the benefit of those who are not, a brief sketch of it will here be given.

The weather and the grounds (the Merion) were as nearly perfect as cricketers usually get, through both days.

Each team was somewhat changed from last year, and some good men on either side "could not get off." The representatives of the University were Law, Loper, Baird, Brewster, J. Murphy Hoffman, C. Morris, C. Clark, E. Hopkinson, W. Hustin, G. Philler and M. Ewing.

Old Haverfordians: Fox, C. Haines, G. Ashbridge, J. B. Jones, Kimber, F. and A. S. Baily, W. Haines, Lowry, Sheppard and Newkirk.

The University went first to the bat, and put together 83 runs, Hustin getting 30, Morris and Hoffman 13 each, the break of Lowry and Newkirk being very effective.

The Old Haverfordians made 122 in their first innings, F. Baily making 58, Kimber 25; this closed the first day's performance, the last wicket falling just too late to commence another inning.

The University on Thursday had only nine men on the field, three of their number being unavoidably absent. In spite of this they ran their score up to 207,—of which Law got 29, Morris 36, Brewster 27; 86 runs were now needed by the Old Haverfordians to win. These they succeeded in getting with the loss of two wickets: Jones contributing 48, A. S. Baily 22, and not out, F. Baily 8, extras 5.

Thus the second of the annual Inter-collegiate matches was a victory for Haverford, although it must be acknowledged the University had rather bad luck. On the first day Brewster did not get on the field in time to be of any use at the bat; and on the second, when they seemed to be in a fair way to make the match a close one, three of their players were absent.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE NOTES.

As noticed elsewhere, this column has not the variety it is hoped to display hereafter, on account of the late hour at which the feature was introduced, answers to letters *having only been received* from Westtown.

The summer term at Westtown Boarding School will close on the second of tenth month, the institution still adhering to summer and winter sessions. The boys' school is much larger

in winter than in summer, the average for the last three years having been 138 $\frac{2}{3}$ for winter terms, and 95 $\frac{2}{3}$ for summer terms. The girls' school has not generally shown the same discrepancy; though during the same time, it has averaged 83 for winter terms and 65 $\frac{1}{3}$ for summer terms.

Within the same three years, the number of graduates (including five to graduate at the end of the present term) has been thirty-five,—twenty of whom have been boys, and fifteen girls.

The game of lawn tennis is being introduced; and between the hours of five and six every fair evening, games may be seen in progress on either girls' or boys' grounds.

As students are entered at the opening of either term, they may graduate at the end of either, so that the ceremonies incidental to graduating are gone through with twice in the year.

The last public meeting of the Westtown Literary Union, for the term, was held on Fourth day evening, 9th mo. 17th. The "Historical Committee" furnished the entertainment for the evening. Their report embraced, besides the "Docket" for the present session (which was not read), essays on "The Westtown Literary Society," "Girls' Literary Societies," "The Cabinet of Natural History," and "The Boys' School Building." This is a standing committee of the society, which reports once each session, gathering items of the past history of the school, and preparing articles on its current history, all of which are to be preserved for future reference.

Examinations begin on Fifth day, the 20th of 9th month, continuing nearly a week; and although "cramming" is discouraged, and practiced to a very moderate extent, those students who think well of a good reputation are just now feeling an unusual interest in all the small points of their textbooks.

A CUNNING CORPORATION.

It is said that one of our railroad companies not long ago got up a camp-meeting on their line. In order to insure its success, persons were hired to be converted at two dollars and a half per day, or per conversion, we are not sure which. But thinking this not enough, these mercenary sinners struck, and the company had to give them three dollars. When the meeting was over, the ministers received fifty dollars each, and the company pocketed the rest.

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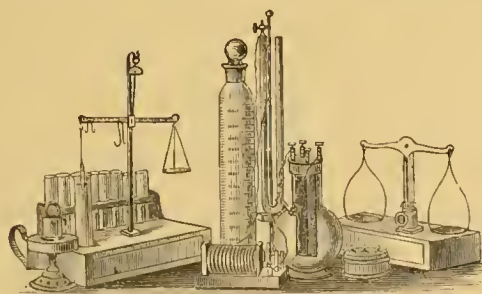
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, ELEVENTH MONTH, 1879.

No. 2.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.	Page 1
To the Artist.	2
Editorial Notes.	2
Y. M. C. A. of Haverford College.	3
Personals.	3
The Philosophy of George Fox.	4
What They Say of Us.—Just for Fun.—Our College Corner.	4
Is Life Worth Living? V. I. N.	5
Field Studies in Geology R. B. W.	7
Cricket Song. Joseph Parrish	8
Societies.	8
Sunnyside.	9
Locals.	10
Our Political Club.	10
Sports.	11

EDITORIAL.

The collection of forest trees on the campus has always been Haverford's great pride; but during the past few years the interest felt in them has been in a great measure so overshadowed and absorbed by the newer attractions of Barclay Hall and the other improvements lately finished that the trees and shrubs have been left very much to take care of themselves.

Now, however, that the necessities (so to speak) of the College are to a large extent satisfied, its patrons will, we hope, again turn their attention to our beautiful lawn, which is, especially at this season, so great an ornament.

And, indeed, the appearance of a special committee of managers a few days ago, who were selecting sites for young trees, would indicate that they are beginning to realize the need of improvement in this particular, and that a movement is on foot to meet it.

And although this has not, so far as we know, developed into anything definite, our friends, the effects of whose successful efforts we have continually before us, are working in their quiet way for this object; and we doubt not that they will be no less happy in it than in their past labors, and will add another to the obligations our College is already under to them.

We students have lately been interested and shaken a little out of our usual channels of thought by three lectures by the Rev. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, the distinguished student of ants and spiders. In the first two he told us of the structure and habits of the ant, and gave us a particular account of the agricultural and the cutting ants, two very interesting species, which he had studied in Texas. The third lecture, illustrated with stereopticon diagrams, was on spiders, their homes and habits. Dr. McCook's style as a lecturer is easy and animated. No one who heard him could fail to be entertained and instructed; but the instruction was a small part of the good which the lecture should, and we hope did, give us. To create an interest in the study and observation of nature, as the Doctor told us, was his principal object; and what higher end could he hope to attain?

To some of us who feel an interest in Natural Science, these lectures were specially grateful. Strong as our College is in many ways, it cannot be denied that natural science receives very little encouragement,—in fact, is almost wholly neglected. Not only do we need more lectures, but this branch of study is not represented in our Faculty. The classics, philosophy, mathematics, chemistry and physics, and literature and history, all have their professors, who give them special attention. But where do botany, zoölogy and geology come in? Recitations in them are heard one year by one professor, another by another. After a student has studied his lesson, he often feels as if it was a waste of time to attend the recitation. We have a museum, containing minerals principally, which might be used to illustrate the recitations and make them interesting, and which might be increased so as to be of much more practical value than at present; but it is very little used, and no systematic effort is made to increase it. Now, if there was a professor who made a special study of the natural sciences which are on our curriculum, though his field would be very wide, yet he could do much good by using the facilities which the College possesses, and could largely increase these facilities by enlisting the interest of the students, so that they would work with him. It would not be difficult to find plenty of help that would be efficient, if properly directed. We would call attention to a subse-

quent article on the needs of our museum. It manifests the spirit of at least one of the students.

It is pleasant to be able to announce that we have one professor, Robert B. Warder, who will undertake to start a Geological Club to study geology in the field. At his call a meeting of about fifteen students was held recently, which was presided over by Professor P. E. Chase, the present incumbent of the chair of Geology. (We would remark that Professor Chase is eminently competent and honestly desirous to fill this position well; but by the time he has done his duty by metaphysics and "the harmony of the spheres," he has little time for geology.) Professor Warder stated his desire to form an informal club to observe the geological features of this vicinity while taking walks, which might otherwise be mere constitutionals. He also made some interesting suggestions as to a mode of observing. He disavowed all pretensions to being a geologist, as his specialty was in another direction; he wanted this for recreation. After some encouragement from the Chairman, and a few suggestions by the students, a committee on permanent organization was appointed to draw up a plan. It is designed that the association shall be quite informal, and all the work voluntary.

This is a step in the right direction, and we are glad to see it; but what a grand thing it would be for Haverford, if it had a regular professorship of Geology, or even of Natural Science! Then we might hope that the scientific spirit which is now felt among us would be more than a transient breath, and that Haverford would be as strong in the study of nature as in classics, mathematics and philosophy.

Walt Whitman says: "The best promise in America is in certain young men who are coming on the stage, though yet voiceless. They cannot speak because the magazines are in the hands of old fogies like Holland or fops like Howells. Yet they will burst forth some day." Walt always was an eccentric man. In the first place, he is a genius; and the second place, he is a journalist, and that accounts for all the rest. We as young men feel like thanking the veteran newspaper man for his hearty expression of confidence in the coming generation of leaders, and yet it hurts our feelings to have him speak thus of men who have swayed more minds than he himself ever has, besides leaving behind them treasures of literature, of the permanent kind. He says Emerson is our greatest man, and Bret Harte is smart, facile and witty; also that Whittier is a Puritan poet, without unction, without juice. In this latter he not only leaves the truth behind him, but makes use of an adjective which is as offensive as it is inelegant.

John G. Whittier, often called the Quaker poet, is recognized as an author of the first rank, by the American people, who have failed to find any merit whatever in the effusions of Whitman. The latter is a great man in his own particular field, but the former is held in the highest honor as scholar, poet and philanthropist. Few subjects of national interest have ever come before him, upon the right side of which he has not been found in the issue. He has a keen appreciation of public affairs. In history he will stand beside William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips as an untiring worker in the cause of abolition of slavery. In reform he has always been earnest; and in his own unassuming way he utters his sentiments, which a broad nation generally respect.

TO THE ARTIST.

Paint me a picture of the one I loved,
So true to life 'twill seem as if it moved.
Let love and sweetness o'er each feature melt,
And have the face express all that the spirit felt.
Then when I gaze within my mother's eyes,
I'll almost see her sainted spirit rise.
Paint lights; paint shadows; though no shadow now
Obscures the radiance of her heavenly brow.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Joseph Cook's lectures in Boston the coming season are to be held in the Old South Church, beginning November 3.

Rev. S. R. Brown has completed the translation of the New Testament into Japanese, and is soon to return to this country.

It is said that a firm of coin collectors have a silver half-dollar, Confederate money, the only coin issued by the Confederacy. It is valued by the firm at \$1,000.

The old church in Broad Street, London, wherein John Milton was baptized in 1680, was torn down last year, and on the building erected on the site is placed an inscription, and a sculptured head of the poet.

The pope complains bitterly of the Protestant schools which have been opened in Italy. He says they are enemies of the Church, and has appointed a committee, whose duty it shall be to endeavor to get the children into the Catholic schools.

Several of the best known of Mr. Sankey's and Mr. Bliss's hymns are being translated at Lucknow, India, into the language of that country, for use in a Christian church, of which a native is the pastor.

Charles Dickens, son of the great novelist, manages one of the largest printing offices in London, perhaps in the world. He has very successfully published the "London Dictionary" and the "Guide to London." He inherits his father's early love for printing offices and newspapers.

This is the time of year when the student who calls on his intellectual female friend has to sit in front of her for three hours, and listen to the rehearsal of the programme which she has laid out for her culture during the coming winter.

Please remember that the manager cannot collect for advertising before three months, in most cases, and is compelled to depend upon subscriptions in the meantime. He has cause to complain that students have neglected to settle.

A Kentucky paper says that the Mammoth Cave has been purchased by a party of Eastern capitalists for \$200,000, and that they will complete the railroad from Glasgow Junction to the cave, and put the hotel and surroundings in the finest order.

A Philadelphia lady is the owner of a valuable relic. It is a manuscript copy of Wesley's Hymns, in the handwriting of their author. The book descended to this lady from her grandfather, to whom it was given in partial payment of a debt by the son of the man who printed the first edition of the hymns.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the motto, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." On the other is a sculptured cross, and the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the grand central entrance in the main aisle appears in glowing characters, "That only is important which is eternal."

Friends' School at New Garden is situated in the most healthful part of North Carolina, and is of the highest grade of the schools among Friends in that state. It has been in operation, without suspension, for forty-three years. The number of students, both male and female, it has instructed during that period, is very great; and although many of these have not remained in their native State, and thus aided in the support of the institution which educated them, the influence of their early training has been felt wherever they have settled in the Western States.

The instructors of New Garden have chiefly been sons of Haverford; and the students who have gone to Haverford from North Carolina have generally been prepared in that school. The past year there have been ninety-six pupils in attendance; of these, one was sent to Haverford. L. L. Hobbs, of the class of '76, is principal of the school. One of the assistants is Mary Mendenhall, a daughter of our superintendent.

The past year has been one of prosperity.

Y. M. C. A. OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

Another note in the progressive life of Haverford is the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association. On the evening of the 21st ult., quite a number of the students met to consider the subject, and on the evening of the 24th they organized, with about twenty members, by adopting the Constitution of the Inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. Then followed the election of officers for the present term, resulting in J. P. Edwards for President; J. C. Winston, Vice-President; I. Sutton, Recording Secretary; J. H. Moore, Corresponding Secretary; and B. V. Thomas, Treasurer.

The purpose of the Association is entirely non-sectarian. As is set forth in the first article of the Constitution, the object is "to promote growth in grace and Christian fellowship among its members, and aggressive Christian work, especially by and for students."

It is hoped that the effort will not only render permanent the present religious interest felt at the College, but will greatly increase it, to the glory of Him whom we desire to honor.

PERSONALS.

'51.—Philip C. Garrett was a delegate of the American Peace Society to the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, which met at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1878, and at London the past summer.

'52.—Dr. Dougan Clark returned to this country last summer.

'66.—A. Marshall Elliott is Professor of Romance Languages at Johns Hopkins University.

'69.—Ludovic Estes is professor in the Hoosier Academy at Spiceland.

'72.—Francis B. Gummere has been compelled, on account of ill health, to resign his position at Providence. We hope that he may speedily recover.

'77.—W. Townsend is private tutor to the sons of a gentleman in Old Virginia.

'78.—Crosman called on his way to Washington.

'78.—Sam Hill fingers the pages of Blackstone in Minneapolis, Minn.

'78.—J. M. W. Thomas visited us on the 12th ult.

'78.—Robt. B. Haines, Jr., is interested in the electric light business.

'78.—H. Baily is still at Harvard. He takes his A. M. this year.

'78.—A. L. Baily was upon the cricket ground recently. Come often, Bert.

'78.—Henry N. Stokes is still at Johns Hopkins University.

'79.—John H. Gifford is at Attleboro', Mass.

'80.—Mahlon Hill is "to hum."

'81.—W. White "*Paterna rua bobus excreet suis*" in Dixie.

'81.—Charles Jenkins weighs tea in Philadelphia. We are sorry that he has *teetotally* abandoned us.

'81.—John Vail drives cattle in the far West.

'82.—Jones has had a hair-breadth escape.

Hugh D. Vail visits the College occasionally.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE FOX.

On the evening of the 29th, Professor Pliny E. Chase delivered the first of his course of lectures on the Philosophy of George Fox. He said in the beginning that there existed some prejudice against the word "philosophy," but quoted the writings of the founder of the Quaker religion, showing that his philosophy was a love of highest truth, and as such the speaker employed the word. He said his object was not to teach, but rather to read the truths of religion which we should know more surely than any other truth, and then we may apply them as we are able by the aid of Him who can give the ability. We must learn in the school of Christ. We ought to find not that reason teaches religion, but sustains religion to those who approach in the proper spirit. Man should discern what has been revealed, and, having learned it, no one has any right to step in between him and his Maker. The lecture was an occasion of well-directed thought for the audience, who have somewhat to meditate upon until the next in the series, which will be delivered on the 5th.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

The Haverfordian is a new college paper, the official organ of the students of Haverford College. It is published monthly during the college year. The first number is of neat typography, and the contents embrace a number of well-written articles upon school topics, and several budgets of interesting local and general notes.—*Philadelphia Times*.

We are much pleased to number among our exchanges a new monthly, *The Haverfordian*. It is a spicy young Quaker, and we wish it success. The article on college courses is well adapted to the times, and is deserving of careful attention.—*Cornell Era*.

To the Editors :—Your statement of the intended marriage of C. E. Tibbetts ('75) was a prediction after the fact. Did I not read a glowing description, in a Western newspaper, last summer, of his marriage by "the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Society of Friends," together with a list of distinguished guests, handsome and valuable wedding presents, etc.?
M.

JUST FOR FUN.

A certain person, upon looking over our paper, asked why we always published the ages of our graduates. He had seen —'75.

After remarking that John Brown was hung he added, "I allus thought ole Harper Ferry ourght to hev bin hung too. He were jist as bad as John Brown."

The most useful thing in the long run.—Breath.

PROF.—"Which is the most ancient species of trees?"

SOPH.—"The elder, sir."

SENIOR.—"And—aw—I was measured for a coat yesterday, you see,"— FRESH. (innocently).—"Did you take chlo-roform?"

Some persons pay attention who never pay anything else.

MEMBER OF GEOLOGICAL CLUB.—"Gentlemen, in the course of my investigation I have discovered an interesting mineral, and, after searching authorities, am satisfied that it is unknown to the scientific world, so—" FRESH. (sneeringly).—"A Junior, and don't know a common brick!" Junior has resigned.

It is said that the man who first saw Grant's vessel approaching, has sent in a request to be appointed Post-master in '81.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

OUR COLLEGE CORNER.

Yale has 1,100 students.

Twelve thousand volumes were added to the Harvard library last year.

The new Princeton College dormitory will contain one hundred rooms.

Lawn tennis is gaining ground among those students who do not play cricket.

A religious revival is now going on at Rutherford College, N. C. Sixty students have professed religion.

Trinity College alumni have erected a headstone over the grave of "Professor Jim," who was janitor of the college for forty years.

A graduate of '79 of the University of Pennsylvania has been elected Instructor in Mechanics in that institution.

Harvard and the University of Michigan contemplate daily papers.

The Sophomores have begun practical surveying. We see them armed with theodolites, compasses and chains; and from the energetic cries of "stick," "stuck," which arise from the campus, we judge they are progressing as well as could be expected.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?*

"The rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied."

Did any one ever hear of a man's undertaking to master the rudiments of arithmetic by accepting the chair of mathematics in a great university? or did ever a professor of physics presume to lecture to a class of neophytes, with chemical processes and illustrations which he had never tested outside of the class-room? Show us one of such original methods, and we will discover a well-known literary name, who deserves to be called his worthy compeer; who proposes to furnish himself with the settled opinions, in which he is sadly lacking, by visiting upon a public elastic enough to listen to him, and, for the most part, ignorant enough to be influenced by him, a mass of painfully obscure and half-digested reasonings, which wiser men reserve for the privacy of their literary laboratory, but which the author of the publication whose title heads our article sees no presumption in scattering broadcast among the "unphilosophical" congregation which worships at the shrine of ephemeral literature.

Mr. Mallock is the unreasonable professor of whom we complain. His university is the world of magazines. His subject, "Revealed Religion." His class is made up of literary young ladies, who have just "finished" their education at some select school; philosophical young men who love to shock their orthodox aunts by "scientific inquiries into the origin of the soul;" third-rate scientists, who have disproved the existence of God, and are magnanimous enough to hear the other side; and a scattering multitude of ephemeral *literati*, who read the magazines for the purpose of adding to their already large fund of conversation. This fixes our author's place in the world of letters. How far he has kept faith with his readers we propose briefly to inquire in connection with his last published work.

That the author of the "New Republic" has proved a disappointment to the numerous admirers which the real cleverness of this early effort gathered around him, is a tribute which all will accord him. Designed to defend Christianity from its enemies, by bringing ridicule upon them, and exposing them to a fire of most exaggerated and unfair caricature, the book

. . . "Bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

The "orthodox" members of society who had trembled to see the field of philosophical discussion

gradually being taken and held by the heresies of Harrison, Stephens, Spencer and their brilliant school, joyfully welcomed a man who could dispose of even Tyndall with a stroke of his sarcastic pen. Another class, whose characteristic is that they delight to see their betters ridiculed, joined heartily in the laugh which the caricaturist raised at the expense of men before whom they were dumb. Then came the host of fair admirers, to whom we have already adverted, whose knowledge of philosophy is gained in a three months' acquaintance with "Haven" or "Abercrombie" at the age of eighteen, and who understood as little as possible of the witty personalities which the rather tiresome narrative was meant only slightly to conceal, but for whom a sufficiency of the light comedy and the discussion of "culture" *ad nauseam* made the book a pleasant and harmless amusement.

But there were many who read the "New Republic" for all it was worth, and from these came many ominous shakes of the head at the aimlessness of the writer's own philosophy. "What are Mr. Mallock's own views?" was the mental question with which the book was closed. True it was that he made a great deal of fun of the fiery darts of enemies of the Faith, but surely it is no difficult matter for a cat to smile at any number of royal highnesses. A fool may often see his own face in the mental glass of a man a thousand times more earnest and sincere than himself; and to exaggerate inconsistencies, while passing over the real argument of an opponent, is never a successful plan of attack, unless the caricaturist have an impenetrable stronghold to which he may flee when hard pressed. That Mr. Mallock only gained the contempt of the thoughtful men whom he saw fit to hold up to the jeers of the gaping multitude may be inferred from his utter failure to attract the smallest notice from their pens. Here begins his history. Men wondered why Miss Merton, the champion of the Christian faith, was given to Romanism, and awaited further developments. They were not to wait long. A succession of articles, more or less excellent, soon appeared over his name in the "Nineteenth Century." "Positivism on an Island" led the list, and, though overdrawn and unnecessarily vulgar, proved to be a most comical showing up of the true conclusions from the premises of Positivism. It had its good effect and won some applause. "Faith and Verification," which appeared shortly after, was a more quiet and sober treatment of the same subject, and was as remarkable for its clearness and simplicity in its earnest attack on the absurdities of materialistic reasoning, as it was conspicuous for an utter lack of any clearly defined views, which might be attributed to its author by his

* IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1879.

disciples. Here, then, was new food for thought. Could it be possible that this great professor of spiritual things was himself only a destroyer; that he who called himself our guide and teacher, our great untangler of metaphysical subtleties, was himself an unspiritual and blind leader of the blind! So queried his readers, and listened for further remarks. Again the "Nineteenth Century" opened its pages to him, and this time to a truly remarkable production. Under the caption of "Dogma, Reason and Morality," he attracts our attention with a violent attack on Protestantism, and develops himself as an earnest devotee of the Church of Rome. Here he tells us (in effect): "The reason the heresies of reason and morality have seemed to prevail against the Church of Christ is because your champions have been unwise; because they have argued from the rotten base of Protestantism, instead of the steel and granite foundation of Christianity; because heresy has been confronted with heresy, instead of with the voice of the one true church, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Fly to the mysterious rites of Romanism. Listen to grand music in gloomy churches: drown your doubts in deep mysteries and dark traditions, and you may find the peace of God which you will seek in vain elsewhere."

To those of his readers who had been following him with some degree of confidence, this final step sufficed to excite various shades of contempt, disappointment and distrust. Contempt, in that he had prostituted what had been vainly supposed to be an effort to defend and foster the cause of the Church Universal to the narrow bigotry of a notoriously narrow and unspiritual creed; disappointment, that the great warfare had lost one who had promised to be an earnest champion on the side of truth; and utter distrust of a writer who would trifle with his reader to lead him up to a point as far away as possible from the true end of his discussion.

It is with this unenviable reputation that Mr. Mallock comes before his disgusted audience with his pompous inquiry into the value of life. Who does he imagine will come to him to find out whether or not this life is worth the trouble of living! Of the book itself there is little to be said. It is merely a rehash of his magazine articles, published probably for pecuniary reasons, with a few added chapters, which cause "The Nation" to dismiss it as "a first-rate Catholic tract." It seems to us a decidedly *third-class* Catholic tract. There is vastly more in the intelligent side of Romanism than its new proselyte has yet discovered. There is a ray of the true spiritual light shining through the darkness of her cold formalism, which he has yet to feel, and we

doubt if the better part of his new creed will welcome him as any profitable addition to its votaries.

We submit that the very inquiry which the book suggests is an unprofitable one for men whose aspirations reach higher than their hat-rims. Suppose we should see fit to answer the question in the negative, what then? Rather let us ask ourselves *whether we are living our lives for all they are worth*. Then the negative which will surely come from every sincere man may be an incentive instead of reason for despair. Who dares, indeed, to deliberate on the propriety of living, right in the face of Him who has bought us? Wherein are we following the example of our divine Master in shrinking with loathing from the vice and misery around us into the protecting shell of our self-satisfied sanctity, whence we may thank God that we are not as other men, and wonder whether, after all, this existence is worth all the danger and trouble of passing it.

Not until miserable men cease to cry out to us for help and comfort; not until the Master shall have done with our services, and the great missions of the world stand accomplished; not until every muscle has been pulled tight and every nerve strained in the battle with the church militant; not, indeed, until the temple of our bodies has returned to its dust,—will we have time to inquire with Mr. Mallock whether life is worth living.

No one who has read the "New Republic" can forget the half-pathetic, half-comical lament of Mr. Herbert (John Ruskin), which nearly closes the book. Worthy of a better cause than the ridicule for which it was intended are the sorrowful words with which he finishes. "You have taken away my God," he exclaims, "and I know not where you have laid him. My only consolation in my misery is that at least I am inconsolable for his loss. Yes, though you have made me miserable, I am not yet content with my misery. And though I too have said in my heart there is no God, and that there is no more profit in wisdom than in folly, yet there is one folly that I will not give tongue to. I will not say peace, peace, where there is no peace. I will not say we are still Christians when we can sip our wine smilingly after dinner, and talk about some day defining the Father; and I will only pray that if such a Father be, he may have mercy alike on those that hate Him, because they *will* not see him; and on those who love and long for him, although they no longer *can* see him."

Is it not possible that Mr. Herbert spoke from the bottom of his caricaturist's heart? If Mr. Mallock has found his Master among the mazy formalism of Rome, whither he has fled with his "Miss Merton," he at least

owes it to his incredulous audience to correct an impression which his equivocal writing has created, that he has yet to learn that he "cannot by searching find out God," who reveals himself only to such as approach him in humbleness and simpleness of heart.

We dismiss Mr. Mallock with some advice: Physician, heal thyself, before thou presumest to furnish physic for the whole intellectual world.

V. I. N.

FIELD STUDIES IN GEOLOGY.

The excellent course of lectures on the ant and the spider with which Haverford College has just been favored, was well calculated to impress the minds of the listeners with the value and importance of "the seeing eye." The lectures were characterized by presenting a view of such objects and habits as may be readily seen and studied in almost any country walk. No costly instruments or appliances are required to observe the interesting objects which are scattered in profusion all around us; the one requisite is the habit of observation.

But under our academic groves, below the grass, beneath the soil, is another world of wonder which invites the seeing eye and the reasoning mind. It has often been remarked that the vicinity of Haverford is not very rich in matters of geological interest; and in fact, the number of mineral species that can be collected within walking distance may be small. But does the man of literary culture complain that Greek is insipid, because it boasts of only two dozen letters? Minerals are but the alphabet of lithology, and rocks are but the separate words in which the grand truths of geology are recorded. As the real genius of Greek can only be fully appreciated by a linguist, so the record of the rocks can only be translated by the geologist, who has spent years upon the grammar of palæontology and stratigraphical syntax; yet any *observer* may find endless enjoyment in the study of such phenomena as abound in the geology of our vicinity. The following hints may illustrate some features that can be seen in the walks about Haverford.

1st. Kinds of Rock.—A few minerals, as micas, quartz, feldspars, hornblende, garnet, etc., constitute the bulk of our rocks, but these include various kinds of gneiss, differing in the relative proportion of their ingredients, and in the fineness of the texture. The distribution of these varieties of rock should be observed, as one of the first steps towards a geological knowledge of our vicinity. The various kinds will often be seen in close proximity; and where a good exposure is found, the dip and strike may be noted with a pocket compass

and clinometer, and the thickness of the beds may be estimated.

2d. Decomposition or Weathering of Rocks.—The chemical changes through which the raindrop extracts food from the feldspar, and rocks change into soil, are equally intricate and interesting. In an afternoon walk, we may be unable to distinguish the motions of the molecules, but we may trace with pleasure the yellow or blackened stain which shows that a change has begun; the stone falls to pieces under a light blow, where the corrosion has penetrated to its core; what was a rock may now be crushed in the hand; and large masses may have even changed to fine dust, while still retaining evident marks of the former crystalline and rocky structure. Most of our observations, indeed, must be made upon the weathered specimens on the surface; and even the color or the fragments of the soil may give a fair indication of the solid substructure.

3d. Dykes.—The outcrop of serpentine on the Black Rock road appeals to every passer-by; and there the botanist seeks a peculiar flora. Granite rocks are found at intervals, so different from the prevailing kinds of gneiss as to demand a special study from all who choose to walk with open eyes; and those who love a country ramble may find delight in tracing out their position and extent.

4th. Topography.—It is said of Ohio, that every county boasts the highest point in the State. In a comparatively level area, with no violent distortion of the strata, topography may seem to be a simple matter according to the formula that the valleys are lower than the hills. Even there, however, the variety of form is marked enough for him who will see it; and a sandstone or loose drift may often be detected below the surface, simply by the form of the valley cut through it by some stream. An aneroid may be a great help in the study of topography—yet this is something more than a mere table of elevations. The general features of a landscape are a subject for geological study. The laws of surface that prevail in Ohio are wonderfully modified in Pennsylvania, by the upturned strata. Here a roadside ditch cuts deep and wide into the loose earth; there the water is retarded by a hard ledge of syenite or gneiss, and bounds over as a cascade, or contents itself with a narrow outlet. The streamlet may afford us a toy model of Niagara, or the Water Gap; for wherever similar causes operate, a difference of size should not disguise from our view a likeness of geographical phenomena. The "Gulf" in our own neighborhood owes its name and its beauty to its peculiar topographical features; and the underlying

geological cause may well receive the attention of those who enjoy the landscape. May not similar causes have produced many a miniature gulf in the valleys of all our neighboring streams, only awaiting the enthusiastic discoverer to seek them out? If Haverfordians will diligently trace out geological causes in topographical studies, and in any peculiarities of soils, of plants, of scattered stones, of natural history, or even in their bearing upon industrial and social developments and changes, new interest will be added to our beautiful walks, one more incentive will be added to cultivate the sound body with the sound mind, and habits of observation will gradually be formed, that may ever afterwards enable us to find an interest in traveling through the most "uninteresting" regions.

R. B. W.

SOCIETIES.

Although a brief account of our college societies was given in the prospectus issued last June, a recapitulation of the events which transpired respecting them last year may not perhaps be out of place.

Active members of the Loganian, during the last ten years, will remember the little interest taken in it, and the occasional difficulty of getting a quorum.

In May last the society, still on the decline, was in such a condition that the president tendered his resignation, on the ground that he felt it no honor to preside over a society in which so little interest was felt. This brought matters to a crisis. A committee was appointed by the Loganian to see what could be done, and the subject was both publicly and privately discussed by the students. A joint meeting was held by the two societies, and resolutions exchanged with the Loganian. Nearly all the plans proposed (and they were many) by which improvement was hoped for, in some way affected the private societies. It is doubtful if the College has for a long time experienced an excitement so great or heard as lively debate as there was on this matter, in which all had some sentiment to express.

At last a plan was conceived which seemed a sort of compromise between those who wished to have only two public and equal societies—those who wished for two, a higher and a lower one—and a third party, who did not like to see the old societies broken up. The plan was to have the three societies exist as formerly, except to let the Loganian be composed of twenty members, one-half elected from each of the private societies, and such others who belonged to neither private society as might be elected. This plan, with certain restrictions, was finally adopted. It worked well the latter part of last term, and is producing good results this year. We have the highest hopes of its lasting success, for, as stated above, it was a compromise between several plans, in which the best features of each were appropriated.

CRICKET SONG.

READ AT THE REUNION BY JOSEPH PARRISH.

"Arms, and the man,"
Virgil began,
Let us proceed on the Mantuan plan.
Arms and the bat,
Sing we of that,
The war of the wickets knocks other wars flat,
Swish! whack! hit her a crack!
Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black.

Raise we the song,
Lift it along,
To Haverford cricketers, lusty and strong;
Kissed by the sun,
Brown as a bun,
Gritty and resolute, every one.
Swish! whack! etc.

What since the birth
Of the jolly old Earth,
On the whole round of her corpulent girth,
Equals the scene,
When on the green
Stood the stout batsmen the wickets between.
Swish! whack! etc.

Sightly to see,
Rapid and free,
The swing of the wood of the staunch willow-tree.
Joyous to hear,
Falls on the ear,
The whiz of the ball and the answering cheer.
Swish! whack! etc.

Out flies the stump,
Out,—with a jump,—
Jove! it is Cromwell dissolving the Rump!
Down goes the sun,
Last man but one,
He's a Haverford boy, and the game's just begun.
Swish! whack! etc.

Stand to it, boys,
(Bother their noise!)

The cricketer knows the quintessence of joys.
Pile up the score,
Always one more,
The heart of the mother throbs clean to the core.
Swish! whack! etc.

Oh, let us praise,
Glorious days,
When our brows were crowned with victorious bays!
Who else can be
Gladder than we,
Scarlet and Black in the forefront to see?
Swish! whack! etc.

Cheer them once more,
Cheer them *galore*,
Who has no voice left, why, show him the door!
Eleven are pressed
Close to the breast
Of dear *Ann Mater*, Joe Fox, and the rest.
Swish! whack! etc.

LOCAL.

James Adams, the engineer, is no more. He cribbed at Ruby's, and "busted" on examination to the Prefect.

Dr. Worthington, of Baltimore, visited us on the 11th ultimo.

Professor Pliny E. Chase will soon begin a course of lectures.

SUNNYSIDE.

About twenty miles above New York the Hudson, in following the receding hills, expands into the well-known Tappan Sea. It is one of the historic portions of the river, having witnessed from earliest times a variety of stirring events. On the banks of these classic waters, two miles below Tarrytown, the last home of Washington Irving reposes in a small grove of elms.

There are few places as well calculated to awaken in the visitor respect for intellectual worth as Sunnyside. As the home of the best known of our authors, it is to some the building of the greatest interest between New York and Albany. In 1832 Washington Irving, finding himself in pecuniary sufficiency, purchased the little Dutch cottage in question, with a view to find rest there from business and the vexations of city life. It had long been his ideal home. "If ever I wish for a retreat," he says, "where I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." The Roost, as it is called, underwent many repairs in the hands of its new possessor. Artisans applied their skill in extending and remodeling it. Gardeners surrounded it with a neatly arranged lawn, while Irving furnished the interior in his own good taste. The old Van Tassel manor would hardly recognize itself in its new suit of wings, though by some strange transmutation it grew from a mansion to a cottage! The name of George Harvey, the architect, is engraven on the marble slab in the front gable, with the date of erection and reconstruction, almost two centuries apart.

In this attractive home, "which," a writer observes, "he had adorned with his own genius," Irving lived, with the exception of four years' ministerial mission to Spain, till his death in 1859. During these twenty-five years he enjoyed the companionship of a brother and a sister, and the sincere affection of six nieces.

The adjacent country-seats peopled the neighborhood every summer with a merry company of friends. He never outgrew a love for social gatherings, particularly under the trees.

Pictures of drives, picnics and boating excursions found place in many of his letters, drawn with the enthusiasm of youth. But the winter was even more productive of enjoyment. In the quietude of domestic love, and in the uninterrupted exercise of his pen, the frigid months were especially dear. To a friend he writes at this season: "I am living most cosily and delightfully in this dear, bright little home, which I have fitted up to my own humor. Everything goes on cheerily in my little household, and I would not exchange the cottage for any chateau in Christendom."

Whoever is familiar with Irving through his books, and has therefore contracted a love for him, (for who can read and not admire?) must find a satisfaction in picturing his life bright with scenes like these. It is comforting to remember

with a biographer, that, "if in early life he had been troubled, his latter days were serene and happy. A great and honorable fame had come to greet him, and a public affection based upon the genial goodness of his heart. But if many winters brought delight and ease, at least they brought the chill. Twenty years ago, that beloved brother, kind uncle, and favorite author, was laid with impressive solemnity in the grave-yard at Sleepy Hollow. Death and marriage have since scattered the family. Two nieces remain the sole proprietors of the cottage, which is now inhabited a few weeks of the year.

It was three o'clock, on a summer afternoon, when two dust-brown travelers stood where scores of others have, by the little spring at the entrance of Sunnyside. The spring has a history. In Indian tradition it was far famed for rejuvenating power, but according to Dutch annals, which have obtained preference, it was the pride of Jemmie Van Blarcom, who smuggled it from Holland in her churn. Near by a brook jumps down a rocky course, on whose shaded bank we sat that day, and drank the soothing influence of the scene. Never did the earth look richer in her summer vestments of green, nor soft wind dally more amorously with verdant boughs. Never was the Hudson more mystic in appearance than it then seemed in impending mists, nor could the Palisades across the Tappan Sea, resemble more the giant citadels we fain would have fancied them.

Lying upon the grass and idly leaning against the trunk of a deliciously umbrageous tree, we looked out through gaping boughs upon the stream. Like a dream the past seemed to flit by. Five hundred years unborn! Columbus yet uncradled! The "dusky race" pursues its sports without disturbance. A bark canoe is on the river, and squaws with strings of fish are on the strand. Around the council fire that blazes a hundred paces on the right, squat steel-faced warriors, gorgeous in all the hideous regalia of savages; for here the chief of a nation has pitched his wigwam, and here assemble the lords of all the Mannhattans. Night settles down. Months and seasons pass, till the dawn of the two hundredth year, 1609. Unbroken lines of forest bound the view. The river dances into diamond-tipped stalagmites, as it did two centuries before. The Indians are rushing to the bank, with curiosity and awe upon their faces; for a bark is floating up the tide that Indian never built. Its lofty prow is first to cleave the water of this stream; its sails the first to fill with breezes from these hills. Its sailors, in broad hats and high-legged boots, the first Europeans to view this scene, and carry back the knowledge of its beauteous existence. Upon the deck stands Hendrick Hudson, in scarcely less astonishment than those upon the shores. But the "Half Moon" holds on her way, and passes out of sight. 1780.—Again the sunlight is on the Hudson, and on a British fleet moored opposite us, eager for the capture of West Point. The war of musketry comes on the wind from every quarter, telling of mighty conflict. The smoke of battle is in the air, and through the forest sounds the cry of "Spy," while Major

Andre is conducted by his captors on his last lamentable journey. Down the river speeds the Vulture, bearing the traitorous Arnold.

A hoarse whistle sounds; a river steamer is passing; another century has gone, and the reverie.

(*To be continued.*)

LOCALS.

Has nobody a bicycle?

The Juniors continue to have themes.

Let us be more prompt in getting to the dinner-table.

New books are being constantly added to the libraries.

The grass on the campus has been cut, and now it looks for-lawn.

One of the Juniors spoke of the spout of a tea-spoon the other day.

We are sorry to say that the punning propensity is not on the decline.

The crossing in front of Barclay Hall has been renewed. Quite an improvement.

Both the Everett and Athenæum societies have received large additions to their membership.

The Seniors have begun star-gazing in good earnest. Our observatory is an excellent one.

Although base ball is not the game of the College, yet we can do a little at this popular rival of cricket.

There are four Bible classes which meet on Sabbath evening. One from each of the College classes.

Astronomy is reviving at Haverford. The Observatory is quite a popular resort with the scientific Seniors.

L. T. Edwards has turned cabinet-maker, and invites you to sit in a very comfortable rocker of his own make.

The scientific Juniors are analyzing minerals which the Hammer Club collects. Gold has not been found yet.

The Loganian Society has recently received two medals, presented by that friend of Haverford, Isaac F. Wood.

Several changes of text-books have been made this year. Let us always have the very latest unless the old is better.

The favorite exercise after breakfast nowadays is to hunt for Venus, which may be very plainly seen with the naked eye.

We are glad to see the change in regard to the library hours. We now have an excellent opportunity to spend several hours per day in this delightful retreat.

The exercises in the Loganian Society have been very good thus far, and it bids fair to be a success in its new harness. Its place of meeting is Alumni Hall, as heretofore.

We are glad to see that the *bridge* has been repaired. It is becoming a very popular resort, and we look forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when we shall have a new one.

That member of the Faculty who startled us all with a ferocious pun the other day at the dinner-table, and then begged for its suppression, has been remarkably free from levity since.

A Geological Club has been organized. The members may be seen at almost any time gathering the pebbles from the road, and the feelings of the stones in the neighborhood are better imagined than expressed.

Several of our students are interested in telegraphy. Wires connect a number of rooms, and the click of the instruments is heard in the hall. Telephones are used by the Freshmen, who are determined to be up to the times.

The circulation of the *Philadelphia Record* is increasing among the students, who are not slow in appreciating that they cannot afford to be without the news, when it may be obtained for the extremely low price of six cents a week. ♦

The crop of chestnuts this year is unusually large. It is amusing to see some of the new students take hold of the burrs and immediately drop them. One, who was evidently not acquainted with this species of *fruit*, deliberately told us that "The chestnut *pods* were anything but pleasant to the touch."

We cannot and do not wish to believe that all of the carryings-on and carryings-off in the neighborhood on Hallowe'en are to be attributed to the students of Haverford College. Indeed, we have been positively informed that a party of marauders from sister suburbs was responsible for the damage done.

As our collections of minerals, casts, curiosities, etc., are being arranged, some are found that are of great value. In looking over them we see labels as follows: "Flagstaff of Noah's Ark," "Curiosities of G. Washington, the Poet," "Chinese Poohooahlarhehe," and others.

When some of our students entered College, they were gravely informed that an examination upon the contents of the Catalogue would be expected. As a result of this, Catalogues have been in demand, and from the portions repeated on the campus, we judge that they have been carefully studied.

President Chase delivered a very interesting lecture, on the 29th ult., before the Loganian Society. His subject was "The British Parliament." He gave us a graphic description of the appearance of both houses, and drew a striking contrast between them and our Senate and House of Representatives. He also described the debate which he witnessed in the House of Lords, the personal appearance of the speakers, etc.

Many of the students are floriculturists ; hanging-baskets and window-gardens add a great deal of cheer to the study.

"*Resolved*, That we tender our support to General Grant for a third term," is the question for discussion with the Haverford College Political Club, on the evening of the 7th.

The students seem determined to have buttonhole bouquets this winter. In many of the rooms we see hanging baskets and flower-pots, in which the plants are green and the flowers blooming as if they were nourished by summer's showers,—a striking contrast to the outside world.

Professor Sharpless recently spent a fortnight at the Cincinnati Observatory, with Professor Stone, to become more familiar with the methods of astronomical observation and computation. His place was filled during his absence by Thomas K. Brown, the Westtown mathematical teacher and Professor Sharpless's co-worker in preparing the "Sharpless and Brown Mathematical Series."

Several of the Freshmen concluded to go up to Bryn Mawr for ice-cream the other evening. Each confidently expected that the other had the necessary amount of gilt to settle the bill. A Junior who called the next morning was surprised to find a couple of familiar time-pieces and their chains on the shelf behind the counter. He was tempted to redeem them, and save the College from further disgrace, but finally asked the *restaurateur* to put them out of sight in a cracker box, assuring him that the money would be forthcoming by monthly meeting day at least.

OUR POLITICAL CLUB.

For some time the students who have felt an especial interest in public affairs have been planning for permanent organization of a club for the cultivation of a critical knowledge of political parties, and the questions at issue between them. The introduction of a lengthy debate on politics, be it ever so well sustained, into the literary societies, has always generated a prodigious amount of yawning. It is with genuine satisfaction therefore that the members of the Haverford College Political Club, having established themselves with officers, constitution and by-laws, contemplate the opportunities for unrestrained harangues during the coming months. The constitution provides that the membership shall not exceed twelve, and hence only the best debating talent will be comprised. The election of officers resulted as follows: President Walter C. Hadley ; Vice-President, J. C. Winston ; Secretary, John Blanchard. The meetings will be held on Sixth-day evenings every two weeks.

WANT OF TIME.—Americans are the only people who lack for time. Many young persons are in a frenzy to get out in the world and be doing something for themselves. The propriety of this depends very much upon how one expects to earn a livelihood, and what is to be the sphere of his influence.

To earn a dollar a day it is not necessary to have much schooling. To be a third-rate lawyer, preacher, doctor, does not require six years in college and three years in the law, medical, or theological school. The college may be skipped, and the professional school will probably be sufficient to make a third-rate man. The men who are our authorities, however, in law, theology and medicine, were in no hurry. Many of them were twenty-five to thirty years old when they were graduated from college, and had their professional schools to attend after that. The most eminent platform lecturer of America prepared for college three years, was in college four years, theological seminary two years, and then studied in Germany a year or two. But when he began to speak, an audience of two hundred and fifty thousand of the best minds in America and Europe listened with amazement. Let no young man or woman who has an average mind be discouraged for want of time.—*Exchange*.

SPORTS.

Owing to the fall meeting of the secretaries of the local cricket clubs coming on the day College opened, and to an unavoidable delay in our notice of it, we were not represented ; and so, with the unusual number of "big matches" this fall, were unable to arrange anything with outside clubs.

Thus, having no matches to practice for and keep up the interest in it, cricket was dropped, and base ball taken up rather sooner, this fall, than usual ; the receipt of a challenge to play base ball with Swarthmore on October 4, also, perhaps, accelerating the change.

We make no pretensions to base ball, and we accepted this challenge more for the fun of the thing than from any hope of success. We were victorious, however, thanks to Haverford's usual fortune, by a score of 28 to 24,—not a very creditable one, but the result of a very interesting and closely contested game, in which there was a tie on the eighth and ninth innings, and on the tenth, the darkness somewhat interfering, our opponents made 4, and we 8, giving us the game by 4 runs.

The Nine went over in a four-horse coach, returning about nine o'clock ; they expressed themselves highly delighted with their reception and entertainment, and as having thoroughly enjoyed their excursion.

After having once stopped cricket, it was supposed to be laid away for the season ; but a challenge from the University for the 18th brought it again in the foreground, and with a week's practice the match was played. About the only criticism of which it is worthy is, that, as expressed by one of the University, "the Dorian played miserably and the University worse." The crease, which was the best to be had, although not very good, was no excuse for such an exhibition of Dorian cricket.

The University being first at the bat were disposed of for 33, Philler's 13 being the only stand made during their play.

The Dorian then came in and collected 64,—of which Jones got 13 and not out, and 20 were extras.

The University, in their second innings, scored the same as before, 33, leaving the Dorian 3 to get to beat, which was speedily done, Carey hitting Murphy's first ball to leg for the required amount.

A drizzling shower coming on near the end of the Dorian first innings, and the first of the University's second, made sharp fielding difficult, and somewhat increased the score, which, without this friendly assistance, would have probably been even weaker than it was.

POUTAXAT vs. HAVERFORD ARCHERS.

On October 25, a match at the Columbia Round was shot by the Poutaxat and Haverford Archers, at Bristol, Pa., on the grounds of the former: It was the first match in which the Haverford Archers have competed. They cannot refrain from mentioning the handsome treatment they received at the hands of the Poutaxat Club, which rendered their trip delightful. As the day was cold and windy, the scores were consequently low; they are as follows:

POUTAXAT.

	—30 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—40 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—50 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—Total— Hits. Score.
Mr. H. Pierce,.....	22 100	15 71	10 48	47 219
Mr. Janney,.....	22 106	12 54	6 18	40 178
Dr. Ivins,.....	20 86	13 29	17 73	50 188
Mr. Gilkeson,.....	22 84	14 60	12 44	48 188
	86 376	54 214	45 183	185 773

HAVERFORD ARCHERS.

	—30 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—40 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—50 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—Total— Hits. Score.
Mr. I. T. Johnson,.....	22 74	12 40	8 20	42 134
Mr. R. Mott,.....	16 50	8 40	7 17	31 107
Mr. W. F. Price,.....	19 105	16 70	8 34	43 209
Mr. W. H. Collins,.....	23 125	13 45	17 77	53 247
	80 354	49 195	40 148	169 697

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., TWELFTH MONTH, 1879.

No. 3.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

JOS. RHOADS, JR. ALEX. P. CORBIT. WM. A. BLAIR.

WALTER C. HADLEY, Business Manager.

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A JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY.

The hour has come, that dreadful hour,
How swift the moments fly!
Oh, rambling mind, where wand'rest thou—
'Mid things on earth, or realms on high?
My friend! my classmate! hear my cry;
Do not thus haste away.
I'm unprepared, so answer this;
Oh! am I up-to-day?

Ye Muses mine, and thundering Jove,
And all ye gods below,
Ye Fates who deal to all mankind
A life of pleasure or of woe—
On you I call in mournful strain;
Oh! hear me, as I pray,
And tell what I most long to know,
Oh! am I up-to-day?

W. A. B.

The college journal has come to be an indispensable institution, and yet its real value is seldom appreciated. Without a single exception, we believe, they are to-day expensive luxuries, and no pecuniary profit accrues from them. They are seldom quoted by the major press, and are therefore instruments of no wide or powerful influence upon the country. It is the exception when they chronicle any local news which has not been generally known before; hence, they merely place upon the shoulder of the editor responsibility for veracity and perspicuity. They have not as yet, we believe, been the recipients of political subsidies, and hence have no effect upon political issues. In all these points the average college journal is lacking, and yet it is valuable. With its establishment it entails responsibility, (that which, alas! is too little known in college life, we only hear of duty.) Careful management alone will guarantee the permanence of a monthly of this kind, and constant devotion on the part of the editors is demanded to meet the expectations of the small but critical number of readers. Literary ability may

be, and usually is, strengthened by practice in this particular field, the claim that a careless style often results, notwithstanding; but it is certainly a great mistake to imagine that any amount of ambition, linked with an adventurous literary tendency, can create the ability to write. One of the wise provisions in the relations of the parts of society is that the majority of men never think about literary effort, but turn their energies to work more congenial. Real and permanent improvement rewards every student who contributes to a college paper. It matters not whether it be an anonymous offering or otherwise; responsibility rests upon the author equally with the editor who revises copy. He cannot fail to learn whether his sentiments have been agreeable to readers or not, and gratification or chagrin is felt, together with the determination, the same in either case, to do better next time. No one will deny that most writers will, as a usual thing, devote twice as much time to the preparation of an article for the press as they will to the arrangement of an essay for oral delivery, and we believe the result is that the former is more beneficial than the latter, by the same ratio.

In institutions of learning where dormitories are provided, visiting of students among themselves very often becomes a great evil. Perhaps nothing is quite so easy when a fellow is weary with study, tired of the monotony, and longing for diversion, as to close the text-book and saunter forth to drop aimlessly into the first student's room that is near at hand. There is a wide difference between diversion and distraction. In seeking the former, we may often find the latter, not only for ourselves, but also for the student whose thoughts we interrupt, albeit he may courteously draw up the cosiest chair in his room for our comfort, or discover a pair of ripe bananas in some corner of his closet. We may waste a prodigious amount of time in this idleness. Were it spent in vigorous exercise in the open air, we would be largely repaid for it in every way.

In colleges where no dormitories exist, the average student should spend at least one evening of the week socially. He should go out for the express purpose of calling upon his friends, whose tastes are congenial with his own.

When students' rooms are all within the same walls, and accessible at all hours, a dozen or a score of *little* visits are made during the day and evening, and the student declares that he cannot find time to go and see his friends outside the College. The continual association of young men with young men provides a narrow culture. It is indeed a great privation, and one which has visible effects, to be separated entirely from older persons and from female society. We have heard a student of this institution say that it had been so long since he had dined at a private board that he feared he had forgotten how to behave.

It may be said that the rules of our College are such that it is difficult to have even a little social life. We have not found them so. If they are such, we think that some of the restrictions in that direction should be transferred to conduct inside the College; they should compel a closer attention to business while study is the order, and offer more privileges for social intercourse when study is not the order. We, as students of Haverford, visit too much among ourselves. We should think twice before entering a neighbor's room at a time when he may be busy, and remember that frequent or protracted calls of this kind are seldom recreation which we need.

THE NEEDS OF OUR MUSEUM.

In alcoholic specimens, our museum is deplorably wanting. To be sure, there are a dozen or more jars of fish and snakes; but these are at the present time sitting on the floor inside the door of the physical laboratory, and they are offensive both to the eyes and nose, in their present condition. The same remark may be made of these specimens as was made of the minerals. They have evidently been donated by some far-off friend, or some friend who has been far off, or some friend who has had some specimens that came from afar. Few or none are from our immediate neighborhood.

The stuffed birds are represented by a few solitary specimens. A case of foreign birds, in bad condition, is resting on the floor of the physical laboratory, near the snakes and fishes before mentioned.

The insects of the museum are so few as to scarcely require mention. Three small cases, containing ten specimens each, perhaps, constitute the entomological department of the Haverford College Museum.

Now, there are ways of remedying these things. There are many institutions of learning, which do not rank as high as Haverford, which have much better museums. This is very often accounted for by the fact that the students of those institutions feel an interest in

natural history, and lend a willing hand to help in the furtherance of that branch of science. Why should we not do this much for ourselves and for Haverford?

It is scarcely conceivable that there is a single person here who cannot see the good which results from the study of natural history. Then what is there to prevent the appointment by the Loganian, for instance, of a natural history committee which may have charge of the collecting and arranging of specimens for the museum? Without doubt, an arrangement could be made with the authorities by which alcohol and other necessities should be furnished without expense to the committee. The benefits resulting to the collectors, and the effect produced on the students generally, can scarcely be calculated.

There is another matter in connection with the museum, which I wish to mention. It were well to have a collection of dried plants, an herbarium. The interesting facts that would be discovered during the collecting and preparation of our common plants would be many. An herbarium is of great practical as well as educational value. Some of us may one day be farmers. To these, a properly framed collection of all the common weeds, with their names attached, would be of great use. To all, an herbarium of the plants growing in this neighborhood would be interesting and instructive.

Not proposing to form any definite plan at this time, yet it is easily conceivable that a natural history committee, appointed yearly by the Loganian, might do good work for the College. By keeping a record of all its proceedings, a complete history of all the specimens collected by this committee might be formed, and such a history would possess great value both to us and to our successors. It may be urged that Haverford students have no time for such things. Our intervals between recitations are devoted to study; and the interval between the last afternoon recitation and tea is mostly occupied by cricket. Yet there are some students who do not play cricket. A few of these play lawn tennis; but there is still a remnant who do not have any very definite course of procedure. Many neglect to take that physical exercise which is so needful to a student, and, overcome by the attractions of the library, spend the two hours in reading. Among these enough could be found, doubtless, to make a committee on natural history, and such a plan would benefit this class of students, again, by holding out to them inducements to physical exercise which were before wanting. Once formed, I think such a committee would become a permanent institution, and would supply a want that has been long felt by the members of the College.

HAPPY STUDENT.

BY GARNO.

A cold December day it is,
Third-story men are sneezing;
The engineer is worked most hard
To keep the steam from freezing.

My truthful old thermometer
Is uttering mute complaint;
The meeting-house needs warming up
With a coat or two of paint.

With good protection from the blast,
In ulster, gloves, and seal,
I venture from my study walls
To help digest my last square meal.

But in this cold and cheerless time,
A new joy fills my heart;
A thought that's novel and sublime,
Seems richest comfort to impart.

It is not more of earthly spoil,
Or blessedness of health,—
Or less, indeed, of daily toil,
That gives my spirits wealth.

'Tis not delight that Christmas-tide
Comes in a dozen days;
For I, of late, have always eyed
It's advent in a different phase.

No more I count on useful gifts,
For since for British hose
I changed my boyhood's stocking long,
I'm glad when Christmas goes.

She whom I love, was always true,
'Tis not for that I'm joyous;
The Prof.'s were just as amiable
To other men before us.

It is not any of these things
That cheers this stormy trip,
*It is to see the frost that forms
Upon my upper lip.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An exchange has an article on "How to run a newspaper." This should be read only by editors, as every other person in the world knows just how to run a newspaper.

A half-finished failure is a melancholy object to look upon. We always turn our eyes at the approach of the Senior who parts his hair in the middle and carries a cane which is a cross between a gate-post and a saw-log.

We regret very much that subscribers at a distance have not received their papers promptly. The fault has not been ours, but must be charged to the imperfect preparation of our post-office here to transmit second-class matter.

We have met with a severe loss in the person of George R. Vail, who was forced to leave us on account of his health. We lose in him a leader in studies as well as in all the sports upon the campus. It is our wish that a joyous future may await him.

L. T. Edwards has left us. The question was, which of the three would go home to assist their parents, who are in feeble health. Levi will be amply repaid for his present sacrifice, and we expect him back next year.

Walter Hastings has given a donation of \$500,000 to Harvard. This is the largest amount ever made by one individual to that institution.

John Carroll Proctor, A. M., Professor of Greek in Dartmouth College, died at Hanover, recently, of typhoid pneumonia. He graduated in 1864, and was about thirty-nine years old at the time of his death.

Speaking of the H. C. P. C., the Delaware County "Republican" says: "Considering that every American forms an integral part of the government, on reaching his majority, it is eminently proper that he should be prepared in advance for the emergency."

A Chinese will was offered for probate in the New York Surrogate's office, last week. The document is written entirely in Chinese. There are wills on record there in Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, French, German, Russian, and many other tongues, but this is the first Chinese will filed there.

Duelling, the vice of German universities, and the remnant of feudal barbarism, is in a fair way of being abolished. Leipsic and Munich have decreed that in future a duel-fighting student shall be treated as any other breaker of the peace. Hazing in the colleges of the United States might as easily be extinguished.

Knowledge without common sense is folly; without method, it is waste; without kindness, it is fanaticism; without religion, it is death. But with common sense, it is wisdom; with method, it is power; with charity, it is beneficence; with religion, it is virtue, and life, and peace.—*Exchange*.

Intemperate temperance has again broken out in Ohio. Some time since the doors and windows of a saloon in Fredericktown were beaten in by women armed with hatchets, and the contents of the building, including barrels of liquor, bottles, casks, counters, stoves, etc., were completely destroyed. The proprietors of drug stores in the place have been notified to remove all liquors from their premises or they will be treated as the saloon-keepers. Such outbursts must necessarily bring even a good cause into contempt. Human nature is very weak, and those persons who have zeal without sufficient knowledge and discretion must beware of that excess which hurts the right more than the wrong.

GYMNASIUM.

We hoped to have been able in this number to give a short history of our Gymnasium, but as its origin and early proceedings are shrouded, probably in the Loganian minutes in possession of the historical committee of the Alumni, our readers will have to content themselves with the expectation of their fuller account than we could have been expected to give.

The Gymnasium has certainly been in operation under the auspices of the Loganian since before 1849, but how long before, or in what place it existed before that time, we have not succeeded in informing ourselves.

At some time or other, however, it must have received considerable attention from its owner, for the remains of its fittings show that it must at one time have contained the most important things which go to make a Gymnasium useful: but during the last year or so the attention of the master has been turned to other things, and the time and money expended on it have been barely sufficient to keep what was left from falling to pieces, and considerable dissatisfaction was felt by its patrons.

Consequently in our revolution last spring, when, as is usual in unsettled periods, concessions were more easily obtained than at other times, a promise was exacted from the Loganian to hand the Gymnasium over to a separate association formed under its approval.

The interest in, and the use of, the Gymnasium being, however, confined to the winter months, no action was taken on it until about three weeks ago, when a number of our gymnasts met and organized an association very much after the pattern of the Cricket Club. They adopted a constitution and by-laws, and submitted them to the Loganian, by which, after some little delay, with a few changes, they were approved, and the Gymnasium leased for one year.

Thus putting it where it ought to be, in the hands of those who use it and have an interest in keeping it up, and fixing it so that those who are charged for its use will know where their money goes.

We hope, therefore, that this winter will see the beginning of improvements which will progress until we have a first-class Gymnasium, and if its managers succeed in fulfilling these hopes, we doubt not that the use of it will greatly increase among the students; for surely there is no place where a student, who usually has little time for physical development, can get so much or so varied exercise in the same time as in the Gymnasium.

There are a number of fellows in the College who need the benefit of gymnasium practice; it is their duty to begin it.

NEWGATE PRISON.

Taken by permission from a Private Letter.

The Conference brought with it some special sights not usually permitted to strangers, such as the Queen's private apartments at Buckingham and Windsor, and Newgate Prison,—the last very interesting. I have seen so little of prisons that I can hardly compare it with others, but I was greatly surprised at the cleanliness and a sort of "cold comfort" of the cells and corridors. Each cell was provided with abundance of water, heat and sunlight (when the latter is to be had in London), a bed, snugly laid on a shelf when not in use, a table and stool, and a Bible and prayer-book, besides other books from the library. Of the two convicts whom I saw, one was a barrister imprisoned for forgery, and the other a burglar and a very ugly-looking fellow. Their sentences were five and ten years. There was a series of pitch-dark cells for the punishment of refractory criminals, but I was told they are seldom used. They also use the cat-o'-nine-tails, in which case the prisoner is set in an old pillory which they showed us, and which, very likely, is the one used in olden time for public disgrace. This was standing in the room where Elizabeth Fry used to read to the convicts, in the days when separate confinement was unknown in such jails. There was a fine yard for the inmates to take fresh air and exercise in,—indeed two of them, one of which was prettily surrounded by flowers in boxes: and then followed a long walk over a stone pavement, between stone walls, and shut in above by a heavy iron grating or cage, by which the prisoners undergoing trial passed from prison to court.

Under this pavement, a kind of Golgotha, were buried those who have been executed at Newgate, their names being indicated only by initial letters rudely cut in the wall opposite each grave. Their bodies are not given to their friends, as in America. Leading out of one of the yards is a door into a little room, where the executions have taken place, since they were made private, about twelve years since. It was impressive to visit this small room. Its small dimensions and simplicity seemed to enhance the solemnity caused by its object. The last execution took place there last twelfth month, and the next is fixed for to-morrow, when a man and woman are sentenced to be hung for the murder of their child. Its own furniture was the gallows in the middle of the room, with a trap-door under it, over a pit or fall of eight feet, and a simple lever for dropping the door.

The chapel near by was a pleasanter apartment, though very simple; and here the prisoners assemble for morning and evening prayers, the two under sentence of death being assigned special seats apart from the rest. A different interest attached to the kitchen, which we also visited, and were shown the food which, although plain, seemed very good and wholesome. I tasted the soup, which was rich and palatable—not quite as much so, perhaps, as that furnished by the Southern Soup Society; but such as a good appetite would be sufficient seasoning for; and so with the oatmeal mush and bread.

8th Month 24, 1879.

At the Loganian meeting, 11th mo. 17th, Professor Sharpless delivered a very interesting lecture on Leadville, portraying its mining advantages, wonderful growth, and the state of society among its 30,000 inhabitants. He camped on its outskirts last summer.

SUNNYSIDE.

(Continued.)

On entering the house, we crossed the entry pavement of tessellated tile, and stepped into the library with a trifle of reverence in our hearts, for loving hands preserve it as originally fitted up by the master.

A hundred authors have lived amid more elegant surroundings. Ticknor's library, the most artistic room in America, was far superior in beauty of adornment. Longfellow writes under the most historic private roof on this side the Atlantic, in an apartment handsomely fitted out and embellished with a wealth of tome and toy. But for charming situation, delightful cosiness, and memories of "the noble dead," Sunnyside ranks first.

Twenty years have passed since Irving sat within these narrow walls, but the furniture remains unmoved. The carpet still retains its crimson richness; the writing-table in the center, that almost bisects the room, bears the appearance of long disuse. The double row of drawers is vacant now that once contained his private papers, and, most precious of all his treasures, the mildewed letters of Matilda Hoffman.

Every one has heard the story of Irving's love; how his life was rendered dreary and desultory by the early death of his intended bride; how through all vicissitudes of his unsettled youth and prime, through the whirl and festivities of every capital in Europe, whether immured in the marble courts of the Alhambra, running the gantlet of society in London, or lionized in his native city, he carried that golden locket next his heart. And when the evening of existence came upon him, when one would suppose the flame of early love had burned away, he laid it in the deepest recess of his desk, within the only walls he ever called his own.

That this misfortune exerted an influence over Irving's career cannot be doubted. While it blasted the fondest hopes of manhood, banished forever the enjoyment of life perfected, and engendered itinerant habits, it created in his nature an unusual tenderness.

At the end of the library furthest from the entrance is an alcove, curtained off with flowered damask, containing a large book-case, a lounge, and a "sleepy hollow." All available room is occupied with cases filled with manuscripts and volumes, some worn and dog-eared, some still looking fresh; many familiar English works, some in French, German and Spanish.

Not least in ornament and value is a choice edition of the owner's works, and in a corner on a pedestal is his bust in clay. The article of greatest interest, however, is the antiquated black leathern armchair in which he often mused away an hour, and in which he wrote the lives of "Washington," "Mahomet," and "Goldsmith," a portion of "Astoria," the "Memoir of Margaret Miller Davidson," and the wild romances of "Wolfert's Roost."

Opposite the library, across the hall, is the dining-room, whose large square windows look out upon the lawn that would

extend down to the river side were it not for the railroad,—an invasion that Irving always lamented. The pristine order of this apartment is also preserved. The huge old-fashioned sideboard, the gilt-framed mirror on the marble shelf, the snug extension-table and cushioned dining-chairs, are remnants of the festive companies that once met there. Kennedy and Paulding look down upon us from the walls. Memories of Kemble, Willis, Holmes and Mitchell cluster about the scene. Men of wealth and rank, authors and politicians, women of talent and worth, and even imperial blood, have gathered around that board.

The remaining apartments of Sunnyside have been refitted and are not open to visitors. "The house," says a writer, "is in the genuine Dutch style, and everything about it is redolent of old days. It is an antique 'house of seven gables,' full of angles and peaks, being modeled, we are told by tradition, after the cocked hat of Peter Stuyvesant. Its rusty stuccoed walls are hid by giant ivies, transplanted from Melrose Abbey, that wrap the building in a sheet of green."

A great red roof, tipped off with terra cotta chimneys, surmounts the whole, and, with the squatty tower on the right, forms the most conspicuous feature of the exterior.

Sunnyside is located on a plot of ten acres, devoted to farm land, orchard and lawn. The last mentioned is irregular in form, diversified in surface, and shaded with aged elms. It extends into a quiet little basin of the hills, gradually growing more and more uncultivated, till the unwary stroller finds himself compassed about with wild-wood and tangled thicket. In the center of this, no less attractive because of its rusticity, is a tiny ice-pond, grown up with reeds and sedges, which Irving himself built, as he jocosely observes in a letter at the time: "I have been out this morning making a dam and other profane improvements."

"The Cottage," says Benson Lossing, "was first built by Wolfert Acher, a self-exiled privy councilman of Stuyvesant's court, as an asylum from trouble. It was from Acher that the cottage received its name. His adopted epigram, 'Lust in Rust' (Joy in Repose), engraved on the marble slab in his gable was read by unlettered neighbors, 'Wolfert's Roost,' which has come down to this day. After the expiration of this unfortunate mortal, the Roost passed into the hands of the Van Tassel family. It was here that Ichabod Crane came to pay his addresses to the charming Katrina, and here that the celebrated supper was given, at which he participated with great gusto, and after which he experienced his disastrous encounter with the headless Hessian.

At another time the property fell into the hands of Jacob Van Tassel, "a valiant old Dutchman." His favorite employment was to sally forth on a hunting expedition with a long goose gun; but being indifferent whether his game was brute or human, we are told that his great goose gun became the terror of the cow-boys and marauding craft of the river. On one of these adventures, however, Jacob and gun were made prisoners and sent to New York. The Chronicler proceeds:

"The Roost was then garrisoned by Jacob's stout wife and stouter sister and still stouter negro servant. One day a boat full of soldiers came from a British ship to attack the 'Rebel Nest.' The garrison flew to arms. They seized mops, pokers, shovels, tongs and broomsticks, and gave terrible volleys of words. There was a dreadful uproar, but in vain. The house was plundered and burned, and the invaders tried to carry off Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost. Then came the 'tug of war.' Mother, aunt and Dinah flew to the rescue. The struggle continued to the water's edge, when a trumpet voice from the ship bade the men desist, so the beauty came off with only a rumpling of the feathers."

After the rebuilding of the Roost, Diedrich Knickerbocker, the distinguished historian, became proprietor. Here he resided while composing the history of New York, though in absolute retirement, for which reason few important events are recorded during his ownership. From him the dwelling came to Washington Irving, who repaired and enlarged it as before stated. From him it received the name "Sunnyside," and to him it is indebted for its present fame.

Nevertheless, since the first tenancy of Knickerbocker, it had always been regarded as a literary hermitage. Irving's admiration for the Hudson, by far the finest object in view from his windows, was sincere and enduring. He once said: "The Hudson is in a manner my first and last love, and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelity, I return to it with heartfelt preference over all the rivers of the world."

Such are some of the features and legends of Sunnyside, incapable of being as deeply stamped by the pen as by the eye. The remembrance of a call at the Roost would form a favorite page in any one's volume of memories; and, in conclusion, I desire that many readers may some day linger an hour at the home of that genial old humorist, Washington Irving.

COMMON PROVERBS.

The mystery that hangs over the origin of some of our most common proverbs adds to their charm and renders them the more attractive. A proverb expresses a truth in the fewest words possible, without any offensive addition of epithets and adverbs. Being thus characterized, proverbs have existed with concrete, practical force in all ages, and have been current chiefly among the uneducated masses, with whom many of them served as maxims binding on the popular conscience.

The proverbs of a nation are its autographs of character: in them may be found its confession of religious faith; its maxims of social and political philosophy; and a compendium of its genius, wit and sentiment. They form a treasury of wisdom to which poets have resorted for the most pleasing words of their songs: the historian values them as important aids in tracing the popular usages and manners of the past ages. As an illustration of

their connection with national character we might cite the Spanish proverb, "The nearer the Church, the farther from God," which gave a correct impression in regard to the religious position of Spain; no other than a nation governed and demoralized by priests would suffer the currency of such a statement.

In studying the Greek proverbs, that which strikes one most is the evidence they give of having been the instruments of circulating through the entire nation a knowledge of its own mythology, history and poetry: the great number of allusions to the legends of their gods and heroes, and also to the earlier incidents of their own history, assumes an acquaintance with all this on the part of those with whom they were current.

Proverbs are not often found in the classical authors, for the reason that such writers held a position above the culture of the million, were refined in their habits of thinking, logical in style, and in their command of words to express their thoughts extensive. Having little care for the general sympathy, and being content with a limited circle of readers, they preferred to originate modes of expression that should avail to make clear and nice distinctions of meaning, and that might be of use in building up religious and philosophical systems. But when we turn to those of the Greek writers who aimed to copy the living manners of their times,—to the comic, tragic and pastoral poets,—proverbs are of frequent occurrence.

Among all nations, certain truths have come to be acknowledged rules of action, and certain qualities are almost universally attached to human nature. As we pass from one people to another, the expression of these truths and qualities varies, but their essence remains the same.

In the Homeric poems, the proverbs are noticeable on account of their deep moral significance. Some of them read almost like maxims from the Bible. From Homer: "Who obeys the gods, him they promptly listen to;" from the Bible: "The prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Homer: "All beggars and strangers are from Zeus;" Bible: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Homer: "The slow overtakes the swift;" Bible: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." According to Homer, "As is the race of leaves, even such is the race of men;" Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field."

Of the Greek historians, the one most intimate with life among the poorer and unlettered classes was Herodotus. In the course of his travels he had collected a

large number of traditional sayings which he interwove with his history whenever they would throw light upon individual or national character. One of the proverbs in circulation was this: "The empty mill grinds itself." It taught that an active mind should be kept supplied with wholesome food for reflection. Another: "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind to powder." Punishment, although it may be delayed for a time, is sure to follow every violation of the higher law written on men's hearts. Both these proverbs were suggested by the frequent sight of hand-mills for grinding corn. Nearly every Greek household was furnished with one or more of these. They were worked by female slaves, and at almost any hour of the day might be seen grinding. Another proverb from Herodotus asserts that men's ears are less believing than their eyes. In his day newspapers had not been seen. Men were fond of communing with the visible forms of nature, which spoke to them a language truthful and trustworthy. Rumor laid siege to their ears. Frequent deception taught them caution: hence they trusted their eyes rather than their ears. Another appears in a Greek rhyme,—*Pathimata mathemata*,—"Disasters are schoolmasters," or sufferings are lessons to learn by. Æschylus expanded the same thought into verses.

"Tis Zeus who forces mortals to be wise,
And makes the love of truth to rise
From pain's soul-searching trial;
For e'en in slumber, on the guilty heart,
Conscience will drip and wisdom start
In spite of the soul's denial."

Some of the Greek proverbs were suggested by the game of dice,—one of the commonest and oldest of the Greek amusements. Of this class the following is an example: "God's dice falls as he wills." The same thought is found in the proverbs of Solomon: "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." The Anglo-Saxons, in order to express their conception of the power of wealth, have employed a proverb announcing that "Money enters every gate but heaven's." The Greeks, taking for granted that the tongue was the most obstinate and untamable of all moving things, engaged a proverb to assert that "Money can stop the tongue." Bribes of money frequently caused the delay of justice; and the wealthy criminal, after distributing his persuasives to silence, was often left unpunished. Experience taught the Greeks that this world is a scene of changes and contrasts, and that life and death walk side by side. Wishing to express in proverbial phrase the truth that in the physical, social and moral world extremes meet, they did it by saying that "Dry dust is mud's twin brother."

What could be more expressive than some of these wayside idioms? They have been current among the masses of the people in all ages, and we may well admire their adaptedness for circulating among all classes sentiments of truth and wisdom.

"WILL STUDIREN?"

To the Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

Some of my young friends, the present patrons of *The Haverfordian*, will doubtless in a few years be in some German university town, and probably here in Leipsic, with a new experience before them, such as I have just entered upon.

At the very first step which they will take towards acquiring academic citizenship, they will be met in a very unceremonious way by the question, "*Will studiren?*"

If one has not heard the verb used in this sense before, he will naturally answer in the affirmative when it is put to him by some member of the university court. But if he has been in the town a few weeks before the opening of the university, he will have learned this special application as well as many other little things which it is important to know.

If one comes with no particular information as to times and customs, he will certainly be disappointed in some things; and if he has no personal friends to whom to go for information, he is not likely to be led by a very safe guide in making his incitations.

It is not desirable for one who expects to enter the university for the winter half-year to come to Leipsic before the 12th of October. If one comes on the first of the month, he arrives in the midst of the Michaelmas fair, the most important of the year, which is held for four weeks immediately preceding the opening of the university.

There are thousands of persons from different parts of Germany especially, and many from other countries, in the city, and unusually high prices are asked for everything a stranger must have.

And if one wishes a few weeks in which to practice his tongue and ear, unless he wishes to employ a "*privat docent*," he should by no means come to Leipsic.

The class of Germans which he is likely to come in contact with are communicative and friendly, especially if they learn that you are an American, but the Saxon pronunciation is wretched.

What you already know, and what in the mouth of a German from Berlin or Hanover is intelligible enough, you can scarcely understand when you talk with a Leipsicer; of course the pronunciation of educated persons in the university, in the churches, and theatres, is as good here as anywhere, for such persons come from all parts of Germany.

Nor is it desirable to come earlier in order to get settled before work begins.

One ought to have a fixed "*Wohnung*" before matriculating, but he can find rooms much easier a day or two before than so many weeks. Just as the students are returning, everybody makes preparations for them and announces rooms to be had.

If one knows just what is to be done, he need not come till the 15th, or if he is already matriculated, till the 20th. This is one of the points in which the one who has no special information is likely to be disappointed.

Another very important preliminary is to secure letters of introduction, if possible, from some one who has personal friends

living in the city. A few moments' attention from some intelligent person will give one the information which it will otherwise require considerable time, and perhaps some embarrassment, to learn.

Through the kindness of a friend who was in the university last year, I had cards of introduction to Dr. ——— and Herr ———, a student. The residence of these gentlemen was sought in the police office, where lists of persons living in the city are kept, giving the street and number.

Dr. ——— could not be found, because his rank was not certainly known. I was told that Herr ———, student, lived in ——— Street, No. ———, second story, with Muller. This was definite enough, but naturally the Herr student had not yet returned, and no longer was any Muller living in the second flat.

I bought a university publication which said that the beginning of the lectures was firmly fixed for the 16th of October; the 16th was near at hand, and I must have some information. I accordingly asked a friendly bookseller, who seemed to be as anxious to cultivate his English as I am to learn German, if the lectures did not begin on the 16th.

He gave me to understand that nothing would be done for a week; I felt, however, as if I ought to be doing something, and so resolved to call on some professor whose lectures I expected to hear; and by way of securing an agreeable introduction, Professor Braune was selected, whose lectures on German grammar, including Gothic, High German and Low German, I first of all expected to hear.

And this, too, notwithstanding I had received word through the polite bookseller from Professor Wautman, who lectures on "Historical English Grammar," that it would be agreeable to him for me to call there, but he was then going to be out of the city for a few days.

I am tempted to give you an account of my first experience in visiting German professors. As before, inquiry was made at the police office for the desired street and number. With anticipations increased by the cheerful influence of the only bright morning I have seen in Saxony, I inquired at the door of the number furnished me if I could see Dr. Braune. "The Herr Professor?" inquired the maid, and showed me into a large, simply furnished "living room," as the Germans say. In a few minutes, the man of whom I had already formed a high opinion from his published courses, and from the fact that he is associated with Dr. Tarnke in certain exercises, came in from a small adjoining room. I saw an older man than I had expected, of large, well-proportioned figure, and in every respect a handsome man. My admiration began from the moment I saw him, and he took my hand in such a friendly manner that it was impossible for one to feel the least bit uneasy in his presence. He was just then engaged, but would be in again in a quarter of an hour, and therewith gave me his own great chair at the end of his working table. No one could regret being left alone fifteen minutes in such a place. A German university professor's study is as much a place of inspiration to me as a temple.

And I could not have had a better impression in all Leipsic. The professor's wife also appeared in the meantime with a fresh bouquet for the writing-table, and in a most charming manner inquired if I must wait long. I answered in the words of the professor, and thus congratulated myself upon being able to reply to such a friendly question in good German.

I secretly congratulated myself that I was now in a position to appreciate the enjoyment of which I had read.

The professor returned, and soon made the way easy to the main subject of inquiry, by inquiring what I intended to study in the university. I told him that I had come especially to hear his lecture on German grammar, feeling, as I said so, a satisfaction that I had an opportunity of telling him so much personally. In the most agreeable manner imaginable, he told me he thought I had been misinformed; there were two Professors Braune in the university, and both named William; he, himself, was dean of the medical faculty; perhaps I wished to see the professor of the philosophical faculty. I came away enjoying the mistake and the effects of imagination as much as if it had been the philological professor.

I learned, however, where I should find the "*Universitäts Gericht*," and that is the most important thing to know in matriculating. Having once presented himself before the authorities, the candidate need not feel any more concern, if he has the proper credentials, though he will be likely to wonder often at the unexplained delay and formalities.

On the morning of the 15th I appeared before the *Gericht*, and having replied with the inevitable "*Ja*" to the abrupt question "*Will studiren?*" I was requested to come again next morning at ten o'clock.

At ten to the moment I was there. I was told to come again next morning at nine. It was useless to say that I had come according to appointment. At five minutes before nine next morning I was present again, and although I had no passport, I was admitted into a large room to await the examination of the "*Universitäts Rector*," or judge.

About twenty-five were admitted before anything was done. Finally, according to the number of the card which each man bore, he was divested of hat, umbrella, overcoat, wrappings of diplomas, etc., and sent privately before the university judge. He decides whether the testimonials which you present are satisfactory, and sufficient to entitle you to the right of academic citizenship.

Here arises the question as to passes and diplomas—the most important point of qualification for American students. The judge asked two or three questions about passports, and when I gave him to understand that I had none at all, he looked a moment as if he would try to make me think I ought to have one. He said nothing, however, and after looking at the diplomas, signed a paper, which sent me from one official to another, and from one room to another, till from the last I got the "*Collegien Buch*."

But the process does not end with receiving this; we must return the paper which the judge had given us punctually at 5 P. M.

There were the same men waiting in wonderment as to what was to be done. Finally, joined by about as many more, we passed into a large room and arranged ourselves around a long table, at the head of which stood the rector of the university. The rector made a speech of which I only understood something about attending lectures and the glory of the university, and then we were admitted to hands-shaking, and received our students' or "*legitimation Karte*," and the process was ended. J. F. D.

LEIPSIC, 10th mo. 20, 1879.

PERSONAL.

'37.—Lloyd P. Smith is the accomplished librarian of the famed old Philadelphia Library.

'39.—Dr. Hartshorne is conducting a flourishing school for young ladies in Germantown.

'42.—Augustus Taber and his family, including his grandchild, sailed on the 15th ult., from New York, for a European journey.

'49.—The brothers Smiley retired last summer from the management of the Friends' School, at Providence, R. I., which they had conducted so long and so successfully.

'50.—Thomas H. Burgess is principal of Pickering College, Canada.

'53.—Professor Wm. B. Morgan is doing good work at Penn College, which is fortunate in having secured his services.

'54.—John B. Garrett is president of the Girard Life and Trust Company.

'56.—Dr. J. J. Comfort has been appointed resident physician in an asylum for the insane in New Jersey.

'59.—Edward C. Sampson has just returned from a journey for recreation in Europe.

'81.—Lawson M. Harvey is pursuing an elective course at Butler University—expecting to study law next year.

'82.—Coffin received a telegram at ten o'clock on the night of the 3d, announcing the death of his sister, at Lawrence, Kan., whither he started immediately, by the night express.

F. B. Hill is in the lumber business in Chicago.

B. A. Ward is a member of the Senate of New Jersey, and is practicing law at Rahway.

Ellis H. Yarnall is the editor of the Geographical Notes in the *American Naturalist*.

Dr. William H. Pancoast is one of the best professors in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Dr. Thomas Wistar is the courteous medical examiner at the Provident Life Company's office, Philadelphia.

David Scull, Jr., the devoted treasurer of the corporation, is making a very valuable collection of birds for presentation to our Museum.

 LOCAL.

Foot-ball.

Are you warm enough?

Do sleeping-cars snore?

Cold weather and scrapple.

Parts unknown.—On a bald head.

Does a "burning shame" make a big fire?

What is the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family?

The Sophomore who was injured by the discharge of his duty is recovering.

Sip! Sissy, can you tell me where the stone quarries are?

Warner has a fresh supply of candies and other eatables.

In these times, no matter how much a candidate itches for office, he doesn't like to be scratched.

PROF.—"When were the dark ages?" JUNIOR.—"Before the invention of spectacles, sir."

What did she mean when she told him that his moustache presented a fur-straight appearance?

PROF.—"Can you tell of what parents the great Napoleon was born?" STUDENT.—"Of Cors-i-can."

The Freshmen are discussing whether or not the muscles in the ocean have an effect upon the force of the waves.

He was a gallant Soph. She asked how long he thought a lady's train should be. "Never under a foot," was the reply.

The foot-ball is no respecter of persons. Black eyes visit the rich and poor alike, the mathematician and the Greek student.

In a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage "Frailty thy name is woman," is rendered "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

PROF.—"Can you give the story of Io?" FRESH.—"I had an idea, sir, that Io was changed into a heifer; but I heard Prof. ——— say Io-dide of Potassium."

That Junior who deceived the guardians of the milk-pitcher with the declaration, "The Faculty wants some milk," will suffer in the future. His tricks are exposed.

We were grieved to see the fine trees destroyed which have been cut down in front of Barclay Hall, but are told that this is a beginning of a movement for general improvements on the lawn.

There is no other event which can produce such diabolical yells at Haverford as the announcement of a "snap" to a class that is waiting patiently for a chance to flunk unanimously.

The College has received a large collection of birds' eggs, presented by Hannah Scull. This is a valuable gift from the fact that such perfect collections are rare, and that it fills a gap in our museum.

An association of ladies have purchased the house which General Washington occupied as his headquarters at Valley Forge, and are making an effort to raise funds to buy the two thousand acres adjoining, with the intention of erecting a soldiers' home.

Oh, would that "Walkumfast" was still our janitor!

A go-as-you-please race.—The present race of women.

PROF. "What is Butler's strongest argument in this lesson?"

SENIOR. "Well—I—hardly—know. They're all so strong I couldn't manage any of them."

A new janitor has made his appearance in Barclay Hall.

Dim, distant visions of coming orations begin to haunt the Junior.

We are glad to learn that our college has an agent for Dykes' Elixir.

Our dentist has a new sign, which reads "Drawing, music and dancing."

A "Hammer" party went on a "bust" to Conshohocken during our last holiday.

The Seniors rejoice in the firm belief that they are through "Butler's Analogy," whether they know it or not.

The Sophomore who goes into the city so frequently will never be struck with lightning, because he gets insulate.

We are informed that our skating-pond is to be enlarged. This is good news to those who participate in the healthful exercise of skating.

PROFESSOR (to Geological Student.)—What is the composition of limestone?

STUDENT.—Lime—and—ah—stone, sir.

As we sit in our sanctum, our attention is called to the foot-ball field; and as the discordant noises float upon the evening air, we are led to exclaim, "Man wants but little *hear* below."

Miss Eliza Chase and Miss Maria Chase recently spent a fortnight at Ithaca, N. Y., and were interested in the great university at that place. Their appreciation of Haverford has been increased.

Stanley Pumphrey visited us recently. He attended Prof. P. E. Chase's lecture on "The Law," on the evening of the 19th ult., and held an appointed meeting in the meeting-house next morning.

President Chase is erecting a large addition to his residence, which will be occupied as a library. We shall all wonder, probably, where he has kept his great number of books heretofore when we see them spread out on the shelves in the new apartment.

On the 20th ult. we had our second snow-fall—or snow-squall—which was followed by a cold northwest wind, for which the heaters in Barclay Hall were hardly a match. The thermometer recorded 17° about seven o'clock next morning.

When one of the Juniors was called upon to recite in physics the other day, and began to talk about a spherical sphere, divergent divex surfaces, and then took his seat murmuring something about getting sperical affinity mixed with chemical aberration, the class held their breath for a while, and then collapsed.

A club and association mania has seized the students. Besides the literary societies and class organizations we have the Y. M. C. A., base ball and cricket clubs, Carpenter Shop Association, Gymnasium Association, political clubs, archery clubs, foot-ball associations, tennis clubs, geological clubs, etc.

The Loganian Society has received a fine collection of coins from Mr. Albanus L. Smith of the class of '81. The donation consists of twenty silver pieces and twenty-three copper pieces, the greater part of which are rare and foreign coins. We are glad to see the liberality of our friends, and can assure them that their kindness is appreciated.

The exercises at the last meeting of the H. C. P. C. were as follows: A dissertation on history of "Caucuses and Nominating Conventions," by L. P. Edwards; an address on the "Life and Public Services of the late Senator Chandler," by William A. Blair; an address upon "Bi-metallism," by Professor Sharpless; and an extempore speech.

At a recent meeting of the Political Club, after the regular exercises, the president put to each member a question relating to the political history of the country. The consternation and demoralization was appalling. One member was unable to tell how many States and Territories there are in the United States. The Club believes that one of the surest ways to cultivate knowledge is to learn how little one knows, and these questions will be continued at future meetings.

The two Juniors who are the happy possessors of plug hats present an appearance striking and sublime. As we see them meandering side by side, admiring the fantastical ramifications of the Lepidodendrons, or gazing steadfastly upon some Cyathophyllumrugosum, while the rays of the "golden eye of day" are reflected from the gossamer-like integument of their upper stories, we are led to wonder that the remainder of the class can longer refuse the invitation, "Go thou and do likewise."

FOOT-BALL.

After a great amount of talk and little practice, a game of foot-ball was played on the College grounds, between the Haverford and the University Freshmen on the nineteenth.

As to the result of this contest, it was foretold on all sides that the College boys would stand no show against those who are in the practice the University men were supposed to be. To have a ball is about the limit our game reaches, and, except in striving to obtain the "drop-kick" our practice amounts to nothing. Notwithstanding these slight difficulties, the Freshies, after two days of actual practice, play eighty-three of the University about as tight a game as they could want.

The game was played according to the Rugby Union Rules, and for the aid of the uninitiated, we would say that the game played according to these rules might just as properly be called by any other name than foot-ball, since the chief points are running with the ball and passing it from one to another to avoid the men of the opposite side.

Each eleven was in readiness about three o'clock, and Rhodes of the College having won the toss, decided that the University should open from the upper end. The University *starter*, instead of kicking the ball from the place of mounting, picked it up and ran with it towards the Haverford goal, but he had not gone many feet before he was thrown, and the tussle for the ball began. The sides seemed from the first very evenly matched, but though the University had the slope of the ground in their favor, the ball was kept nearly all the time

in the middle of the field. Every now and then, however, a man from one side or the other would make a good rush, and a corresponding cheer would be heard coming from the numerous College and University men watching the game. When "time" was called after three-quarters of an hour's play, neither side had anything in its favor, no goals or "touch-downs" having as yet been made. After a rest of five minutes the game was continued with the College boys at the upper end. The following three-quarters of an hour showed very much the same play as the first, unless perhaps it was a little more exciting on account of the ball being kept nearly all the time close to the University goal.

Toward the close of the game, Rhodes, of the College, having the ball tucked under his arm, started on a run towards the University goal, and would easily had a touch-down, as the goal-keepers were anywhere but in their right places, but unluckily he ran outside of the bounds, which were only marked with flags, and was called back on a fault by the referee.

Soon after this "time" was called, and the game was decided a draw, nothing being made by either side but a few safety touch-downs.

Almost all the work for the College was done by five or six men, while on the part of the University it was about equally divided among the members of the team.

In conclusion, we might say that should the College play any games this year, several of the Freshmen would be certain to have a place on the eleven.

PERSONAL.

Any young gentleman who is in doubt as to just what would be acceptable, as a Christmas remembrancer, to the one to whom he desires himself to be acceptable, will receive our best advice and all the hints our large stock of such things will give him, if he will call upon us.

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It is noticeable that a large proportion of Haverford students are looking toward professions, and we are glad of it. The professions afford excellent opportunities for intellectual work and influence, and need well-educated men to fill them aright. But unprofessional men have a large field for influence too, especially if they have well-trained minds; and there is need of educated merchants, manufacturers and farmers to lead benevolent movements, to reform politics, and to advance morality and religion. It is generally men of cultivated minds who perform these services for mankind; and many more might be helping on the work if they had only had a better education,—a thing which for some of them was probably quite possible. But many people seem not to appreciate this. They are satisfied to work on with their moderate attainments, and, finding it not easy to do more, merely make a living. They do not even see how much better off their children would be with minds better trained than theirs. On the other hand, we often find people, especially the young, complaining that they desire more education, but know not how to get it. Their minds are not enough disciplined to enable them to study to advantage alone. Besides these considerations, the practical benefits of a college education are much greater than many believe. "A boy will make just as good a farmer without it—perhaps better. He hasn't time to spend at college." Thus some "practical" men argue, and so make a *mere* farmer of the boy; whereas he might have made a good leader in his community beside. Some of our best business men, in choosing boys for their stores and offices, prefer college graduates, because they prove more valuable. For any one who will make the best of his opportunities, a college training can hardly be too

highly estimated; and if all who can afford it would bear this in mind, more young men might go out from our colleges to exert a good influence in the world.

Nearly all the business of our societies and associations, carried on exclusively by the students, is marked by a want of due thought, and actions prompted by too hastily formed conclusions. A member has a bill to introduce, and unless it is some very radical change indeed, in nine cases out of ten it is given to the society in a very ill-digested form. The member wants to bring it up at that meeting, and that with a very vague idea of the substance of his bill is about all he does know. Then comes a long debate on various subjects, distantly connected with the one in hand, investigating committees, and an hour is wasted by the society, where a half-hour's thought on the part of the instigator of it all would have disposed of it nicely in ten minutes, had it been brought forward in a proper shape. A very striking instance of this was shown in leasing the Gymnasium; nearly all the members of the Logonian were in favor of its being leased, but those who specially desired it had not informed themselves sufficiently as to what was necessary to be done; and the investigating committee failing to report as they should, a whole evening was spent in aimless discussion, and then the committee remanded, and nothing done.

We do not for a moment suppose that this is the case at Haverford alone, for passing the inexperience of the members, it is, perhaps, but the natural outgrowth of our study; we are so accustomed to having all the arguments *pro* and *con* laid before us in our text-books, and to drawing our conclusions immediately from them, that on other questions we act in the same way, and do not consider it otherwise than as it first appears to us; but, however natural it is to act prematurely, it ought not on that account to be received as inevitable. A little more individual thought would go far towards remedying the evil, and save much of the society's time.

No greater proof could have been given of the triumph of American enterprise and industry than that England should have sent over a special commission to

investigate our methods of preparing and handling food products. England, who is always so ready to point to her own institutions, and so slow to find the good in anything foreign,—England has at last been driven to comprehend that there are some things in the universe which may be an improvement on what she has to offer; for this agricultural question is only one of the things in which England has been forced to look to America for instruction in branches where she formerly ruled supreme.

And perhaps it is this quiet self-satisfaction which has caused her to lose her supremacy; which has kept her farmers working with implements which of themselves are a sufficient burden for man or beast; her gentlemen riding on horseback because no light carriages were made. She has been satisfied with her position, while the characteristic restlessness of America has compelled her to take the second place.

That her many recent knocks in this direction have in some degree awakened her to a comprehension of this fact is shown by this attempt to learn something of the way her Yankee cousin cares for his and her stomach. And this is but one of the lessons in self-mortification yet in store for her.

EXCHANGES.

We are both gratified and encouraged to have our claim to a place among college periodicals recognized as it has been by the most important college journals readily granting our request to exchange, while we have to acknowledge the good feeling shown by several, who went so far as to give us a notice of encouragement.

The *University Magazine* quotes the following from Professor Huxley, which we commend to our readers as coming from one who knows whereof he speaks. He says "of those students who work incessantly at high pressure, that 'their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless, childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion,' he adds, 'for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age; and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work, which makes many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in youth.'"

As most of our exchanges chronicle the end of the season's sports, it would be a good time for each to coolly consider, as one of them remarks, that disputed point of the space to be occupied by sports in their col-

umns. The *Concordiensis*, in a recent number, thus delivers its opinion: "Now we do not wish to be understood that we would entirely exclude college sports. We believe a paper or magazine which professes to represent the true interests of an educational institution should exhibit, by the discussion of those subjects which demand care, study, and deep thought, the degree of intellectual development which has been attained." We concur in the latter part of this statement as the aim of a college paper, but think, also, that the manly exercises should be encouraged; and this can best be done by taking an interest in their doings, and not disposing of them in a paragraph, as the above would intimate.

In the *University Herald*, Bert James gives us a very vivid and appreciative picture of Shakespeare's Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth. The piece shows that the author has carefully analyzed the characters, and been interested in doing so. It aptly illustrates the rich reward which offers itself to any one who will take time to give almost any of Shakespeare's characters a closer study than is obtained by a casual reading, and suggests the idea of giving more attention to our English classics in collegiate studies.

The *Asbury Monthly* desires us to cut down our pages, and fill up with locals. The *Monthly* is a live journal, and certainly practices what it preaches in regard to local items. We return our thanks for its good wishes and friendly advice, but as for cutting down the size of our paper, we are not ready to take that step so soon after starting upon the great "unknown." Our motto is, "Take each man's advice, but reserve thy judgment."

We have received the following: *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Era*, *Alumnus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *College Journal*, *Madisonensis*, *Dickinson Liberal*, *Concordiensis*, *Easthamite*, *University Magazine*, *Reveille*, *College Herald*, *Hillside Herald*, *Hobart Herald*, *Volante*, *Critic*, *Tuftsian*, *Illini*, *Asbury Monthly*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *University Herald*.

The *Reveille* puts on an extra spurt this month, and comes out with four extra pages, and a general bracing up. Its editors have succeeded in producing a very interesting number, that far surpasses the former copy which came to our hands.

The December number of the *Concordiensis* is chiefly notable for its "Extranea" column, which is one of the best we have had the privilege of looking over, and presents a model, which, if followed, would add life to many a college paper.

MODERN ALCHEMY.

The search for the philosopher's stone is by no means at an end. The name of chemist is more reputable than that of alchemist, but the belief that all substances, even those which are called elements, are merely modifications of simple homogeneous atoms, is as widespread as ever.

The results of research, in one direction, seem to indicate a degree of diversity such as Davy and Faraday never dreamed of. Since the Centennial year, no less than a dozen new elements have been announced, about half the number having been found in the earthy constituents of a single mineral, called *samarskite*. Professor Lawrence Smith, of Kentucky; Tellef Dahl, of Norway; Sergius Kern, of Russia; and M.M. Marignac Delafontaine, Cleve, and Soret of France—have all contributed to this enlargement of our list of undecomposed bodies. No one, however, has assumed that any of the seventy or eighty so-called "simple" substances which make up the list, are incapable of decomposition; on the contrary, many chemists have long thought that calcium is a compound, and the announcement has lately been made that chlorine is an oxide of murium. This announcement, although still lacking the confirmation which is necessary to secure general acceptance, creates no surprise.

Cailletet in Paris, and Pictet in Geneva, have shown that the four elementary forms which were recognized by the old philosophers, earth, water, air, fire, and which are nearly represented by the solid, liquid, gaseous, and ethereal states of matter, merely represent different degrees of cohesion, dependent upon differences of latent heat.

It has long been known, that all solids may be liquified and vaporized, and we now see that all the known gases can be liquified and solidified. The ethereal condition, however, still remains a mystery; an entity hardly known, but strongly suspected, concerning which we can say little more than that it seems to be the source of various phenomena of light, heat, electricity and attraction, which can be explained in accordance with laws of elastic vibration.

In 1816, Faraday wrote as follows: "If we conceive a change as far beyond vaporization as that is above fluidity, and then take into account also the proportional increased extent of alteration as the changes rise, we shall, perhaps, if we can form any conception at all, not fall far short of radiant matter; and as in the last conversion many qualities were lost, so here also many more would disappear."

William Crookes, the distinguished chemist, who dis-

covered thallium and invented the radiometer, presented to the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science some interesting investigations into the properties of radiant matter, which are reprinted, with copious illustrations, in the "Journal of the Franklin Institute" for November, 1879. In the course of his experiments, he was able to produce a vacuum so nearly perfect that he removed 19,999,999 times as much air as he left in his tubes. At this stage of exhaustion, the density of the remaining air was geometrically midway, or a mean proportional between that of common air and that of luminiferous ether of the same elasticity.

These investigations point to elasticity and inertia as the two primitive forms of physical manifestation, and render it probable that all the observed differences in the chemical properties of bodies may be owing to differences of magnitude in molecules and consequent differences in the velocity, or range, of molecular vibration. The spectroscopic researches of J. Norman Lockyer tend to confirm this hypothesis. He finds that when the elements are procured in the greatest possible purity, their vapors give lines in the spectroscope, which seem to show that they are all compounds of a very few simple substances, even if they are not all modifications of hydrogen. He attaches especial importance to a few "basic lines," with wave-lengths which appear to have been systematically built up from a single fundamental wave, as is shown by the following comparison, in which the wave-lengths are given in ten-millionths of a millimeter:

	"BASIC LINES."
$(3^2 + 8^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,417$	5,416.
$(8^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,268$	5,269.
	5,268.
$(2^2 + 3^2 + 7^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,236$	5,235.
$(3^2 + 7^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,170$	5,177.
$(7^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,021$	5,017.
$4^4 \times 16,464 = 4,215$	4,215.

The greatest deviation between the observed and the calculated values is less than one thirty-six millionth of an inch.

P. E. C.

ARE WE A DEGENERATE PEOPLE?

The numerous examples of political corruption, the various cases of embezzlement among those who are placed in positions of trust and responsibility, the increasing differences between capitalists and laborers, the growing tendencies towards centralization in our government, have induced many good men to look with a feeling of distrust on the present condition of our country, and to

apprehend a rapid decline in prosperity and morals in the future. It is probably safe to say that at no period of any nation have such good men not had cause to feel in this way. Comparisons with past times is usually resorted to, to prove the decadence of the present.

So we go back through various generations till we arrive at the logical deductions that the middle ages were brighter and more prolific in advanced systems and high morality than any that have succeeded.

I have no wish to diminish aught of the reverence that hangs around the so called fathers of our Republic. They were, doubtless, able and patriotic men. But it may better satisfy us with our present government to learn that the same charges of corruption and imbecility were preferred against leading men in those times, and probably an equal proportion were proved.

It may give us increased hope and zeal for the future to learn that out of darker days the American Union has evolved with safety and increased prosperity.

At the commencement of Washington's administration, the United States found on its hands a debt of \$80,000,000, probably as much in proportion to its resources as ours is now, and a large amount of it in the form of a vastly depreciated paper currency. The same questions came up for settlement then as now. Repudiation was urged in the National Congress in as various and sophistical forms as now. But then, as now, the cause of honesty triumphed, and the debt was paid. Thus, one member of the House moved that no steps be taken towards providing for payment of principal and interest till after the debt was paid. It was urged by a large number that because some of the old paper money had not, on account of its depreciation, been of much service to the government, it should not be redeemed at its face value.

When the Secretary of the Treasury sent in his report in favor of redemption, a swift-sailing vessel was sent off to Georgia and Carolina to buy up all the certificates that could be had,—a transaction which an honored member of the lower House was believed to have assisted. This most equitable proposition was defeated by a vote of thirty-six to thirteen, and the Government fell back on its legal as distinguished from its moral rights in the case.

The fears of those who see centralization creeping into our general government are not greater than those in Washington's day, who saw a monarchy in everything but name established, with all its forms and titles. Thus a leading member from Virginia "felt a good deal hurt that gentlemen on the floor should be standing up and addressing each other as honorable gentlemen," and the

first Congress refused to give Washington any other title than simply "President of the United States." So widely spread was the discontent at the monarchical and aristocratical tendencies of the Federal party that it helped to bring in Jefferson and his party in 1801. Do we point to the labor troubles of two years ago as an indication of the increase of views of communism and resistance of fixed government among us?

In 1786, in Massachusetts, the poorer classes rose into absolute rebellion, which was finally put down by force and bloodshed, for fear that the new constitution and the judiciary would somehow curtail their just rights. Later, in Western Pennsylvania, they resisted the collection of taxes, by force of arms, and were subdued after no inconsiderable expenditure and anxiety for the stability of the government.

The charge of centralization, the tendencies to centralization, the discontent of the laboring classes, and their resistance of lawful government, are as old as our Constitution. We find charges flying around among our worthy fathers quite as serious as any we hear now. Thus Jefferson denounces Hamilton as a man whose history, "from the moment history could stoop to touch him," was a "tissue of machinations against the liberties of a country which had not only received and fed him, but had heaped honors on his head;" and charges him with holding the national debt up to its present mark as a means of making himself prominent in the nation and bribing his supporters in Congress. In reply to these charges, Hamilton retorts that Jefferson was a mere demagogue, trumping up these charges that he might ride into power on the disgrace of his country. Charges of corruption were darkly hinted at, in the Indian management, in the War Department, in the Treasury, all through the administration of Washington; and *Freeman's Gazette*, a Philadelphia periodical, said, amid a host more of like scurrilous attacks, "If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington; if ever a nation has been deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington." Recent papers show that the Cabinet of John Adams was engaged in secretly thwarting his plans, at the instigation of Hamilton, then a private man. During his administration a United States Senator was impeached and convicted of attempting to hand Louisiana over to the British Government for the sake of increasing the value of certain lands which he owned.

All these insinuations and a host more which could easily be mentioned, some true, many untrue, reveal the existence of the same feeling of doubt for the future and

distrust of the present which some among us feel now. Yet history tells of the administrations of Washington and Adams as among the brightest and purest of our government, and we are instructed to look back to them as examples, and note our fearful degeneracy. I do not believe there was ever a purer and more patriotic President of the United States than the present President. I do not believe that an abler Cabinet ever gathered around the Executive chair and administered the executive department than the present Cabinet. I believe there are able, honest, and true statesmen in the houses of legislation. There have been darker times in the history of our country than this. It was darker in John Adams's presidency, when the young nation, hardly securely seated on its Constitution, hardly safe against intestine trouble, seemed surely drifting into a French war. It was darker all through the slavery days, when the defenders of that institution seemed determined, at the expense of all morality and justice, to commit this land of liberty to the perpetuation and spread of the system of bondage. It was darker in 1861, when the ties which bind this Union together seemed as rotten as singed flax, and nothing but disintegration could be looked for ahead. In those times, well might patriots bow their heads with fears and forebodings.

Yet, out of all, something within us, or without us, has carried us triumphantly through, and set our feet safely on the shore of prosperity. That something has been, under God, the intelligence and morality of our people; and these same agencies may be depended on now to save us, in the last resort, against corruption in high places, against financial dishonesty, against trampling on the rights of the weak and ignorant, against any assumption of extra constitutional power. I do not see how all these things will be brought about, and, if I knew nothing of the past, I too might despair. But history tells me that though in America dangerous tendencies may for a time have sway, before they can be permanently stamped in legislation, public opinion, aroused, hurls them from power, and the nation goes on prospering. The most confirmed pessimist will hardly compare our corruption with that of George II.'s time in England. Yet out of that, England has arisen to a pure and stable government. And therefore, relying on the past, I look with confidence on the future, believing that a fairly good and just government at Washington, kept so by the continual exertions of good and able men, will shortly bear even sway over a nation of 100,000,000 of human beings, founding its principles on justice and intelligence.

I. S.

WE READ TOO LITTLE.

We were much struck, the other day, with a remark made by a late Haverford student, which was to this effect, that though the students *study* hard, they *read* very little. We think the charge is not ill-founded. It is a pity that this state of things should exist, for many reasons. Of course the main object rightly is study; but at any college, after the required work is done, and necessary exercise or outdoor recreation taken, there remains a good deal of time which can be devoted to literary work and reading. We do not forget the literary societies and their claims, but, as a matter of fact, does any member have more than one exercise a month, or, oftenest, once in three weeks? The practice in elocution, composition, and debate afforded by these societies is valuable, and there is no intention to decry them. But the criticisms on these exercises must, from the nature of the case, be somewhat crude. The larger part of the students belong to societies whose sessions are not open to any but members, and the critics have neither the knowledge nor the experience which is necessary to give the greatest benefit, though they do their best, and accomplish much good.

It is acknowledged by all competent judges that one of the best ways to form one's style and to gain ease in composition is by reading carefully the works of established high reputation. We suppose few would dispute this dictum. But the answer is that time is lacking. Is this a fact? Most persons find time to read newspapers and magazines; while these ought not to be neglected, it would be better if the time devoted to them were curtailed, by giving the attention to general summaries of news and good editorials, leaving accounts of gossip, walking-matches, and murders unread. The time gained in this way alone would suffice to go through no small amount of improving reading.

After all, regularity is the all-important thing; any one can spare fifteen minutes a day, if not longer. Let him make up his mind to give one half-hour daily to reading of this character, and he will be surprised at the ground gone over in a single term. As he perseveres in such a course he will become more and more interested, and it will in time become a recreation.

To make a well-rounded student, it is essential that he should know something of the literature of his own language. The amount prescribed in the ordinary college curriculum is not enough, it must be supplemented by the student himself; and unless the habit of reading is acquired during college days, it rarely will be afterwards.

PROF. CHASE ON THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

Professor P. E. Chase has found that the Nebular Hypothesis leads to values, for the velocity of light and for Neptune's secular perihelion, which are given below, together with other recent estimates:

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

Chase,	185,890 m. per sec.
Foucault,	185,170 " "
Cornu,	186,410 " "
Michelson,	186,300 " "

NEPTUNE'S SECULAR PERIHELION.

Chase,	29,608
Newcomb,	29,619
Stockwell,	29,598
Leverrier,	29,602

The only elements required in the calculation were the lengths of the solar day and the sidereal year; the action of light-waves; and the reacting inertia of gravitating matter.

WHENCE COME WARS AND FIGHTINGS.

The many soldiers' reunions that have been held recently bring reflections concerning their proceedings and influence not easy to be put aside. He who meditates seriously upon the present state of things must feel that it takes ages for the world to learn to prefer peace to war, and prosperity to destruction and bloodshed. He feels an important meaning in these terms which he longs that his fellow-men could be brought to understand.

We, no doubt, are all pretty well settled on the highest conception of what peace and prosperity are, and are willing to accept the teachings of our Saviour on the duties of man to his God and his fellow-man; but lest we should sometimes forget and let ourselves down into the whirling abyss of popular customs, it will not be amiss to turn our attention now and then to these subjects.

A late great soldiers' reunion was held at Terre Haute, Ind., and was heralded over the country as a grand and glorious meeting of the old veterans who left their homes, wives, children, relatives, and property, and so nobly risked their lives to save the Union, to uphold the honor of the nation.

But to one looking on another side of the object the light is of another color. The associations, the wild excitement and frenzied state of the people, present other views.

One who witnessed the recent jovialties writes: "We feel here almost as though we had passed a storm; and with the Sabbath came a calm, a cessation of hostilities.

Three days were spent by the mass of the city and surrounding country recalling days gone by, when the North and South were at war: in other words, recalling as vividly as possible civil dissensions." The same writer says: "I went out yesterday afternoon to witness the sham battle that was to be fought. I saw something, 'tis true, that I never had seen before, but I cannot say that I saw anything that was at all beneficial. I fail to see wherein the work of the past three days has done good; I *can* see in many things where harm has been done." He places the very low estimate of time squandered at twenty-five thousand days, and says, "Thousands of dollars for grog were poured into the saloons; and homes before unpleasant are become within this short time miserable dens." This latter was stated in substance, though not in these words.

There are other occasions, too, whose general influence is so nearly the same as to be scarcely separable from that of reunions, such as the recent commemorations at Yorktown, and, above all, of Decoration days. The influence of the latter on the public mind, whether more direct or indirect than that of reunions, is in either case more effectual. There is not that military parade, not the actual scenes of war, as at reunions; but it assumes a form tending to draw every one into the ceremonies with his whole soul, and to make him feel that he is doing as much as any one to honor the dead, and advance the honor of his nation, which makes him question his course the less. Besides this communion in service, there are the inevitable panegyrics on the departed *heroes*, who oftentimes are praised almost to adoration.

Human minds of themselves can scarcely resist such pomp, ceremonies and persuasion. It is sad to see those who have held themselves aloof from all appearances of war join in these decorations, compromising their principles and persuading their consciences that it is not wrong; for government is right, they say, according to Scripture. If right, then we should defend its honor and name by paying respect to those who have died to save it. They forget that there is a higher honor and a greater name for a nation to maintain in other ways than in "garments rolled in blood," or in what incites to bloodshed.

Having lost sight of this, it is an easy matter for a man to sink lower and lower till he stands on the same level as others, acknowledging in practice that brute force is higher than justice, and is the greatest power in nature.

The results of all these military displays appear to be anything but good. The squandering of time, the reviving of the appetite for drink, and the harvest for

saloons, and homes made miserable by demons, cannot recommend such displays to thoughtful, religious men. They all keep up and encourage the lowest and most brutal part of man's nature to the exclusion of what is ennobling, and tending to bring him to the type of our Saviour. A man in a grand procession on Decoration Day, or while engaged in a sham battle, is not encouraged to meditate on Scripture precepts such as "Thou shalt not kill;" "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Blessed are the peacemakers;" "Love your enemies;" "Pray for them that despitefully use you;" etc. Such thoughts could hardly find an entrance into his mind.

Our souls are stirred within us when we see the extent to which these things are carried, yet they will continue so till the world learns better, and this will not be brought about if those who believe them wrong sit with folded arms, quietly looking on, while the hesitating or doubting ones are drawn gradually into the ranks of war, when a helping hand, given in time, would save them.

LOCALS.

Leap year!

Why did we ever quit study?

Eli Jones visited us upon the 7th ult.

Oh! Hard luck! to have to resume digging!

A new storm door has been added to Founder's Hall.

"Every tooth in my head is aching, but I can't stop now!

The poems on "The Beautiful Snow" will not appear this number.

It is high time that all had their good resolutions made for this year.

We were favored with a visit from Allen Jay upon the 6th and 7th ult.

The wife of our Superintendent came to the College soon after the holidays began.

Students have returned from spending the holidays, and are ready to begin work in good earnest.

There has been a rumor to the effect that some of the managers are in favor of abolishing recitations on seventh-day morning.

We need some vitalized phosphates. This holiday "rest" is a hollow mockery, a tremendous nuisance. Our best clothes are worse for wear too.

We are glad to see the new matting upon the meeting-house floor. Comfort and some degree of attractiveness certainly do not tend to hinder worship.

Frogs have their time to croak, and owls to hoot,
The patient flutist hath his time to toot;
The fiddler fiddleth when his work is done,
But thou, O bore! hast no set time—ah, none—
To whistle.

Professor A. C. Thomas has satisfied a great want with his interesting and instructive lecture upon "The Right Use of Libraries," and kindred topics.

The students who were intending to visit Congress during the holidays were disappointed. Doubtless Congress would not have adjourned if the members had only been notified of the intended visits.

On New Year's evening, Edward L. Scull and wife entertained the students who remained in Philadelphia during the holidays, at their charming new home in the city. It is a rich treat to spend an hour in the library of the warm friend of Haverford, and examine his sketches and prints, together with interesting souvenirs of his travel abroad.

L. D. Wishard, of Princeton, secretary of the inter-collegiate branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, visited the College upon the 9th ult., and delivered a very interesting address upon the general work, etc., of the organization. Among other things he gave a brief history of the Association, from the time that it was started by a young business man in London, about thirty-five years ago, down to the present time, when there are thirteen thousand in Europe and eleven thousand in America; when they are found in all parts of the civilized world, and among all classes. If we go to Australia or other islands in the far-off ocean, they are there. If we go to Africa, they are there. If we visit the Holy Land, we find the organization at Jerusalem and Nazareth. In our country, railroad employees and other workmen have their separate associations; and now the division known as the inter-collegiate branch is being organized in the colleges all over the land. After speaking of the advantages of belonging to the organization, Mr. Wishard urged the need of Christian work among college students generally, and showed what good things were being accomplished where students were earnestly engaged in the work.

FOOTBALL

After considerable negotiation, and being put off twice from the appointed day, our match with Swarthmore was played on the 13th. The day, as regards temperature and brightness, was all that could be desired, though the frost of the previous night made the footing somewhat uncertain.

We won the toss, and kicked from the upper end.

The home team, considering their practice, played well all round, every one adding all he was able, to win this, our first attempt as a college team, with the, to us, new rules.

It may seem presumptuous in us, who know so little of the game ourselves, to criticise others so severely; but when it is known that they were compelled to learn points from us, instead of, as we had reason to expect, instructing us in them, there may appear room for it.

The score at the end showed one goal; one touch-down, from which we failed to get a goal; and one safety-touch-down for us; and thirteen safety-touch-downs for our opponents.

Everything passed off nicely, and without any permanent ill-feeling, the only cause for regret being that near the end of the second three-quarters, Butler, one of Swarthmore's forwards, got a fall, and was forced to retire. It was found, on examination, that his collar-bone was broken.

Our team was: forwards, Rhodes (captain), Brinton, Mott, D. Corbit, Briggs and A. Corbit; half-backs, Mason, Price and Tyson; full-backs, Randolph and Thomas; sub., Stuart.

Swarthmore: forwards, Caley, Carter, Seaman, Field, Butler, Powell and Grundy; half-backs, Browning, Moore, Thomas; full-back, Sharpless.

Mr. G. Thayer, of the University team, umpired for us; Mr. Rushmore for Swarthmore. Mr. Lawton, of Swarthmore, was referee.

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ARTHUR & WARNER.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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The recent temperance address of the Philadelphia "Meeting for Sufferings" is being widely circulated among the intelligent citizens of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware; and we would be glad if it might be read all over our country. Their appeals to the legislatures of these three States, which were presented and urged upon the individual legislators last year, were followed by some immediate results; and no one knows how much unseen influence they have exerted. The last address is designed to incite all the intelligent and influential men and women among us to exert what influence they can, both by the example of their own lives and by active work, to stay the monster Intemperance. It is divided into five heads: on the Medical Use of Alcohol, the Duty of the Christian Church, Prohibitory Legislation, the Public Press, and Woman's Influence. It shows evidence of attentive study, and is enforced by striking facts; and it breathes a spirit of broad Christian love, earnestly appealing to the heart and the judgment. All such efforts are hailed with joy by every philanthropic man; and we hope this may be the means of much good.

The recent "exodus" of colored people from Carolina calls up anew the oppression which they suffer at the hands of their former owners, who unite themselves firmly together, to keep the blacks as near slavery as possible. Too poor to move when they received their freedom, they were obliged to remain on the estates where they were. If they rented land, they must pay in cotton, which, because they had no gins and scales, they must trust to the dishonesty of the white men to gin and weigh. If they hired, they were paid in tickets promising to pay small sums, which were good only to present

at their employer's "commissary" in payment for provisions, etc., for which enough was charged to use up all their tickets. Thus were the poor blacks kept poor. It was useless for them to seek better places on other plantations. If a man would not work for his own master, the united land-owners agreed that he ought to starve. Not only are the negroes thus ground down; they are otherwise maltreated, and sometimes even murdered, without the story even getting into the newspapers. They cannot obtain justice. Though the whites boast of the colored men on their juries, there are generally nine whites to three colored; and they are deprived of their rights at the polls, if not by intimidation, at least by stuffing the ballot-boxes, so that their votes go for nothing.

No wonder they want to emigrate, even though they have not money enough even to carry them west, to say nothing of starting at farming when there.

Now, what remedy is there for this evil? If they would emigrate till their number was so diminished as to create a demand for their labor, it would probably have the desired effect. They certainly have a claim on the charity of their more favored brothers; and much has been done to help them on their westward journey. But is this the best use that can be made of the means contributed? Another plan is to purchase lands in the South, to rent them at equitable rates, and give them a fair start there. Soon after the war this was tried, and with such success that those thus settled are still prosperous. But this could not be done on a large enough scale to relieve all, at least for a long time. But might not this plan be combined with the emigration idea? Let land be purchased and leased to thrifty colored men, for a long enough term to enable them to accumulate the means to emigrate; this would not only give them capital to start on, but some practice in agriculture and economy. Thus the emigration might be effected gradually. This would, no doubt, involve a large outlay of money and care in carrying it out; but no plan can be adopted which will not involve these items.

The subject is one well worth our consideration. The vast numbers of blacks who have emigrated from the South within a year, indicate that something is needed to meliorate their condition. As Frederick Douglass has said, all that can be asked for them is a *fair chance*. But

this they have never had. The lecturer whose remarks we have previously quoted said that, if his people had had the advantage of an upward, improving education since they were imported to America, and had not risen higher than they are, he would consider them hopeless, and unworthy of aid; but since they have had two hundred years of education *downward*, we should now give them a helping hand to rise.

Of the many sources from which the student draws in the attainment of an education, and in moulding himself into the full rounded man which he aspires to be, that of his literary society is by no means the least. The existence of so many institutions of this kind in our colleges is a witness of their value. The private room gives time for thought and study; and the recitation-room affords but little opportunity for learning to express our thoughts. It is in the society that we, even while students, partake of active life. It is here, after a week of mental toil and fatigue, that the student can find new life and vigor; it is here that he wears off his rough edges and square corners, by giving scope to his fancy and play to his power of expression in competing with his fellows; it is here of all places that work is a pleasure, and never a task. Then should we not make it a point to attend every meeting of our respective societies, and to take an active part in their support? One of the greatest wants in society work at the present time is a more thorough familiarity with parliamentary rules. The members should not be satisfied with simply trusting to the officers to become acquainted with society government, but by having for themselves a definite knowledge of the rules and regulations by which their society is governed, they would oftentimes avert delays and confusions.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Don't be in too great a hurry to accept "advanced opinions." It is "the thing" to be "advanced" in this progressive day and generation, but there's a heap of shallowness in it. Did you ever notice that the man who tells you he cannot believe the Bible is usually able to believe almost anything else? You will find men who turn with horror and utter disbelief of the Bible, and joyfully embrace the teachings of Buddha. It is quite the thing, just now, for a civilized, enlightened man, brought up in a Christian country and an age of wisdom, to be a Buddhist. And if you ask six men who profess Buddhism who Buddha was, one of them will tell you he was an Egyptian

soothsayer who lived two hundred years before Moses; another will tell you that he brought letters from Phœnicia, and introduced them in Greece; a third will tell you that she was a beautiful woman of Farther India, bound by her vows to perpetual chastity; a fourth will, with little hesitation, say he was a Brahma of the ninth degree, and a holy disciple of Confucius; and of the other two, one will frankly admit that he doesn't know, and the other will say, with some indecision, that he was either a dervish of the Nile (whatever that is) or a *felo de se*, he can't be positive which.

Before you propose to know more than anybody and everybody else, be certain that you are abreast at least of two-thirds of your fellow-men. I don't want to suppress any inclination you may have toward genuine free thought, and careful, honest investigation. I only want you to avoid the great fault of atheism in this day and generation. I don't want to see you try to build a six-story house on a one-story foundation. Before you criticise, condemn, and finally revise the work of creation, be pretty confident that you know something about it as it is, and don't—let me implore you—don't turn this world upside down and sit on it, and flatten it entirely out, until you have made or secured another one for the rest of us to live on while you demolish the old one. If ever you should develop into an "advanced atheist," just do that much for the rest of us.

X. Y. Z.

LADY HOLLAND.

We are apt to fancy, from much that we read and hear, that manners in the best society are always faultless. We would not be warranted in thinking them otherwise were it not for a few notable exceptions scattered up and down history. To be famed for rudeness is by no means enviable, yet a dash of eccentricity, and even boorishness, sometimes lends interest to a character; and it is often a relief to turn from Chesterfields and Beau Brummels, from Lady Montagues and Countess Blessingtons, to a Samuel Johnson or a Lady Holland.

Few English residences are so deservedly famous as Holland House. It was where Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax held councils, where William Penn lived a short time, where many of the Fox family resided, and where Addison married and died. Thus it has come to be a favorite subject among magazine writers; and from various scattered accounts it is designed to select a few anecdotes of its most entertaining mistress.

The third Lord and Lady Holland occupied Holland House during most of the first four decades of this century. He was a nephew of Charles James Fox, a prominent

Whig politician, and a man of refined manners. His wife was otherwise. She was beautiful, but rude; intelligent, yet superstitious and cowardly; hospitable and generous, yet despotic. Her house was not only the social headquarters of the Whigs, but one of the centers of European society. Its gatherings were called cosmopolitan, and Byron said they reminded him of the grave—"where all distinctions of friend and foe are leveled."

Over these companies Lady Holland swayed a tyrannical scepter. She was not ashamed to ask a minister to stir the fire, to send a poet upstairs on an errand, or to despatch a member of Parliament to the kitchen to see if dinner was ready. She once said to Sydney Smith, "Sydney, go ring the bell." "Certainly," he replied; "and shall I sweep the room?" There was a precious fire-screen in the library, for handling which Lord Russell one day received the suggestion, "Lord Russell, lay down that screen; you'll spoil it!" It was probably the same screen of which Byron complains in his diary: "Why does Lady Holland always have that screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite done to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver." Byron was intimate with and much attached to the Hollands before that fatal review provoked "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." There he denounces his host and hostess with the uniform scurrility of that production.

Numerous as were Lady Holland's conversational liberties in the drawing-room, as when she invited a gentleman to sit farther off from her, saying she did not like the perfumery on his handkerchief, or her reply to the poet Lewis when he objected to the "Rejected Addresses" making him write burlesque, "You don't know your own talent," it was oftener at the dinner-table that she assumed the dictatorship. It was there she once had a word battle with a gentleman on the desirability of prunes in cock-a-leeky soup. It was there she delighted to squeeze her guests together, and then tell them to leave space for another who was coming. A wit whom she once ordered to make room said it would have to be made, for it did not exist.

Uncomfortable as this was, invitations to Holland House were seldom declined, for every one was willing to endure a few privations in order to dine with Rogers and Campbell, with Sydney Smith and Macaulay, with Talleyrand and M. de Stael. It was at the dinner-table, too, that Lady Holland lorded it over her "slave" and "pet atheist"—John Allen. He was a man of vast information, who lived chiefly with the Hollands to carve

at dinner, to talk learnedly, and to accompany the lady to parties when the lord was gouty. Byron called him "the best informed and one of the ablest men he ever knew," "a perfect Magliabecchi, a devourer, a helluo of books, and an observer of men." He was sometimes so interrupted in his carving by Lady Holland's commands that he would lay down knife and fork and tell her to do it herself. In return, she would forbid him to eat of certain dishes, saying there was not enough for him. There was mostly enough of everything; but on one occasion a guest incurred an harangue by calling for brandy when there happened to be none in the house. The Duke of York was present, and while he remained Lady Holland restrained herself, but when he was gone came the sting and the venom. "You did it on purpose! You did it to find out there was none!" "Lady Holland! I suppose anything was wanting at Holland House! Why, I believed if I had called for broiled rhinoceros with cobra sauce it would have been brought on the instant!"

When Sydney Smith was in London, Holland House got the lion's share of his lively conversation and inexhaustible wit. Many of his best sayings were uttered under its roof; and when he was absent, he was continually writing to its proprietors letters full of absurdities. There is one written from Bath beginning—"War, my dear Lady Holland, is natural to women as well as to men—at least with their own sex. A dreadful controversy has broken out in Bath, whether tea is most effectually sweetened by lump or pounded sugar; and the worst passions of the human mind are called into action by the pulverists and the lumpists. I have been pressed by ladies on both sides to speak in favor of their respective theories at the Royal Institute, which I have promised to do." In another he takes the liberty to say: "I find it almost impossible to read your handwriting; but knowing it always contains some proffer of kindness to me, I answer upon general principles and conjecture. Have you any objections to take a few lessons in writing from me in my morning calls? I could bring you on very much in the course of next summer, and if you will take pains, I will show your book to Lady Cowper."

Without multiplying random notices, we must not omit another illustrious diner at Holland House, and his sketches of life there.

To transcribe all that one finds on the subject in Macaulay's biography would occupy considerable space. We beg leave to repeat only a few passages.

An account of his introduction to Lady Holland occurs in a letter written in 1831. The scene is a musical party at Lansdowne House. "I was shaking

hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us, 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay,' and we turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House next Tuesday.' Three days after comes a description of the visit: "In the drawing-room I had a long talk with Lady Holland about the purity of the English language, wherein she thinks herself a critic. I happened, in speaking about the Reform Bill, to say that I wished it had been possible to have formed a few commercial constituencies, if the word "constituencies" were admissible. 'I am glad you put that in,' said her ladyship. 'I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is "talented" and "influential" and "gentlemanly." I never could break Sheridan of "gentlemanly," although he allowed it to be wrong.' . . . To me she was necessarily gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she does her guests. It is to one 'Go!' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this!' and it is done."

Often during his parliamentary career Macaulay dined and took a bed at Holland House. He led conversation at meals, "not only overflowing with learning," Sydney Smith said, "but standing in the slop." He became callous to Lady Holland's anxiety about dreams, and to her fears of lightning, but she always retained some authority, either by sending the waiter to tell him to stop talking, or by rapping on the table, with "That's enough about that, Macaulay; now give us something else." The following is a description of his farewell call before going to India: "I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland. She was quite hysterical about my going; paid me such compliments as I cannot repeat; cried, raved; called me 'dear, dear Macaulay!' 'You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you; last session about the slaves, and now sending you to India!' . . . But at last she said something about you. This was too much, and I was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she broke out again, 'I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times. I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with

my weakness. I shall never see you again!' and she cried, and I cooled." Nevertheless she survived his return several years, and died in 1845, in the same mood in which she had lived, her last words being a threat and a command. Perhaps it is not very charitable thus "to draw her frailties from their dread abode," but in dealing with history we are continually forced into saying things about the dead which, if said of the living, would be ungenerous and unchristian.

MATRICULATION AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

The matriculation paper which each student receives and signs at Leipzig reads as follows:—

"Q. D. B. V.

"*Almæ Universitatis Lipsiensis Rectore —, legibus Universitatis obedientiam fide dextraque data pollicitus in numerum civium academicorum relatus est —.*

"*Ego — fide dextraque data promitto, me Tibi, Rector magnifice, Tuisque successoribus esse obedientiam præstiturum legibusque Universitatis obtemperaturum.*"

The first blank is filled by the name and titles of the Rector or President; the second, by the name of the student and the signature of the Rector, with the date and seal; the third, by the signature of the student.

DR. JOSEPH W. TAYLOR.

The sad tidings of the sudden death of Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, on the 18th ult., were received at the College with universal sorrow. His faithful service for many years on some of the most important committees of the Board of Managers, had made him a frequent visitor on our grounds, where his genial manners and unaffected interest in the welfare of the students won for him the love of all. He was pre-eminently a Christian gentleman, exhibiting an unfailing courtesy, which was the outflow of a heart filled with the love of Christ and the love of his fellow-men. Foreign travel and varied experience, both in professional and business life, gave him practical wisdom and large knowledge of the world. Of his ample fortune he was a generous steward for his Master's sake. Feeling a deep interest in the higher education of women, he originated and matured the plan for the new college for young ladies at Bryn Mawr, which will be a lasting monument of his liberality. And not only there and at Haverford, but in many other places which have known the graces of his character and the fruits of his benevolence, his name will long be coupled with the blessings which have been pronounced upon the memory of the just.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

Among the many benefits of the past few years, during which men, in whatever business, were compelled to seek some new feature by which to attract public attention, the publication of cheap editions of standard works is one which will have a lasting good effect. There are now, and more as constantly appearing, copies of nearly any prominent author to be had for less than a dollar a volume, and that volume usually contains his principal works.

Circulating libraries are very well for books of reference and those which are only read and put aside perhaps forever; but standard authors, every one, and especially a student, should have of his own, to be taken up for a moment's perusal when he has five minutes unoccupied. This fact that one ought to own the principal ones of those works known as "English Classics" has always been conceded, but the idea has always been inseparably connected with the one that they consequently should be handsomely bound; and while popular novels came out in cheap form, Shakespeare and Dickens were only to be had at prices which made many books a great luxury. Upon the issuing of these new editions, however, the range of these great minds is much widened, and their ready sale and the rapidity with which fresh editions are put forward, shows how the public appreciate this attempt to make good reading popular; while in England similar editions of Longfellow and Lowell met with such a reception as to cause Tennyson to demand a like publication of his works, lest he should be supplanted in his own country.

And do we not see here one way of helping, at least, to eradicate those "boys' story papers," and worse books, which form the reading matter of so large a proportion of our school-going population? If their parents are able to purchase and keep before them books worth reading, might they not come to see the difference and appreciate it?

The cost of text-books has long been a source of discontent among parents, and although these latter have scarcely reached the cheapness of those above referred to, there is a marked turning of the attention of editors in this direction, and this recent success of cheap publications will compel them to consider it further; but whether it affects school-books or not, whoever started this movement, if, indeed, it was started, and did not spring from a felt want, deserves the sincere thanks of America; for if anything can educate our people, it is an acquaintance with polished writers and a taste for good reading.

OUR OBSERVATORY.

We had recently a visit from a member of the firm of Alvan Clark & Co., to make some estimates on improvements of our astronomical equipments. A new driving-clock to the equatorial, micrometers for transit and equatorial, and improved methods for illuminating the webs, will shortly be obtained. This is preparatory to putting our instruments to some work which will be of advantage to the science. Our outfit will then be in good condition, and superior to that which has, in other hands, made valuable contributions to astronomy. The professors in charge in the past have been so hampered with other duties that it has been impossible for them to give much attention to work in this direction. Haverford ought to give some time and labor to the cause of science and original investigation. This will assist, rather than hinder, special instruction to students. The instruments will then always be in good condition, the instrumental errors determined, and the rate and error of the clocks known: while the students' efforts might be so adjusted that they would, in turn, be valuable factors in the regular work of the observatory.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
LOCALS.

"Her brother says—"

Examinations are over.

What does the billet-doux?

Living in vein.—The blood.

Coasting very poor this winter.

"My family generally consider," etc.

Examination metamorphosed in twenty minutes.

Bear in mind that nobody minds the bare in mind.

Song of the dentist.—"We always pull together, boys," etc.

"They very kindly invited" him in. Oh, spurn the offer not!

A Sophomore says that Cleopatra was stung to death by a wasp.

The Loganian Society has not lacked in interest during this year.

We hear that Dr. Townsend ('80) has not recovered from his sickness.

The very latest—A student speaks of the *declamation* of independence.

They have a *New-ark* in New Jersey, but no second-hand Noah as yet.

When a man slips and falls, his temper generally gets up before he does.

The Political Club has not nominated a candidate for the Presidency yet.

The Juniors have taken a new French book, and likewise a new Astronomy.

A specimen of Itacolumite has been presented to the museum by W. C. Jay, '82.

The scientific Juniors rejoice in mechanics, while the classicals are imbibing German.

Two or three students were slightly wounded by being hit in the eye with snowballs.

Stadelman has filled his window with a show-case of candy and other confectionery.

The joker who intimated that he had some "nuts to crack," must have meant jest-nuts.

The cricketers are beginning to practice somewhat, as the weather has been favorable.

The politically inclined students have been very much excited over the affairs in Maine.

All the stuff written about great men who sleep only three or four hours a night is apocryphal.

"When twilight lets her curtains down,
And pins it with a star"——

The present Glee Club promises to be a success such as Haverford has never known in that line.

Our "prophets" who predicted one of the coldest winters in twenty years, are now stuck in the mud.

We have just received a new paper which announces that its "tone will be moral, though not severely so."

A new building is being erected near the meeting-house, on the site of the one destroyed by fire last fall.

The grand essentials of human happiness are something to do, something to hope for, and something to love.

The snow, though slight and soon melted, was sufficient to furnish missiles for the usual "battle at the bridge."

The Faculty granted a half-holiday, and thus gave us the only opportunity for skating that we have had so far.

Skating for half a day. The ice was beautiful but thin. We wonder if "my family's" judgment won't be revoked.

The Senior who steps upon a deposit of banana-peel, and glides swiftly down the stairs, is not dead, but slippeth.

Some students have not yet become aware that white walls are not improved by lead-pencil sketches and inscriptions.

The story is as follows:—"Ah Sin and Ah Sing disputed about a piece of property. The affair was settled by Ah-bitation."

Some one says the excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest about twenty-five or thirty years after date.

Professor.—"What is transcendentalism?" *Senior*.—"Two holes in the sand; a wave washes away the sand, and the holes remain."

What an advantage it is to be an editor and get one important item of subsistence at a low price—in other words, to get bored for nothing.

An exchange describes the Chicago type of a girl as having a nonpareil head on a brevier body, and long-primer feet—typographically speaking.

The Junior who visited the Academy of Fine Arts has arrived at the conclusion that, after all, he did not see the bust of Pallas, but that of Minerva attracted his attention.

PROF. IN PHYSICS.—"And can you think of any reason why a locomotive does not last longer?" *PALE FRESHIE*.—"I suppose it would last longer if it didn't smoke so much."

What did he mean? We were gravely told that "Single misfortunes never come alone; and that the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater.

"Is there any chance for the success, as a walker, of a student who has pedestrianism on the brain?"—*Exchange*. We fear not; he has it on the wrong end, unless he means to perambulate on his head.

A great many new books are being placed in the College Library, and also in the Society libraries. The Everett Society have added forty volumes during the year, and the other societies in proportion.

A member of the Junior Class had the misfortune to walk through one of the glass doors in the hall. His face and hands were severely cut by the glass, but he was favored to escape without serious injury.

Dr. Thomas, of Baltimore, brother of our Professor of Rhetoric, paid a short visit to the College on the 23d ult. His object, in part, was to meet with our Young Men's Christian Association, as he is deeply interested in the work, and is president of the Association at Baltimore.

We are asked how the proverb "Fools are not all dead" originated. We are not precisely informed, but judging from the necessary and eternal fitness of things, it must have become true soon after the creation of man, and it is useless to add that it still has full force.

A Freshman who was unacquainted with the beauties of Shakespeare, opened at Love's Labor Lost, Act V., with a hope of enjoying what he had heard of so often. He stopped, however, when he came to the word "honorificabilitudinalibus," and now reads Robinson Crusoe as before.

The "Bulletin Board" has been somewhat abused this year. When notices have been posted, it has frequently happened that they have been changed, marked, and otherwise defaced, so that it was almost as difficult to decipher them as it would be to unravel the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

A tyro astronomer complains that the fir-trees about the observatory eclipse the heavenly bodies. The trees should certainly make way for the stars, but we are inclined to think the student in question was endeavoring to see the same stars which Chinese astronomers were at that time observing.

George Wilson, the wandering bard, so well known to Haverford students, visits us occasionally, and favors us by reading some of his productions. We were greeted at the beginning of the year by an "Ode to the Haverfordian" from his pen, and have just received another poem of considerable length.

The Gymnasium has received considerable attention from the Association which has assumed control of it, and presents a respectable appearance. Some new apparatus has been added, so that every facility is offered for obtaining proper exercise. We understand that the Association will continue to add whatever may seem necessary, and to make some further improvements.

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime;
And trouble a thing of every day,
And touching every time;
And childhood sweet and sunny,
And womanly truth and grace,
Ever can light life's darkness
And bless earth's lowliest place.

"The charms of the checkered chambers of cherished chess changelessly chain to childlike cheerfulness the chieftains who have changed the chariot and the chase for the chaster chivalry of the chess-board, and the cheerier charge of chess-knights" at Haverford. The present Chess Club contains some excellent players, and it is their intention to while away some of their spare moments in playing clubs of other colleges. Some challenges have been received, and they hope for more soon. Mr. Richard Mott is secretary of the association.

Time: 10.30 P. M. *Scene:* West side of Barclay Hall. Several Juniors think they see a specimen of the *Mephitis Americana* on the ground outside. "Whiz" goes a cricket shoe; then the class-poet, armed with a deadly weapon and a knife, goes forth to attack the animal. He stands with the trigger up, endeavoring to see where the creature has gone; suddenly he feels a pressure upon his ankle, and, turning, is filled with horror; but a second look reveals the fact that the animal he is hunting is the engineer's cat. Poet goes to bed; the other Junior couldn't help handling the shoe carefully when he picked it up and smelled it.

EXCHANGES.

Various as is the character, contents, and general get-up of our exchanges, they nearly all seem to be struck with the wit displayed in certain advice given by one Fresh to another as to the most expeditious way of removing a troublesome quantity from under the radical sign, namely, "To rub it out." We should not have spoken of this, but it appeared in so many different places that we could not bear to have our readers deprived of such a general favorite, though, candidly, we did not see anything very attractive in it, but supposed the fault was in us, and not in the anecdote.

Among the fresh arrivals—where all are so new—appear the *Princetonian* and *Spectator*, which, so far as we are able, from our limited experience, to judge, are among the best of their class. The latter publishes a supplement: rather a new feature in college journals—is it not?

The *Madisonensis* presents a well-written tribute to Macaulay, and in its exchange column gives quite an amusing sketch, made up of quotations from its exchanges on co-education, disclosing a state of things in those institutions where they practice the double-ended system, of which, in the guileless solitude of our rustic home, we never dreamed. Oh! "can such things be?" are they ruined by co-education?

The *Volante* seems to us, from our short acquaintance, to be improving. Somehow or other, they have succeeded in getting up a little excitement there on society questions, probably to keep themselves warm in the "icy halls" referred to in another part of the paper; and considerable space is devoted to their discussion, and a laudable attempt to set matters right.

In the *University Magazine* its editors have produced very nearly the counterpart of their ideal as expressed early in the present year,—to make their paper a representation of the non-academic interests of the students rather than of their literary attainments. The number before us consists principally of communications and editorials on cremation, bowl-fights, class feeling, and other matters of local importance only; but judging them by their pretensions, referred to above, this number is certainly a success.

In the *Illini*, E. E. C. confirms the opinion of the reviewer of Macaulay in the *Madisonensis*, that "true historical excellence is perhaps the most difficult of all literary attainments," by showing the peculiar weakness of the most eminent English historians; this, and the two following pieces, repay the time spent in reading them.

The *College Journal* (Milton) has just arrived. It contains an article, "Truth in Print," which might form an appropriate postscript to the *Illini's* "Historical Illusions," besides an editorial in which the writer seems to think, like the rest of us, that the style of get up and general arrangement of his own paper is the true model for such publications; only others keep it to themselves, and only allow their opinions to be inferred from their criticisms on all those who dare to differ from them.

The *Earthamite* has one thing to recommend it before we open it,—it is at hand early in the month. The most noticeable department is its solid matter, which so many of our Western exchanges put in the background or leave out entirely.

We have received this month the *Princetonian*, *Spectator*, *Hobart Herald*, *Magazine*, *Index*, *Madisonensis*, *College Journal*, *Biegeling World*, *Earthamite*, *Illini*, *Scholastic*, *Student Life*, *Volante*, *Dickinson Liberal*, *Rambler*, *Concordensis*, *Reveille*, *Tripod*, *Students' Journal*, *University Herald*, *Speculum*, *Tuftsionian*, *College Argus*.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A very neat little volume, entitled *Preludes*, has found its way to our table. It is written by Maurice F. Egan, of the University of Notre Dame, to which place we were recently introduced by its college paper, *The Scholastic*. It is published by Peter Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia. The work is gotten up in pleasing style, and contains about one hundred pages of poems, few of them longer than a single page,—just a stanza or so, and then another subject,—keeping the attention running from one piece to the next, until one, taking it up for a hasty glance, is led almost insensibly to read it all. It certainly has a worthy object, and deserves the support of all friends of the University.

[We wish to call the attention of students especially to the advertisements of our patrons. We insert cards of the most reliable business firms only, and ask students to turn their trade to those who help us in our new enterprise.]

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

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J. H. MOORE.

WILLIAM A. BLAIR, Business Manager.

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A DREAM.

I was sitting alone in my chamber,
Surrounded with volumes of lore,
But my mind from lessons wandered,
As it seemed, to a distant shore.

I thought that I looked on a mountain
Resembling Parnassus of old,
Whose peaks, reaching up unto Heaven,
Seemed dismal, dreary and cold.

But as I drew nearer and nearer,
My eye caught a glorious scene,
The crag was encircled with roses
And groves of perennial green.

On the side was a crystal-clear fountain,
Like to Castalia renowned;
From which poured a babbling streamlet,
With many a leap and a bound.

A strong stately tree at the summit
Was proudly rearing its head,
And was sending forth its branches,
With luscious fruit o'erspread.

Lost in surprise and amazement,
I stood and gazed on the scene,
So striking and different from nature,
I wondered what it could mean.

At last one came from the fountain,
Singing a joyful song,
Who said 'twas the steep hill of Science,
The great Tree of Knowledge thereon.

No royal road up that mountain,
There appeared no by-path worn;
Each step only gained by endeavors,
Each rose had with it a thorn.

Many searched for an easier ascent,
Invented all sorts of things;
And vainly tried to scale it,
On a Pegasus without wings.

As I looked, I saw Haverford students,
Full of life and of glee,
Struggling truly and bravely
To taste the fruit of the Tree.

Oh, how I longed to be with them!
My soul for knowledge yearned—
The bell broke off the reverie,
My Logic yet unlearned.

W. A. B.

took more upon himself than his constitution could withstand. While progressing, as he thought, well, his health failed, and it was sad to be told by his physician that he must give up college life. Trying though it was, he immediately acted upon the advice, bade us farewell, and departed. His adieu to the Class of '81 was touching, as he spoke of his hopes and plans for the future being blighted. His efforts on behalf of *The Haverfordian* have been unremitting, and to them it largely owes its success. It has been a success so far, and, by the aid of its friends, we are sure of the same for the future.

It was our recent privilege to find artistically carved on the arm of our accustomed seat in Professor ——'s class-room the characters X. Y. Z., '83. We were led to ponder on the great advantages accruing from such attempts of tyro artists. In this particular case, what splendid discipline to a fellow's patience when he tries to take notes with his paper laid over the inscription; and how very fortunate X. Y. Z. will be if he escapes with only *one* imprecation on his sculptural genius. Moreover, though he will certainly fail in his original object (*i. e.*, to immortalize himself), still his monument will probably remain long enough to remind him in his senior year that he honestly made the attempt; and he will be highly favored if he takes even the slightest satisfaction in the thought (his good fortune consisting in retaining his youth "so fresh"). Again, what lofty pleasure and refined æsthetic culture is imparted by the worthy efforts which adorn the chair-arms and bench-backs of the class-room! How intolerably plain the President's recitation-room looked last year, with its new chairs shining in their unscratched varnish! And we might add how are our hearts inclined to wisdom's ways by the exalted maxims which are displayed on furniture and walls!

But to check our sarcastic quill, we would say that the liking which most boys have for defacing property, and thus offending not only the taste, but sometimes also the moral sensibility, of maturer minds, is a liking that they will outgrow, if they turn out respectable men; and the sooner they outgrow it, the fewer monuments of their childish taste they will leave to remind them of it afterward.

We note, with regret, the departure from the College, and hence the separation with *The Haverfordian*, of our former business manager. Mr. Hadley entered upon the year a month after his class had started, and in his zeal he

In his essay on Originality, Dr. Mathews tells us that the complaint, there is nothing new under the sun, is as old as literature itself. Ovid complains of the early writers for having stolen all the good things: the early writers stole from the Greeks; the Greeks cribbed from the Egyptians: the Egyptians filched from the antediluvians, and they, we suppose, purloined from the Prometheus who stole the fire directly from heaven.

However we may interpret the sentence, it is quite remarkable how active minds sometimes advance ideas, which, though to them truly original, have been developed by their predecessors, or even contemporaries. Imagine the surprise of Darwin when he was told that his beautiful theory of evolution had been advanced many centuries before by Epicurus; or think of Mark Twain's astonishment when he learned that the dedication of his "Innocents Abroad" was identical with the one in Holmes's "Songs of Many Keys." However startling to our senses the new political theories and schemes of the young statesman, yet every form of government which is worthy of intelligent thought, or of which a civilized people has need, has been acted out hundreds of years ago, though on a small scale, in that little world of Greece. The songs with which poets so delight us treat of the same human passions—of love returned and love unrequited, of anger and malice—which have formed an exhaustless theme for the bard ever since the days of Adam. Where then is the youth, ambitious to add one new idea to this vast world of knowledge, to begin? Must he in his first attempt blunder by advancing something stale? Happily the essayist himself solves the problem for us. True originality does not consist in advancing absolutely new material, or in generating new principles, but in fashioning material to meet the necessity, in adapting principles to circumstances, and in arranging them so as to please. The chief merit of some of our most eminent statesmen lies not in the positive newness of the principles which they upheld, but in readily suiting them to our wants. Our poets are admired more for the pleasing way in which their ideas are stated, than for the relating of some new thing. How many have been charmed by Tennyson's expression, "time, hate-healer," and yet it is virtually as old as mankind; or again, by Irving's "Broken Heart," yet the substance of the same is ancient. But these are the things that please, and sentiments thus formed thrill the soul with a new delight and stimulate to higher motives. Let not him who contemplates despair of originality. The world has need of a practical application of what is already known.

In the fourth number of *The Collegian* we are told that it was formerly the custom to place the manuscript papers, after they had been read before the Society, in the library, along with the monthly reviews, to be read by those wished. We do not know why that custom was abolished, nor were we informed. But we would suggest the propriety of its restoration. Under the present plan, these papers largely lose their value as well as interest by being filed away in the P. C.'s room, until they can be bound and placed upon the library shelves. If the opportunity were given, many would take an interest in perusing the new number to see what their rivals were doing in this department. It would be an inducement to write, for then the article would not be immediately consigned to an untimely death. It would be a stimulus to do better and more decent work, because it was to go before the public. There would then seem to be more purpose in a manuscript paper than to be filed away where few ever care to open it. Let us have the full benefit of the new thoughts and ideas digested and developed through these papers. What say you, fellow-members?

EDUCATION.

It is well known to most readers of *The Haverfordian*, that in December, 1877, a convention was called in Baltimore to consider the subject of Education in the Society of Friends.

A few leading persons seeing the necessity of concerted action, after wide consultation with their friends, invited persons from all the yearly meetings to attend this convention. Of the forty-five or fifty so invited, twenty-five were present, and from others were received letters of cordial interest in the enterprise.

At the convention, which lasted two days, addresses were delivered by Presidents Gilman, Chase, and Moore, of which we cannot here give even a synopsis; suffice it to say of them that, taken together, they constitute an admirable and complete discussion of educational methods, and something of the status of education and its institutions in the Society of Friends, and the reforms that are needed in order to reap the greatest benefits from the educational forces which now exist. After these addresses, the convention took up the general discussion of various topics relating to the subject. The first of these was: "What is the present condition of the high schools and academies in the Society of Friends, and how can they be made tributary to the colleges?" This was discussed with much interest, during which there was a manifest recognition of the fact that all these institutions fall far

short of the good they are capable of doing under a well-organized system, extending from the primary schools through the high schools and academies up to the college and university.

Then followed a discussion of various other questions relating to the general one of unity and system. Albeit, since the adjournment of the convention, the subject has not been heard from as much as would seem desirable, yet we are glad to know that it is by no means a dead issue. We understand that the Executive Committee appointed by the convention to take charge of the movement there begun, intend calling another as soon as practicable. Let it be so called, and let every friend of education give the cause his support.

It is now fully recognized that education is a tremendous power for good or evil—a force which all the successful enterprises for the good of humanity must employ, and further, that no organization for such a purpose stands in greater need of this force than the Society of Friends. Their extreme democratic principles, the great measure of personal liberty and responsibility which they allow and insist upon, make the universal education of their members peculiarly desirable.

This being a recognized fact, the question now is, By what means shall such a result be brought about? and as to the means, there seems to be very little difference of opinion, if we are to judge from the expression of the Baltimore convention, which was, that a unification and systematizing of all the forces now possessed by the Society is not only needed, but altogether necessary for their highest efficiency. Too much force is wasted by being desultory and not directed to some definite and common end; the great lack is not of force but of direction. There are graduates going out from our colleges every year who would be only too glad to take their places and do efficient work in a well-organized and comprehensive plan having definite aims. Many of these would much prefer to work inside their own society under such a system, who for want of it seek other fields.

It was the opinion of the conference at Baltimore that there ought to be comprised in this system three recognized colleges: Haverford, east of the Alleghanies, Earlham, middle, and Penn College, Iowa, in the west; that as soon as practicable these be liberally endowed, made colleges only, without preparatory courses (which two of them now have); then, that each of these colleges have its feeders, academies and high schools with courses so arranged that diplomas from these schools would admit to the colleges. It is also proposed to establish at Richmond, Indiana, a central office, a bureau of education, a

registry of all teachers in the society employed and unemployed, where schools can apply for teachers, and teachers for situations; and where is to be tabulated the condition and work of each yearly meeting.

It hardly requires more than a passing thought to perceive that under such a system much more might be accomplished than under the present *regime*; this, to say nothing of the powerful influence it would exert toward another consummation devoutly to be wished, namely, the more intimate union of Friends in Christian sympathy throughout America.

We believe that the elements concerned are now ready to be united under some such a system as that proposed, and we hope before long to hear of the call for a second conference from which some decided action may confidently be expected.

LOCALS.

"Can you tell me," said a Freshie,
Who had in our sanctum popped,
And upon the floor was seeking
For a copper he had dropped,

"Can you tell me why, at present,
I'm like Noah's weary dove?"
And he glanced with inward terror
Toward the cricket-bat above.

"Wouldst thou know?" he queried blandly.
As he dodged the eudgel stout
Which we shied at him in anger,—
"Tis because I'm one cent out."

Hey!

Fresh oyster-r-r-r-rs!

Whack! It's only cricket.

Does brass make beautiful belles?

Valentines fell fast, but not thick at Haverford.

Another society just organized—H. C. S. P. B. W.

"Halla—halla—halla—halla"—is almost forgotten.

Freshman side burns—a box on the cheek by his mamma.

It is meet and drink that is depriving many a family of food.

All friends of the College should subscribe for *The Haverfordian*.

Don't ask a Junior now where he gets so many books, and why he is up so late.

We have had skating but twice this year. But no time was lost while the ice lasted.

A stuffed deer's head and neck has just been presented to the museum by W. C. Hadley.

After long waiting winter "with her icy fetters" found a sufficient amount to fill our ice-house.

Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized in more than seventy American colleges.

There have been thirteen changes in the text-books of the course here this year. A good indication.

Phillips has left us. He goes to the Jefferson to acquire the skill of handling the knife and administering antidotes.

Said a Soph, "Did you ever see a stone laugh?" "No," replied his friend, "but I have seen Glad-stone."

If you wish to know what is more provoking than leaping into the dark to elude a Sophomore's game, ask Tomie.

We learn that Haverford is the recipient of \$5000, from the estate of the late Dr. Taylor, to be added to her endowment.

Mr. Alvan Clark, of Alvan Clark & Co., visited the Observatory again, on the 16th ult., for arranging the moving clock of the telescope.

Professor P. E. Chase addressed the Young Men's Christian Association on the evening of the 13th ult., on "How to meet Inquiries."

A certain Soph. should remember that there are no exceptions to the rule for climbing out at the windows. If he loses this key, no difference.

It is rather amusing to notice the astronomy "boom." Students are frequently seen pointing at *Polaris*, and at the same time talking of its rings.

His name was Brown. Her name was Jackson. He worked hard in the Chemical Laboratory, and during the Christmas holidays asked her to become "Jacksonate of Brown."

At a call meeting of the Logonian Society, on the 12th ult., W. A. Blair was elected Business Manager of *The Haverfordian*, in place of W. C. Hadley, who informed us that he had to leave College. On the same evening J. H. Moore was elected by the Everett Society to fill the office of editor, vacated by W. A. Blair.

One feels like sympathizing with Leonidas of old when his magnanimous answer to Xerxes is put in the mouth of the Persian king by the Soph's translating *Viens les prendre*, "I am going to sell them."

We regret that our supply of the second issue of *The Haverfordian* is exhausted. Subscribers ordering back numbers should remember this. Back numbers of other issues can be had by applying to the business manager.

Some of these pleasant afternoons are too agreeable to the student's nature for him to stay within doors. Already the cricket grounds are being prepared, bats and balls being got in order, the archers are shooting, and lawn-tennis is being revived with vigor.

We are told by *The Echo* that the Roman pronunciation of Latin is used in 22 colleges of the United States, the English by 18, the Continental by 1, and a mixed pronunciation by 2. Yale still adheres to the English. All Roman Catholic colleges use the Continental.

Scene at the Junior table. First Junior, "I went into J——'s room the other day, and there he stood, with a strop, a razor, a brush, and a mug filled with lather! What do you suppose he was doing with them?" Second Junior: "Why shaving the strop, of course!" They roar.

Some of those interested in politics have opened polls to receive votes for President. As far as the official returns have been received as we go to press, the vote is as follows: Blaine 20, Bayard 15, Sherman 12, Grant 9, Garfield 4, Washburne 3, Hayes 3, Anybody to beat Grant 2, Anybody but a Western man 2, The most honest Statesman 1, Tilden 1.

Instead of Kent the Juniors this year will have lectures on International, from Professor Thomas. A saving of books,—but oh for examination!

Already we begin to hear encouraging prospects for the incoming class of next year. We trust the most sanguine hopes of the Managers may be realized. Their efforts to improve the institution have been by no means small. We have long believed that Haverford needed only to be known to be appreciated, and the present prospects attest the fact.

We are pleased to see the improvements on the lawn so early begun. The attraction of Haverford's lawn are not a few, when it is put in proper order. The first compliments of our visitors are generally bestowed upon this part of our surroundings, and rightly; for it is excelled by few. But its appearance at some times has tended to draw forth other exclamations.

We take from *The Acta* the following list of war-cries of eastern colleges, to which we add that of Haverford:

Union—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n! Hi-kah! Hi-kah! Hi-kah!

Amherst—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Am-her-st-i-a!

Dartmouth—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Wah-hoo-wah!

Yale—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (*Sharply*.)

Columbia—"Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!

Cornell—"Cor-Cor-Cor-nell! I yell! Cor-nell!

Harvard—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (*With a strong full sound*.)

Princeton—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! S-s-s-t! Boom! A-h-h-h!

Pennsylvania University—"Oo-rah! 'Oo-rah! 'Oo-rah! Penn-syl-vani-a!

Wesleyan—"Rah! 'Rah! Wes-ley-an!

Bowdoin—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! B-o-w-d-o-i-n!

Brown—"Rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! Tiger!

College City of New York—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! C! C! N! Y!

Hamilton—"Ham-il-ton! Z-z-zip-rah!—boom!

Racine—"Ra-'Ra-'Ra-cine!

Rutgers—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Bow-wow-wow!

Trinity—"Trin-i-ty! Trin-i-ty! (*Ad libitum*.)

Williams—"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Will-yums! Yums! Yums!

University of New York—"N! Y! U! S-s-s-t! Boom-m! Ah-h-h!

Haverford—"lo! lo! lo-o-o-o-o!

We take from *The Spectator* the following list of colors of some of our American colleges, to which we subjoin that of Haverford:

Amherst—White and purple.

Bowdoin—White.

Brown—Brown.

California, University of—Pink.

Colby—Grey.

Columbia—Blue and white.

Cornell—Carnelian.

Dartmouth—Green.

Hamilton—Pink.

Harvard—Crimson.

Kenyon—Mauve.

Lafayette—Maroon and white.

New York, University of—Violet.

Pennsylvania, University of—Blue and red.

Princeton—Orange.

Rochester—Blue and grey.

Rutgers—Scarlet.

Syracuse, University of—Blue and pink.

Trinity—White and green.

Tufts—Blue and brown.

Union—Magenta or garnet.

Wesleyan—Lavender.

Williams—Royal purple.

Yale—Blue.

Haverford—Scarlet and black.

WHAT IS IT?

According to Worcester, the brain is the "soft, whitish mass enclosed in the cavity of the skull, in which the nerves and spinal marrow terminate, and which is regarded as the seat of sensation and reflection."

This definition, short and simple as it is, embraces about all the fundamental facts yet discovered in relation to an intensely interesting subject. Though man has been investigating that subject more or less for three thousand years, and in our day with all the appliances and all the light accumulated knowledge and experience can give, it is doubtful whether we are any nearer the great secret than when the first intelligent eye looked upon the mysterious material locked in the bony casket.

Indeed, Professor Tyndall, who may be considered the best representative of modern science, frankly confesses his utter ignorance. In his latest work he says, "Does water think when it runs into frost ferns on the window? If not, why should the molecular action of the brain be yoked to this mysterious action of consciousness? I do not see the connection, nor am I acquainted with anybody who does."

Strange, passing strange, that we should know so little, so nearly nothing, of what concerns us so deeply! This machine which none save the Maker understands is the only thing that lifts us above the brute. The horse has stronger and swifter limbs, the dog a keener nose, the deer a finer ear; yet these superiorities are overbalanced by the subtle power we carry in our heads, and which enables man to do everything except comprehend himself. No microscope has revealed the springs of thought in "the soft, whitish mass." No instrument has found the soul there. Put a portion of Shakspeare's brain and a portion of the brain of Shakspeare's boot-black side by side, and who can detect the difference? Yet the one is the birthplace of bright fancies that enchant the world, and the other as dull as the trodden clod. The one is charged with immortal possibilities; the other is of the earth, earthy. The one has in it something of divine; the other—so far as we can see—might as well have belonged to a brute.

But if, while Shakspeare lived, a spoonful of his brain had been extracted, straightway he would have sunk lower than his bootblack. The prince of poets would have become a babbling idiot. If a fragment of the skull had dropped upon it, stupor would have spread its pall over those imperial faculties which evolved Hamlet and Falstaff, Juliet and Titania. A superfluous glass of wine would have thrown the monarch from his throne, and reduced him to the level of the beast. Had his life been

prolonged into second childhood, the saddest of all spectacles would have been presented,—a mighty mind falling into hopeless ruin, the inexorable fingers of decay working, we know not how, upon the source of intellect, first poisoning and then drying up the heavenly fountain. The bootblack, had he been younger than his master, would then have been his superior, and might have looked down upon him with pity and contempt. By systematic exercise the gymnast develops and enlarges his muscles, and we can see them as they grow from weakness into strength. But the exercise of the brain leaves no trace upon the "soft, whitish mass." A brain packed with culture of all the ages has the same appearance as one that never held an idea; and the best brain, judging by its products, is far more liable to get out of order than the poorest. Strike off an arm or a leg, and the soul retains its seat as firmly as before. Pick the brain with a pin-point, and the soul vanishes to return no more. If instead of the pin-point we lay a trifling weight upon it, the soul vanishes; but remove the weight and it returns. Where has it been meanwhile? Why should a splinter of bone steal away the link that binds us to God?

Why should a blow that elsewhere would be scarcely noticed turn reason into madness? Why should the bursting of a little bloodvessel wash out the records of memory? Why should the fumes of alcohol convert a wise man into a fool? Why should the soul blossom and bud like the flower, and then, like the flower, wither and die? Why should the vital spark of heavenly flame be obscured by sickness, hidden by excess, extinguished by club or bullet? Why does it not burn brighter and brighter as it draws nearer and nearer the parent sun? Now and then, indeed,

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;

but darkness, impenetrable darkness, comes oftener than light.

Why should one "soft, whitish mass" be able to measure the distance of the stars, follow the march of the planets, predict the coming and going of comets, grasp the law that governs the universe, while another "soft, whitish mass" precisely like its fellow, cannot add up a column of figures, or comprehend the simplest problems of nature's every-day life? Why should one brain invent the steam-engine, or the electric telegraph, while its twin—to all human appearances—blunders in using a penknife? Why should one brain make a Newton, a Watt, a Milton, a Napoleon, and another, its counterpart, animate a clown? Questions, innumerable questions; and no

answer save the melancholy confession of Tyndall: "I do not see the connection, nor am I acquainted with anybody who does."

The question which has puzzled the minds of the most scrutinizing sages still remains locked in the mysterious realms of the unknown. When will the curious mind of man become convinced that there are things which an infinite Being has willed that he should not understand?

When will doubting hearts beat in unison with motives which they cannot fathom, and acknowledge the plan, though they see no reason for it? Not till the spirit of faith has conquered the demon of darkness; not till the angel of life returns the key of our being to the angel of the resurrection.

CLEO.

PERSONAL.

A. K. Smiley, of ———, just on his way from Washington, gave us a call on the 28th ultimo, and subscribed for *The Haverfordian*. We fear there are many other former students of Haverford, who, like him, do not yet know that we publish such a paper, but, if they did, would be glad to subscribe. If our subscribers who may chance to know such would be so kind as to show them the paper, or send us their names, our subscription list might be largely swelled.

William C. Lowry paid us a pleasant visit one evening lately. He is clerking in Philadelphia.

Professor Samuel Alsop, Jr., has been much benefited by his stay in Colorado, having enjoyed good health almost all the time. He has lately been appointed superintendent of a reducing mill, among the silver-mines on the Arkansas River.

John L. Phillips has given up graduating, and has gone to study medicine in Philadelphia.

George R. Vail is pursuing his studies privately at Los Angeles, California. His health is much improved.

'65.—John R. Bringhurst is proprietor of a flour-mill and rolling-mill near Wilmington, Delaware.

'65.—Arthur Haviland lately sailed from New York for the Isthmus of Tehautepec, as assistant civil engineer in an exploring party.

'71.—John S. Garrigues is a civil engineer. His home is still near the College.

'72.—T. B. Gummere is again in Germany, studying for a Ph.D.

'73-4.—George and James Emlen form two-thirds of the firm of Emlen & Co., cotton manufacturers, at Haddington, Philadelphia.

'74.—Mahlon Kirkbride is employed in the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

'77.—William F. Smith has been admitted to the bar in Ohio.

'79.—Sam Bispham is in business in Philadelphia.

'79.—John H. Gifford is teaching at a small town in eastern Tennessee.

'81.—Walter C. Hadley, our late business manager, has been obliged by ill health to leave us.

A CREED.

I tossed upon my restless bed,
And turned my weary, aching head;
Then passed it through a train of thought,
With more than passing interest fraught.
I thought, What use of all this toil
Of searching musty books, to boil
Our blood and rack our brains,
To chain ourselves with triple chains,
To fret with self-inflicted pains;
To bind ourselves with moral laws,
To cast ourselves between the jaws
Of slavery, when all the world
Its countless pleasures holds unfurled,
And naught requires to render sweet
Our bitter lives, but take and eat?
The red man in his coats of skin
Is wiser far than we have been;
He takes as nature gives, while we
Distort her gifts eternally,
To make them fitter for the mind,
And, as we have it, more refined.
Why spurn the intoxicating bowl?
Why turn we from the gambling-room,
Which so exhilarate the soul,
And chase away our morbid gloom?
Why care and needless trouble borrow,
In thinking what may hap to-morrow?
Or why refrain from pleasures given,
In fear of losing a far-off heaven?
Deluded mortals! to deny
Ourselves these pleasures as they fly.
They tell us we must Christians be,
If we would hope eternity
Of peace and happiness to see.

Deluded mortals, still I say,
Who cannot see it is to-day
With which we have to do.
Away with empty moral saws,
Away with galling Christian laws,
Far out of mortal view!

Take then, eat, drink, and merry be,
And spurn the baseless sophistry
Of duty and of God.
For what is God, and what art thou?
If there be God, then why and how?
Thou'lt sleep beneath the sod

E'er thou canst know; then cease thy strife,
And dedicate remaining life
To pleasure and to sin.
So please thy taste, and ear, and eye;
This done, then lie thou down and die,
And then—and then—

To the Editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

I have just read an interesting letter in the "Contributors' Club" of the December number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, from one of our American young ladies, who is studying here in Leipzig. It is apparently intended primarily to call attention to the advantages which are open to women in the University. It is quite as interesting and valuable to young men, however, as indicating some of the things which constitute academic citizenship, and characterize student life. I wish to recommend it to the young men of Haverford, and, at the same time, contribute a few items which may help to give some idea of what a German university is.

The idea of a university as a whole must necessarily be very vague, except in the mind of one who has given the subject considerable attention; and this remains to be the case long after one has had actual connection with it. Each student really learns to know only a small part of the University through the means of his regular studies; at the most, he becomes acquainted with one faculty, and, in many cases, with only a small part of a single division of one faculty. There are hundreds of students in Leipzig every year who never know where the various buildings of the University are situated. If one studies philology, the *Augusteum* is the center of the University for him; if the student is a chemist, the chemical laboratory and lecture rooms are the con-

spicuous part of the University for him, and these centers are in quite different parts of the city.

To begin to simplify the complex idea, therefore, it should be remembered that there are four different faculties in a university. These, and everything concerning them, are always published in Leipzig in the order of theology, jurisprudence, medicine and philosophy. The philosophical faculty then is sub-divided into Philosophy, special; Philology, including (a) classical philology, (b) oriental philology, (c) modern philology and literary history; History and Geography; Science of Art; Political Economy; Mathematics and Astronomy; Natural Science.

The number of professors in each faculty, and the number of lecture-courses during this *semester*, according to this division and sub-division is: Theology professors, thirteen; lecture courses, sixteen; law, respectively, fifteen and thirty-eight, etc.; making a total of three hundred and ninety, but forty of them are open to the students of two or more faculties. From this number must further be deducted the "seminar" exercises, which are not properly lecture courses, but exercises by the professors with advanced students of the departments. This leaves about three hundred and twenty-five different lecture courses which are open to those seeking instruction in the University. This, it will be observed, makes an average of two courses to each professor.

The courses themselves are very different in amount, varying all the way from one to six hours a week during the *semester*. Thus a professor may have two courses, or even three, and read no more than another with only one. For example, Professor Hildebrand reads "History of German Literature of the Eighteenth Century" *privatim*, five hours a week, and "German Etymology" *publice*, once; Professor Braune reads "German Grammar" *privatim*, six hours a week. The prevailing number is four.

It is interesting in this connection to notice how many hours of University work are required from professors of different grades. I will take the examples from the philological faculty, with whose rank and character I am best acquainted. In the calculation I count the number of lectures, and of hours of exercises in the *seminar* weekly. First, Professor Ludwig Lange, Rector Magnificens of the University, and lecturer on Roman Literature, eight hours. Professor Curtius, who needs no introduction to Haverford classical students, eight hours. In both these cases four hours are lectures, and four exercises in *seminar*. Then we take Professor Friedrich Zarncke, the head of the department of German Philology and Literature, a man about the same age as Curtius, though he has been longer in the University, who *ought* also to require no introduction to Haverford students of any department, but unfortunately the editors have allowed his name to begin with L in number three of *The Haverfordian*. So far as I have observed, Dr. Zarncke is the hardest worker among the "ordinary professors," judging from the thirteen and a half hours a week, ten of which are *privatim* lectures. Lastly, Professor Windisch, a much younger man, appointed in 1877 lecturer on Sanskrit and Irish Grammar, eight hours a week, all lectures.

In like manner the "extraordinary professors," a term which corresponds to our associate professors, and the *privat doctenten*, give from five to eight hours a week to university instruction. The character of a *privat doctent* cannot be conveyed by translating his title into any term in use in American institutions. His position in the University is an interesting one, and one of pecu-

liar importance. In regard to the courses of lectures which he reads, or the *seminar* which he conducts, there is nothing of that subordinate character attached to him which belongs to assistant professors and tutors in our colleges. He is a young man who is preparing himself to be appointed to a professorship in the University where he is, or elsewhere; but in the mean time he is at liberty to teach just what he pleases, and in the way he pleases. In a place where there is so much liberty, it is not thought presumptuous if a young man teaches a different view of a subject from that taken by an older professor. One of the finest courses in classical philology of this *semester* is given by a *privat doctent* on "Comparative Grammar of the Greek Language," in which he takes a view of the "normal," "strong," and "weak" forms of roots directly opposed to that of Professor Curtius and the older philologists. *Privat doctenten* not only thus teach entirely independently, but they often have charge of an entire department. Their position, therefore, is one of the most stimulating character to themselves, and to the regularly appointed professors.

I will end these statistical paragraphs with the number of students now in the University, and in some of the departments. The whole number of matriculated students is 3,227, against 2,936 last *semester*. Of these more than one-third are Saxons, 1,095. After Saxony, Prussia sends 1,267. The other German States are represented by from 1 to 56. Other European States send altogether 249, of which number 64 come from Switzerland, an equal number from Austria, and 50 from Russia; the other numbers all small. From the rest of the world there are only 64; 52 of whom are from the United States. A comparison of tables giving the number of students in each of the departments named in the beginning of this letter, shows some interesting facts.

It is noticeable that about one-third of the students in the University study law; namely, 1,057. There is only one important exception of a European country whose law students do not outnumber those in every other department. Only 5 Russians study law, while the greatest number, 24, study philology. The countries out of Europe make a striking exception to this rule. From the United States the greatest number, 20, are in philosophy, 8 in philology, 6 in each theology, law, medicine and natural science. The other non-Europeans study almost exclusively medicine.

Taking the other subjects in total and for all countries, there are very nearly the same number in theology, medicine and philology; also, nearly the same number, but somewhat smaller, in natural science, mathematics and philosophy. Besides the number given above, there are 118 persons attending lectures who are not matriculated, making the whole number of students 3,345.

J. F. DAVIS.

LEIPZIG, 1st mo. 6, 1880.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

We have just received, as we go to press, two valuable books from Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., which we hope to review in our next number. See advertisement in another column.

A Senior says that ever since he has been here, it has been the custom to have peaches for supper on the 29th of February. Future Haverfordians to remember this long-established custom.

OUR NEIGHBOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

It is said that travelers are often surprised at the indifference with which Swiss peasants regard the scenery of their country; and that the peasants in their turn wonder at the ecstasies into which tourists are invariably thrown. Ignorance is never emotional except over ghosts and thunder-storms; but the most sensitive and appreciative acknowledge some truth in the old adage about "familiarity." Which one of us does not take home to himself Ruskin's reproof for disregard of sky phenomena? To which one is winter scenery much more than white, or the alternation of farm and woodland more than pretty? Yet this want of appreciation is both natural and economical, for poets and artists would fain put an unhealthy wear and tear upon our emotions.

But, if observation has not deceived me, there is one exception to this rule; one object which never palls upon the taste of any class or variety of men, that is the delight of infancy and youth, and the pride of maturity, that, by its varied allurements, can draw the attention of tramp and professor; that can stop the farmer in his plowing, the housemaid in her sweeping, the child in its play, the student in his studying; and that object is a train of cars. So general a realization of the wonders of a railroad indicates some æsthetic perception in man; and we at Haverford are fortunate in having before our eyes one of the greatest of these factors of civilization.

The enlightening influence of the Pennsylvania Railroad is no more to be calculated than to be denied. No one can live here a year, and not become somewhat acquainted with the admirable workings of this great corporation, or impressed with its vast traffic and inestimable value. It forces upon the most unthinking a little idea of our country's resources, her commerce, and her travel, as well as a glimmering of the genius which first devised and still improves this instrument of blessing. Though not an enthusiast over railroads, I have a half admiration for those who are. There are students here who would almost as soon miss dinner, as miss seeing one of the expresses which pass every day in sight from our windows. If it detract a little from such a person's class standing that he has to stop studying to watch every train, I believe he will gain something by becoming acquainted with perhaps the best regulated and best appointed railroad in the country.

If we contemplate the part which this road plays in our history, we must allow it to have been, and to be, a considerable power in raising and supporting our national prosperity. As a public educator, it has not been without influence. It has improved public taste, by

employing the latest results of industry and genius, and has carried into remote parts the arts and manners of cities. Its coaches are everywhere hailed with shouts of school-children, no longer issuing from dark and dreaded log-huts; while frequent church-spires along its route proclaim that conservatism, bigotry, and superstition have been put to flight.

The political power of the Pennsylvania Railroad is held to be more than a fancy. We cannot know what hidden influence it may have in legislatures and councils; but, from the riots of '77 we are aware of what disastrous effects it is capable. "One sweep of Tom Scott's garment," says Wendell Phillips, "can overthrow dynasties." However exaggerative this may be, its control in the empire of industries is next to absolute. Imagination can scarcely realize its far-reaching sway over the commerce of this country and of the world. It has helped to people the West, to explore its resources, and to make them available to all nations. It is the avenue through which the widely scattered population of inland states receives many of its necessities and luxuries; and it is the channel through which thousands of Europeans obtain their daily bread. To and from its *termini* vessels come and go to "the uttermost parts of the earth." Every habitable land furnishes supplies to this artery of wealth. In a single car, which we carelessly glance at, may be contained the products of thousands of hands, and of years of toil. The manufactories of Great Britain, the looms of France, the herds of Asia, and the mines of South America, may contribute to its freight. Every hour of the day pass by rich cargoes of

"The prairie's golden grain,
The desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of morning land."

Not only the present magnitude of the railroad, but its future possibilities, recommend themselves to our notice. We see it now, under a rich and increasing corporation; and, when we reflect upon what it may be, when our whole territory is populous, and the title of earth's greatest nation is indisputably ours, we are led to believe that its capacity will be proportionally enhanced, as a means of thrift and happiness.

Therefore it is desirable that any one who has talent for this kind of work should not fold it in a napkin. He may be able to benefit our country and mankind. Hard students are to-day trying to improve it in many departments; and he who invents nothing above a better bolt or superior coupling may be said to give an impulse to the shuttle

"Which helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world."

EXCHANGES.

We are proud of our claim to a place among the College periodicals. We are grateful for the ready compliance with which our request to exchange has been met, while we acknowledge the good feeling which several have shown in noticing us, more particularly in their exchange column.

Our exchanges being collected for review, we are quite impressed by the formidable appearance they make, piled upon our table, all shapes, styles and colors heaped in one incongruous mass before us; a rather appalling sight, when the reviewer feels bound to go carefully through. We shall not commit ourselves on this point, however.

On making a bold dash and getting a little better acquainted with this mass, the result of so many weary hours of toil, we find one, the *Critic*, which, impressed like ourselves, with the magnitude of the College press, proffers some remarks on the subject. This piece is the chief literary one of the *Critic*, which, though late, gives us quite a bright number.

The *Index* also indulges in an editorial on this subject, and seems to be "solid" and "up to snuff," as their exchange editor would put it, in its remarks. When we first went into the newspaper business, and were, as yet, totally innocent of that experience which will draw from us a tear of sympathy, instead of the smile with which we were wont to read the tale of some long-suffering editor, who to scornful hearers bemoaned his hard lot among the children of men; when we entered upon our editorial duties, and were—would you believe it?—more of a novice than we are now,—it was just at the time the *Index* had brought itself so forcibly before the College world by the indiscriminate way in which it slashed, with its two-edged sword of slang and sarcasm, all who dared approach its lair. Each new exchange brought fresh news of its ravages, until we were driven to the conclusion that this *Index* must be a unique sort of an affair, given up entirely to exchanges, the editor of which had a "patent double-magnifying glass, of extra power," for searching out the peculiarities of all those articles so unfortunate as to fall into his clutches. The arrival, however, of "the beast himself" put an end to the conjectures, and showed us a paper, where the "Table" was indeed the principal feature, but which, nevertheless, occasionally sent forth a number, such as the one before us, with other articles in it well worth attention.

The *Yale Lit.*, *Spectator* and *Princetonian*, all come out with very entertaining little stories, quite a diversion from

the essays, poems, and jokes of the majority of their companion papers.

Further as we make our way, nearly every one has its greater or smaller comment on the College press. Oh, had we the time and ability, what a curiosity a paper would be, patterned after the ideals of all! though, should we make such an effort, it would, probably, be less successful than that of a certain Grecian painter who undertook a similar job, and utterly failed.

We are glad to welcome the *Echo*, both from its lively appearance and the frequency of its visits. In a recent issue it chronicles the results of a canvass of the University for the presidency, giving a majority for Bayard; at a similar one held at Yale, Grant was the favorite; and we doubt not, by the next round of exchanges, we shall hear from other colleges. It will be interesting to watch which one best represents, in its political views, those of the country at large.

We also have now our first glimpse of the *Tripod*. Its article on Kearney is vividly wrought out, and held bound our attention, during perusal, by the masterly manner in which the author succeeded in picturing to us this highly interesting scene.

The *University Herald's* January number has passed our review. It is a good number throughout. The piece on "Manhood" is a strongly written one. Rebutting the charge of lack of this in Americans, it says: "If Rome could live upon the unsullied snows of one name, and Socrates illumine the dark page of Grecian morals, then can Americans point for a thousand years to that one whose form towered above his fellows less than the purity of his moral life, the tremendous scope of his faculties, the beautiful and strong individuality of character, towered above the trickery and weakness of his associates in a time of weak men and traitorous,—to him we point, and proudly say, 'See the sublime manhood of Abraham Lincoln!'"

The Revue, as usual, is interesting.

Something of a different character appears the *Student's Offering* from the Normal School, Cedar Falls, Iowa. It is a quarterly, contrasting with our other western exchanges in the small number of locals; and the departments, scientific and educational, show it to be for the purpose of improvement of, we should judge, teachers, and not primarily for amusement and matters of local interest. Indeed, if it were not for the heading, we would be at a loss to place it anywhere particularly. It doubtless answers its purpose well.

The Student's Journal is above the average for solid pieces.

An index with the *Hobart Herald*, and an editorial, announce that it has just passed successfully its second birthday, and certainly this number is full worthy the support of the members of the College. We wish it many happy returns.

The Era seems to have neglected its exchanges from the wail we notice in several of ours. We would beg

to be counted in when it again sends out an issue. Neither have we seen the *Advocate* for a month or so.

We have received *The Princetonian*, *College Argus*, *Madisoniensis*, *Tripod*, *Spectator*, *Reveille*, *Yale Lit.*, *Hobart Herald*, *Bicycling World*, *Round Table*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *University Magazine*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *Kansas Review*, *Niagra Index*, *University Herald*, *Student's Offering*, *Concordiensis*, *Speculum*, *Echo*, *Tuftsian*, *Critic*, *Student's Journal*, *Earlhamite*, *Argosy*, and *College Herald*.

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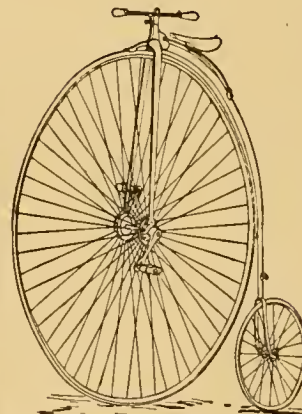
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THE PAMPAS GRASS.

For The Haverfordian.

"For the wind passeth over it; and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

O'er the broad and level pampas,
Where the De la Plata flows,
Where the azure sky is cloudless,
Where the tropic trade-wind blows,

Where the many-jointed cactus
Bears each year her wealth of flowers,
Where the lowing herds are feeding,
And the stately ostrich towers,—

Far as traveler's ken embraces,
Lies alone a pathless mead;
And a balmy breath floats by him,
That is musical indeed.

'Tis the season when each grass stem
Bears a sunny-tinted crest,
Waving plume of feathery lightness
Nodding to the winds' behest.

For the spirit of the grasses
Rises from the emerald sheath,
When the zephyr's inspiration
Whispers to the verdant heath:

"Awake, thou sweet immortal, wake,
And sow this fertile land;
The seed of life is in thy heart,
Rise, take it in thy hand!"

"Let song celestial breathe from thee
Upon the odorous air,
While thou to me in gentle faith
Consign the seeds so fair.

"They shall be scattered bounteously
This mighty stream beside;
And they shall bear a hundred fold
In season, far and wide.

"But this reward thou shalt not see,
For earth must claim her own;
The dust of thy decaying stem
Shall with the seed be sown.

"Yet thy eternal spirit-life
Shall wake, when thou art dead,
And from this seed shall spring anew,
And blossom in thy stead."

Like the waves of the great ocean
Rose and fell the feathery crests;
With a rare, unwritten music,
Answered they the winds' behests.

And the tiny seeds immortal,
Borne by breezes soft away,
On the banks of the La Plata
Wait their resurrection day.

Then the wind laid low the grass-plumes;
The glorious summer day was o'er;
"Dust met dust," as they departed;
"The place thereof knew them no more."

Before our next issue, the public meeting of the Loganian Society, Junior Exhibition, and Easter holidays, all with their usual "happy greetings" and merry-makings, will have passed. The public meeting of the Loganian will be held in Alumni Hall, at 7.30 P. M., on the 13th. James L. Lynch, of Missouri, the vice-president of the Society, will deliver the annual address. Subject, "Heroes of Truth." The 14th is Junior day, and if the weather be clear, the Class of '81 hope to meet many of their friends, and leave them not unpleased. They have sent out about one thousand invitations, and from the present prospect they expect a large audience. As usual, when the class is large, only ten will speak, but they have worked well in preparation, and we hope they will sustain the reputation established by their predecessors. These occasions serve as a kind of reunion, when many of the old students see each other for the first time since their graduation, and when many make new friends and visit Haverford for the first time. We hope also to improve the time for the *Haverfordian*. Let no friend or former student of the College be without it. Come; it will do us good to see you.

One thing we have missed all this winter; and it is a pleasant loss, too. That is, the accustomed groups or tramps in the horse-sheds at the meeting-house, with their smoking fire, slovenly appearance, and air of absolute idleness. While they were a constant warning to the youthful mind of the student, we thank the new law for having banished them. Where they have gone we know not—whether they all infest other places, or whether reviving business has furnished some with honest occupation, we cannot tell. Let us hope the latter is the case; and, if other States are troubled with them, may they enact laws that will drive them from their useless trade, so that the State may get some good from the tramp, and the tramp get some good from himself.

Professional men are sometimes charged with making very bad investments of their money. We have not gone into the statistics of the case, so as to know just how much more they lose, in this way, than other classes of

men; but it is a matter that will personally interest many who are now college students. It is natural that teachers and doctors and ministers should know less than merchants and manufacturers about the relative safeness of stocks and bonds. Their business does not call their attention so constantly to money matters. They have to give less thought to their cash than to their means of getting it. But they all expect to have some to take care of; and it is all the more important that they should give the subject due attention. The only way is to bestow careful thought on such matters, just as they prosecute their professional studies, and to remember that they are especially liable to make mistakes.

If there is anything that provokes a person engaged in study, it is to have his hours broken in upon irregularly. And such has been the experience of many of us at Haverford for some time past, in consequence of the various bells during the day not being rung promptly. We can account for it in only one of two ways. Either the college time is not properly regulated, or the bell-ringer fails to act in accordance with it. If it is the former, we trust the Prefect will apply the proper remedy at once. If the latter, we can only appeal to the superintendent to see that the times are properly observed. There is no need of argument to show the importance of this; it is but too obvious to every student. The result of a recitation often depends upon a very few minutes. But we have lately noticed the ringing vary twenty minutes within two weeks, and a variation of six or eight minutes is of frequent occurrence.

Recognizing the fact that it is the duty of a college journal to point out and discourage habits and growing tendencies which it is undesirable to cultivate, we would like to call the attention of our fellow-students to a habit which, though not an evil, yet is a point of behavior which should be at once corrected and never again allowed. We refer definitely to the practice of leaning forward and reclining the head upon the back of the seat immediately forward, during the hour we spend in the meeting-house. It is true, it seems but a trifling thing. But perhaps those who are thus accustomed, have never thought how childish and undignified such a position appears. We are aware that the seats are uncomfortable, and that unbroken silence is not so pleasing and entertaining as listening to some eloquent speaker; but the hour is not long, and for self-respect, if nothing more, we should sit up and not annoy others. If the

practice is a good one for young gentlemen, it might also be allowed to the whole audience. For one time picture to yourself all the students, professors, and ladies present, bowed in this awkward position, and you will say it is enough.

It might seem, from the number of articles we have received contributed by students, that the editors are very selfish, that they wished to write *all* the matter they print, and publish only their own sentiments. But now, fellow-students, such is not our intent. We wish to be liberal. And we take this opportunity to invite every student of the College to write for the college paper; for such it is, and such we intend to maintain it. It is stated in our heading that "*The Haverfordian* is the official organ of the students of Haverford College." We desire it to represent, as nearly as possible, the thought and the life of the College. And it is evident that this cannot be done by two or three. Some are interested in scientific investigation, some especially in the sports of the College, some more than others in a certain class of literature. Now, we only ask you to note the results of your investigation and ideas as they occur to you, develop them when opportunity affords, and give them to us properly digested. We would like also to have the jokes and small incidents which occur on the campus, at the table, and in the recitation room. We do not, however, promise to publish every article that is handed in. But we shall endeavor to exercise a fair discretion; and rejected articles will be promptly returned to the writer, and no further exposition made of it.

It is a rule of life to become accustomed to that which we see continually, and consequently to readily pass over its faults, and look on that object as almost impossible of existence in any other form. Something of this nature are the "Facetiæ," "Varieties," "Waifs," etc., of our transient reading matter, every newspaper and magazine having some portion of its space devoted to would-be funny things.

Of the profit directly accruing from the perusal of the funny man's corner, the less said the better by all who would conscientiously continue the luxury; the most to be said in its favor is that it may serve as an illustration, and thus help the individual with some knotty point; but the minuteness of this advantage may be readily seen when we remember that very few persons are able to recall a story correctly, and that not a tenth

part of these are able to tell it so as to be appreciated. We have very few Abraham Lincolns.

If, then, we expect to gain much intellectually from reading jokes, we will most certainly be disappointed. Yet a mild indulgence in this matter may be attended with very slight disadvantages; a good laugh hurts no one; and the effect of a few moments' mental recreation will only help the student more readily to digest the more solid portions of his daily meal.

The regular joker, however, the one who takes the humor column of his paper the first thing; who devours the "Season" as eagerly as his breakfast; and above all, who is forever looking for an opportunity to make a bad pun, or turn a chance phrase into a second-hand joke, can hardly be called a blessing to the community.

And another bad habit is sure to follow, that of perpetually illustrating his own or another's conversation with such anecdotes as he may chance to remember.

There was a time when it was one of the greatest acquirements to have a store of anecdotes always on hand; when "he tells a good story" was a passport on which one could go almost anywhere; but those days departed with the stage-coach, where this faculty was most prized. Then men had too much time on their hands, and were glad to occupy it in any way that would hasten the dragging hours, and bring them sooner to their journey's end.

Now, the printing press has so arranged matters that no one should ever be in this predicament; indeed, the most usual cry of the time is "give us time;" and students, certainly Haverford students, have not so much of this precious material that they can spend more than a very small percentage of it on this invention to kill time.

GOETHE'S DRAMATIC MASTERPIECES

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN.

Such is the title of a small volume containing four of Goethe's productions: "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Egmont," "Iphigenie auf Tauris," and "Torquato Tasso." Were we to seek in any of Goethe's productions the culmination of his far-reaching and all-embracing thought, in no one would we perhaps so well succeed as in "Faust," in that world of worlds and mystery of mysteries, whose secrets one by one come forth, and in coming become but the wands to touch a thousand other springs of hidden treasures. Whatever may be the comparative merits of Goethe's numerous writings, for whatever reason these four have been placed together and thus headed, one cannot fail to become aware of one

essential character they have in common. It may be accidental, it is certainly worth noting. As toweringly above mankind in general as Goethe's mind holds its sway, and carries many a one captive, yet who will read his "Wilhelm Meister," his "Autobiography," parts of "Faust," and some of his minor productions, and not say, with pain indeed, that many a turbid thought mingles with the purer stream, and that, too often, a want is felt of something higher? The more one reads Goethe, the more is one captured within the meshes of his charms, and thanks to the noble strain of English song, to those heavenward pointings and high and lofty aims there comes a voice of guard and counsel. Who, then, that is filled with love and admiration for the thoughts of such a wonderful man, and to his sorrow knows with what discrimination he has to choose here and there to retain the good and reject the evil, who does not rejoice to find that here are four productions before him, whose thoughts are pure and lofty? This is what these four have in common. Far would I be from saying that no others are so, but simply, whatever the others may be, here are four which certainly have that merit.

In the first we cast a look back into the feudal times; we see the last flickerings of a dying flame, the ushering in of a new civilization, the perishing of the last representative of the robber-knights, the stalwart Goetz. We see him perish with a sigh of woe in his single-handed struggle against the advancing tide of the incoming ages.

Leaving the other three mentioned for future study, we shall turn our attention to the first, "Goetz von Berlichingen," and see what there may be interesting in its source, itself and its influence.

We are carried back to that time when the first rays of light were dispersing the darkness which had so long enshrouded the world. We come to witness the struggle of a dying period, to watch it in its last convulsions, shaking all the lands of Europe, and sending forth its groans and sigh, that long continued to re-echo. Maximilian is on the throne, and making every effort to restrain the lawless force of feudal lords. Charles follows, and the rise of Spanish power. And the good Elector of Saxony in Charles's place is working for the good of Germany's severed states. Private wars are allayed by the Diet of Worms, that city memorable for Luther's successful "single-handed battle in behalf of all Christendom." But notwithstanding the edicts of the Diet and various other means to suppress the lawless "Fist-law,"—"Faustrecht,"—and to protect the interests of growing commerce, the knights, secure in their almost impregnable strongholds, defied the laws, and continued in their highway robbery.

The thought of chivalry blinded their eyes, and an ardent zeal for individual assertion, misguided as it was, brought forth crimes and outrages such as we recoil from with horror. Every one has heard of the castles on the Rhine and Danube, and of those numerous fortresses lifting their ruins throughout the land, remaining to this day as vivid reminders of those lawless times. But the hour has struck, the death-knell in thunderous peals sounds throughout the nations. Chivalry is but a name, and powder makes a hero of the most cowardly of men. The massive walls of the castles are crumbled by the cannon. The "free cities" join with the princes to blot out the last traces of this lawless force.

As the last worthy representatives of these times come down to us the names of Franz von Sickingen, Selbitz and Goetz von Berlichingen, into whom the German poet has breathed anew the breath of life to live for aye upon the lips of men. Goetz von Berlichingen was born in the latter part of the fifteenth century at Jaxthausen, a town of Swabia. Reared at the ancestral castle, and imbibing here a love of war, we find him early engaged in wars against the princes. In one of these he lost his right hand by a cannon-shot, and had it replaced by an iron one, yet shown at Jaxthausen. We find him next fighting against the Swabian league, taken prisoner, but released on paying a ransom. According to his own account, he is forced to take the lead of a corps in the peasants' war. Herein he is unfortunate, and falls into the hands of the leaguers, who, after keeping him in prison at Augsburg for several years, commit him to perpetual imprisonment at his own castle. At the dissolution of the league, however, he was pardoned. He died in 1562 at Herberg, and his tomb is yet to be seen at Schoenthal. He wrote his own life, furnishing an excellent picture of the social life and manners of the period,—a source from which sprang this drama, "the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalric plays and feudal delineations, among them 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.'" This drama was written by Goethe at the age of twenty-two, and it with "Werther's Sorrows," together with Schiller's "Robbers," mark clearly that particular period called the "Sturm und Drang,"—"Storm and Press-period,"—when everything of custom and authority was upset, and nature taken as the only guide. Quite a number of the characters are the fictions of Goethe's mind; and one, the wife of Goetz, Elizabeth, is one of the noblest-minded women Goethe has depicted, in whom some claim to see a marked resemblance to Goethe's mother. And in another, Maria, Goetz's sister, we have a reminiscence of Frederica, who is familiar to all readers of Goethe as the parson's

daughter at Sesenheim, and whom Goethe compares to Sophia in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

We are hurried along from scene to scene. At one time at the splendor of a bishop's court, then at the castle of Goetz, among his men, back to the Emperor's court, and from afar witnessing several conflicts.

Brother Martin, *i. e.* Luther, does not fail.

Goetz.—Good evening, reverend father! Whence come you so late? Man of holy rest, thou shamest many knights.

Martin.—Thanks, noble sir! I am at present but an unworthy brother, if we come to titles. My cloister name is Augustin, but I like better to be called by my Christian name, Martin. . . . Let me request your name. . . . Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shown me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng!

The sky is reddened with the flames of burning villages cries of the afflicted arise on every side, armed peasants do their devilish work, exasperated to the pitch of craze by unparalleled oppressions.

Old Man.—Away! away! let us fly from the murdering dogs!

Woman.—Sacred heaven! How blood-red is the sky! how blood-red the setting sun!

Another.—That must be fire.

A Third.—My husband! my husband.

Old Man.—Away! away! to the wood!

Goetz is sworn into the ranks of the insurgents, and his wife bemoans him as lost; she feels he has sacrificed his honor, and she it is that keeps within as a mingled feeling of love and pity for her unfortunate man, if it is but for her own sake.

Elizabeth.—Alas! Larse, the tears stood in his eyes when he took leave of me. It is dreadful, dreadful! He has become an ally of rebels, malefactors, and murderers; he has become their chief. Say No to that . . . Should they take him prisoner, deal with him as a rebel, and bring his gray hairs—Larse, I should go mad!

Larse.—Send sleep to refresh her body, dear Father of mankind, if thou deniest comfort to her soul! Wounded, Goetz comes to a gypsy's camp. How naturally the talk of these people and their manners are portrayed! They receive Goetz with open arms, dress his wounds, and on recognizing him are ready to give their lives for his.

Captain.—Heard ye the wild huntsman?

First Woman.—He is passing over us now.

Captain.—How the hounds give tongue! Wow! Wow!

Second Man.—And the whips crack!

Third Man.—And the huntsmen cheer them.
Hallo-ho !

Mother.—'Tis the devil's chase.

Captain.—We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other, there is no harm in helping them. . . . (*Trampling without.*) Hark ! A horse ! Go see who it is.

(*Enter Goetz on horseback.*)

Wolf (*aside*).—'Tis Goetz von Berlichingen !

Captain.—Welcome ! welcome ! All that we have is yours. Here is my holiday doublet.

Goetz.—Thanks, thanks ! God reward you ! . . . Do you know me ?

Captain.—Who does not know you, Goetz ? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

Goetz (*alone*).—O Emperor ! Emperor ! Robbers protect thy children. (*A sharp firing.*)

Women.—Flee, flee ! The enemy has overpowered us.

Goetz.—Where is my horse ? (*Tumult, firing.*)

Wolf.—Away ! Away ! All is lost. The Captain shot !—Goetz a prisoner.

He is now taken to Heilbronn and confined to the tower (*still shown*), and here he breathes his last. His wife and sister attend his dying moments. It is a noble trio. His son is dead, and many of his friends. Listen to the last words of Goetz. By permission of the keeper he is taken to the little garden beside the tower, and here he breaks out :

"Almighty God ! how lovely it is beneath thy heaven ! How free ! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world awakes to hope. Farewell, my children ! my roots are cut away, my strength totters to the grave. Now release my soul. My poor wife ! I leave thee in a wicked world. Lerse, forsake her not ! Lock your hearts more carefully than your doors ! Selbitz is dead, and the good emperor, and my George—Give me a draught of water ! Heavenly air ! Freedom ! freedom !" (*He dies.*)

Elizabeth.—"Freedom is above ! above—with thee !"

Whatever opinions we may have of such men as Goetz, no one can study this period and especially these men without seeing in them a noble quality, which, had it been guided aright, might have wrought out a better destiny for them.

The description of a battle from a vantage-ground is very successfully done in one of the scenes of this drama, where a trooper from an elevation informs the wounded Selbitz of the progress of the fight, forming perhaps the origin of Scott's similar but surpassing description in "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca from the lattice

work tells the wounded and imprisoned Saxon how the fight is faring. Compare also the vivid scene in the last act of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." Here the feeling is much stronger, and the mental struggle of Johanna is louder than all her words. Isabel holds Johanna captive, bound with chains, and commands a soldier :

"Ascend the watch-tower, which commands the field,
And thence report the progress of the fight."

Here follows almost vivid description. It would require too long an extract to do it justice ; it will be found in the twelfth scene of the last act.

The illustrations above give but an imperfect sketch of the drama, and many of the different studies which it leads to have been but touched, some not brought out at all. For the plot in full I must refer to the drama itself in the original, as to Walter Scott's elegant translation. I have not compared the plot of the drama and its persons with true history and historical characters. Only a few of the characters have been mentioned ; nothing is said of the wily Bishop of Bamberg, the monstrosity of a woman, the intriguing Adelaide, and nothing of the wavering Weislingen, and quite a number of lesser characters, who all, however, add their mite to the whole. As a supposed imitation of Shakespeare, nothing has been said as to the points wherein it resembles the productions of that greatest of dramatic poets. Of the mysterious workings of the Fehmgericht,—secret tribunal,—some interesting things might be told, and I might have entered more fully into a description of that period of German literature of which this drama is an exponent. What a large and rich field is opened to us by a single drama, and one that will reward research ! Time and space, however, forbid going farther.

There is perhaps danger in overvaluing ; this we must not do. The *great* work of this drama has been done, and though still it is dear to the German heart as describing scenes in his own native land, yet it contains few "thoughts that breathe or words that burn, few passages that we commit to memory." But he who desires to study an author must see him in all his phases, read his work, and especially in this case should he read the production of Goethe's youth, therein perhaps to trace the beginning of that grand and massive development which has called forth from some the name of demigod.

And as we love to trace the thoughts of any author to their sources, we may here find the source of Scott's chivalric songs, we may find the germ that, lighting upon a genial soil, has since grown into a beautiful tree, and yields bounteously its delicious and wholesome fruits to all who will come and receive.

C. F. B.

WIT.

A genteel wag is very palatable to public taste. That crude element which terms itself "society" appropriates him for passing service, but when his effusions have grown monotonous, or lost their flavor, the luckless funny man is excommunicated. As a rude and boorish snob uses a tuberose because of its perfume, gratifying one of the brute senses, and fails by higher intelligence to detect with the delicate folds, stamen and calyx, arranged in beauty and order by a power; or as we brush a geranium leaf to start from its folds the odorous atoms, so does society brush from the common wit his humorous and spicy repartees, and never looks to find within him the elements of worth and merit, nor seeks to know him as a man. He is spurned and cast aside.

"Oh! sad and crushing is the fate
Of wits whose puns are not first rate."

When may a wit not be a wag? We had almost said, when he has entirely renounced his propensities.

Without doubt, wit has a place assigned to it in the mental cosmos, but is very often found entirely out of its place. It seems to be incompatible with persuasive argument in a public speaker. This needs little proof. Mr. Randall recognized the truth of it most perfectly when he resolved to renounce the habit of making funny speeches, and suddenly addressed the House in plain, straightforward argument in good Anglo-Saxon. Nevertheless, a changing bit of repartee, or a witty exclamation, may be linked to their reputations forever. Very many illustrious persons seem to be entirely barren of wit. We have searched the biography of Ulysses S. Grant carefully, and believe that he never said a smart thing in his life. In the early history of Abraham Lincoln, we discovered the tendency to acute and humorous speech; but as he developed, the instances of these digressions from sedateness became less frequent. Levity gave way to sobriety, sobriety to solicitude, solicitude to that intense anxiety which furrowed his forehead and left the traces of the perils of his life. At least one-half of what we term wit is the result of a distortion of serious matter by a double *entendre*, or a play upon words. The genuine article can only be produced by depriving the conception of all traces of beauty and sublimity of feeling, in order to destroy the equilibrium of sober thought. Who ever heard of anything beautiful or sublime in wit? Overwhelmed by these truly startling facts, old fogies have contended, and even Sydney Smith declares, that wit corrupts the heart. But the words of a veteran American punster are full of good sense on this point. He says: "It is my belief that those gifted with truly humorous genius are more useful

as moralists, philosophers, and teachers, than whole legions of the gravest preachers. They speak more effectually to the general ear and heart, even though they who hear are ignorant of the fact that they are imbibing wisdom." It is very true that sacred things are often destroyed by sacrilegious jokers. For example: Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of hair restorer. Notwithstanding the abuses which often attend the practice of making light of important matters, the American people, at least, are ready to forfeit any other privilege as willingly as that of the joker. The joker wins. The mortification of poor wit is unsurpassed, and the unfortunate author begins to feel his ears grow long. Like many other dangerous elements in nature and civilization, we may become familiar with humor, and handle it cautiously, as we would a firearm or torpedo, making sure that we are warranted in manipulating it, or else leave it alone and enjoy the fun that other people make.

FREE THOUGHT.

Three centuries ago, Galileo, standing before the merciless Jesuits, declared that the Holy Scriptures should be only the final and last resort of scientific scholars to prove a contested point. Yet with what authority could he declare it? How knew he that which the pope denied? One alone was infallible; to him, then, must all things bend. So was it, and but for the persistency of a few the "lamps of science" must have gone out. When we of the present glance back over the struggle which was awakened by so few, and which has embroiled so many nations, and embittered the death-beds of so many men; when we consider the long night-watches of those pious heretics imprisoned, and the tortures of the rack,—a feeling of the deepest regard and compassion is awakened within us. Yet those were only (perhaps on a smaller scale) the predecessors of those who to-day are baffling Christendom with their "theory of evolution." As one contest has ended, another has begun; progress, the watchword of development, has gone hand in hand with change. The excitement of to-day is merely the reproduction of that against which Newton and Hugh Miller waged effectual warfare, and we have no right to believe that Scripture and science may not yet be reconciled each with each. Yet the age of to-day is far in advance of that of Galileo. There is no papal throne now at the head of Christendom by which a Pope Urban can shield his followers, and make others bow to his yoke. The age of intolerance is past, while

that of "liberty of thought" is rapidly stealing upon us. Religious liberty has become the established right of all men in enlightened communities, and why not in the same communities suffer "liberty of thought"? But there is a primal distinction which should be made and remembered as ever existing between them. We arrive at truth through conviction. One feels convinced of a truth, another that a truth is an error, but the distinction that I would make is this. Conviction in matters of religious faith comes through a guiding source, that of science, though we still hold a ruling hand in all things, through self-observation and experiment. It is therefore the duty, emphatically the duty, of all doubters, thoroughly to balance fact with fact, justly to weigh circumstance with circumstance, fairly to measure right with wrong; when one has done this, then his opinion demands consideration as well as your own.

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled."

Such were the words of Milton. They have been copied and remodeled since, yet they are all but the echoes and re-echoings of an older and better prophecy. It matters not on which side truth is, for the real philosopher works not for party, but for truth. It is well there is still a grain of Popish bigotry in creation; it is well that stubbornness has not died with all our fathers; but it is better, far better, that the curtain has been rent to admit the light of reason. From the time that the blood-drops of our Saviour stained the soil of Calvary have the cries been going up, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Heretic following heretic have they been marshalled to the stake, yet only to strengthen the zeal of their people. From the prison palace of Arcetri, from the death-bed of a Prussian divine, from the galling menace of Rome to the more heathenish confines of Britain, come sighs and groanings over misdirected justice.

Ye are of little faith who cannot believe that time, the great reconciler of foregoing events, cannot reconcile this one. If we have to yield to truth it is well, but never one inch to error. If we lie open to conviction it is well, but never to deceit or fraud.

Little thought Copernicus as he handed his valet his book newly published, which contained his world-wide discoveries, saying, "It is well. I die to join a happier people," that the contents of that volume would awaken in the bosom of his nation, and so spread far and wide, crossing and re-crossing to a land of which he scarcely knew, till ultimately, stained with the blood of many martyrs, it should stand firm rooted, truthful as the holy Book he so much loved. Yet with that volume, touched and kissed by Copernicus—thus giving it his benedictions and "God-

speed"—began the war ever since waged between science and the Scriptures.

Could a youth, forever confined in a solitary dungeon, be led forth night after night holding converse with nothing, what idea would be the first to dawn upon him? Wonder and amazement might baffle and affright him, but would not repeated converse with nature so newly opened at once impress him with a sense of wonderful precision? He would see the stars moving across the heavens, and the moon rise and set.

Would there not steal upon him the idea of a wonderful systematic order? So, in fact, we find it. The savage, born and reared in the midst of ignorance, knows almost nothing, yet the idea of law and order has gained ground among them. Else why did the Egyptians worship water, and the Persians fire? Now this is one of the strongest claims which we possess to prove the compatibility of the Scriptures and science. The Bible reads in the beginning, "God created the heaven and the earth"—God created all things. Science unravels the intricacies of nature, revealing in each successive stage a *cause* and *purpose*, leading on step by step to the grand conclusion of unity of design, to the conclusion that everything we know of bears a relation to other things, thus giving to the whole creation but one Creator. In the days of papal jurisdiction, Scripture had need to yield to science; for we must know that there were those who thought that the earth was discous, surrounded by a circumfluous ocean, "established that it cannot be moved;" that the moon was a silver plate suspended in heaven, and the stars golden nails.

The papists who held these views were far more bigoted than any conservatists of to-day, yet notwithstanding their ardor,—and the ardor of a bigoted zealot knows scarcely any bounds,—the principles of scientific truth gradually gained standing; by degrees the clergy became conscious of their errors. They read "the sun ariseth and the sun goeth down." They had been taught for generations that every natural phenomenon mentioned by Moses was more literally true than the "Ten Commandments." If a man dared assert that the earth rotated on its axis, he was tortured; if he said the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" was traditional, he was allowed his opinion.

Could we place ourselves as young men and college students back in the time of Pope Urban VIII., would we not stand in somewhat the same relation to the new Copernican theory of the universe as we now stand to the "theory of evolution" and its associated doctrines? If so, what would then have been our course of action

as investigators after truth. Should we say, "Surely it is recorded 'the earth is established, therefore it cannot be moved,' " and shut ourselves out from argument, or should we at once become advocates of the new doctrine, and be willing for that testimony to suffer the horrors of the Inquisition?

It is an easy matter nowadays to declare your belief in a new doctrine, but what is that belief worth? It is a short way of gaining distinction, but what wise man would desire that distinction? In no subject more than the present do we need to keep before us the difference between theory and fact. You may believe Darwin so far as an investigator, and you may believe Dana so far as an investigator, but you cannot believe the theories which they each deduce, or you are inconsistent.

As students, and particularly as scientific students, let us ever bear in mind that grand old idea of Galileo, which we may express,—that Moses wrote not for the cause of science, but "that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

A KANSAS MOVE.

The Legislature of Kansas last year adopted the following proposition to amend the State constitution:

"Proposition—Article Fifteen shall be amended by adding Section Ten thereto, which shall read as follows: The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in this State, except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes."

This proposition to amend is now submitted to the people, and is to be voted on at the general election next fall. The need of such an amendment has long been felt by the temperance workers, and now the proposition comes under very favorable circumstances. It is not in any way a party measure. The vote in the Senate was nearly unanimous, and in the House the vote stood 88 to 31.

An active canvass is being made by temperance workers of the State, assisted by men from other States, among whom we notice David Tatum, of Ohio, and F. J. Sibley, of New York. A temperance paper, *The Kansas Temperance Palladium*, is published, and temperance societies are being organized everywhere.

On the other hand, the brewers and liquor-dealers are especially active, and seem to have an advantage in that their endangered interests are so great, and they have no lack of money. Large sums are said to have been offered to editors of newspapers to go against the amendment, and some are notably silent on the subject. Associations under the misnomer, "Protective Associa-

tions," are formed in the interest of the manufacturers and dealers in intoxicants.

The contest promises to be of uncommon interest, and, if the amendment is carried, it will be looked upon as one of the greatest of recent gains for temperance, making the way more easy for similar prohibition in other States.

OBITUARY.

Many of the old students will be sorry to learn of the death of Hannah Kite, which occurred very suddenly, at her home in Philadelphia, on the first of March. To the moment of her death she was well, and was busily engaged in her household duties. While ascending a flight of stairs, she fell dead under a stroke of apoplexy.

As matron she watched over our home at Haverford from '73 to '77, with all the affectionate tenderness of a mother. Especially do we, the Class of '80, remember how unremitting was her kindness, and how bountiful her charity toward us as Freshmen. In our health, no want was left unsupplied, no reasonable desire ungratified; and in our sickness her ministering hand was first to give relief, her gentle spirit first to sympathize.

LOCALS.

Come to Junior!

Bring your friends.

Professor Thomas is lecturing to the Seniors on Chaucer.

One of our Juniors boasts that he knows twenty-seven girls by heart.

We are glad to see that with the returning spring, like the eagle of old, our "Bishop" has renewed his youth, and put on a fresh appearance.

Junior (*to Stationer*): "Sir, have you gents' visiting cards?" Stationer: "Yes, sir; what style?" Junior: "Fashionable cards." Stationer: "No. 7?" Junior: "I guess so, I wear No. 7 shoes."

The measles have been quite prevalent in the community for the past month, but we have so far heard of no fatal cases. Fortunately the College has escaped. We are glad to see our Poet Laureate on the campus again.

We learn from *The Princetonian* that Princeton's cheer is not as stated by *The Acta*, and quoted by us in last number, but "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger! S-s-s-t! Boom! A-h-h-h!" Also, her color is not Orange only, but Orange and Black.

Professor (*in Astronomy recitation to a Soph.*): "J—, what was the distance from the earth to the sun twenty years ago?" Soph. hesitates. Professor (*repeating*): "Twenty years ago, when we were boys." Soph. (blushing). "Same distance it is now, I guess." Class yell.

At a call meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the evening of the 17th ult., Dr. J. E. Rhoads addressed the Association on "Representative young men of the Bible." His

"New Biographical Dictionary." Prominent among the valuable features of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued in the "*New Biographical Dictionary*," comprising about 10,000 names of ancient and modern persons of renown, including many now living. It gives us the pronunciation of these names, the nationality, profession or occupation, date of birth, and, if known, the date of death, of each person. From its conciseness and accuracy it supplies a want long felt in this direction, and adds very greatly to the value of this always valuable work.

We have received from Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger a "*Chart of English History*," by E. M. Lawney, which, to say the least, is unique. It presents to the eye a complete list of the rulers of England, and, besides, it contains all the principal events which have transpired since the tenth century. We call the attention of the students at Haverford, and, in fact, of all our readers, to this as a great help in gaining a complete knowledge of the history of England. Indeed, we should characterize it as a complete English History from the most ancient times, fused down into one exquisite little chart.

"*Ritualism Dethroned*," by Rev. William B. Orvis. (Henry Longstreth, Philadelphia, 1880. In two volumes. Price, \$1.50 per volume.)

The first volume of this work, containing 351 pages, was issued in 1875; and the second, which is really a continuation of the first, containing 400 pages, is just out. The purpose of the book is, perhaps, best expressed in the author's own words. The book is the result of thirty years' work. The author clearly conceived the idea of the palpable fallacy of the importance often attached to rituals, and he endeavors to show that the opinions of the most profound religious teachers, from the early church to the present time, accord with his. He quotes considerable from Friends, as well as others, with whose writings we are familiar. It contains much information and scholarly research.

But what have we here? "*An Earnest Tripler*" (Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.). We open the book, and are introduced to two young friends, and soon to the daughter of a kind, but plain old gentleman. (We are here reminded, however, that we must not deprive our readers of the pleasure of gradually gaining the story as they read the book.) We do not hesitate to pronounce it the best and purest novel which we have found for a great while. It is emphatically a story of to-day. Genuine wit and delicate satire pervade the whole. The language is elegant. Open where you will, you find matter for profit and delight.

We find upon our table "*The Manliness of Christ*" (Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.), a well-bound 16mo, written by one who has gained distinguished laurels in literature. In this "strong, frank, noble book," we can but see traces of the same masterly hand which has given to the literary world the admirable stories of Tom Brown. The writer begins by presenting us with a vivid picture of that little portion of the world upon which was acted a drama of vital importance to mankind; then follows a description of the boyhood, call, and ministry of

"This perfect man, by merit called His Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

The peruser feels that the ideas advanced are original, and that his own conceptions of Christ the man have been far too low. We recommend the volume to our readers as one of more than ordinary value and interest. (See advertisement, another column.)

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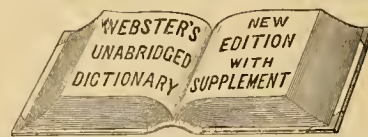
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., FIFTH MONTH, 1880.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Advertising rates, 10 cents per line, agate. Special contracts made upon application to the Business Manager.

The permanence of the metric system is guaranteed by the numerous copies of the prototype meter, made and composed with the greatest possible meterological skill. The fiction that a meter is exactly an aliquot part of the quarter of the earth's circumference, has little real value except to show that every possible care was taken by the French originators to divest the system of a narrow or national character. It is cosmopolitan, as already stated.

The essential nomenclature of the system may be reduced to the six units,—meter, liter, gram, ster, are and metric ton—together with the six numerals, deci, centi, milli, deka, hecto and kilo: twelve short terms in all. Turning now to a common-school arithmetic, we find ten different tables, including thirty-four distinct words to represent the same kinds of quantity provided for in the metric dozen. Not only so, but the terms pint, quart and ton are each used in three distinct senses, while dram, ounce, pound, quarter, gallon, barrel, hogshead and mile are made to carry two different meanings apiece. The American people are the sovereigns, and we may enjoy the beauty and convenience of the metric system JUST AS SOON AS WE WILL AGREE TO USE IT.

We have not much faith in the efficacy of memorials to Congress, as a general thing; but a petition for the use of the metric system in government transactions which was recently circulated in Haverford College, at least had the effect of reminding us of a most important reform, which now deserves the support of American citizens and political economists. Philologists are crying out for a spelling reform, which may relieve the English language of many absurd anomalies and save a large

part of the school-boy's drudgery and the teacher's weariness. Estimates have been made of the barrels of ink saved in a year by omitting the silent letters, but the spelling reform seems as yet to have made but little progress. The metric system of measures and weights, on the other hand, has already an acknowledged international existence in the "General Postal Union," through which it received the sanction of twenty-one countries, in 1874. The chief advantages are its international character, its permanence, and its simplicity. An American traveler, in Austria, inquires about the fertility of the soil, and is told that so many "scheffel" of grain may be raised per "joch"! The confusion of the traveler, however, is nothing compared with the labors of importers and Custom House clerks.

Before our next issue the contest for the Oratorical Prize will have passed, and we wonder how many are preparing for it. Permit us, fellow-students, to say a word in regard to this prize, which has been instituted by the Alumni Association as an inducement to the undergraduates to put forth their noblest efforts. The institution is comparatively a new one, and the support which it has received hitherto has not been encouraging. Last year and year before, respectively, there were but three contestants.

For two reasons, especially, a larger number ought to write for it. The successful candidate would value his prize more if he gained it by greater effort, and over a larger number of competitors. It is incumbent upon us to show a greater appreciation for the efforts of the Alumni on our behalf. The opportunity thus afforded of an audience to speak to, *should* be a sufficient inducement to one desirous of cultivating his powers of speech; and a want of time can be pleaded as an excuse for few of us.

Time thus appropriated, if diligently employed, is not lost. The drill in the preparation and delivery is itself a value. It has been said, with how much authority we know not, that if they receive no greater encouragement in the coming contest than in the previous ones, the Association will, after the present year, withdraw the

prize. Should such be the case, it will be to our shame. Of twenty-seven who have the privilege of competing, half of that number ought to try, and all might.

The attempt of Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Boston University, Tufts, Dartmouth and Trinity to modify their methods of examination for entrance, so that, instead of each holding its own separate examination, a general examination, at a stated time and place, which would give the candidate a certificate of entrance to any one of the above-named institutions, should be held, is an effort which should commend itself to the educators of our country. In the present condition of affairs, we cannot say there is such a thing as a system of education in the United States. And the matter is so vexed, so many, and such a variety of institutions all bearing the same name, and granting certificates with the same title, is anything but desirable. While our free institutions allow so much more freedom and independence of thought, it is certainly no reason why private institutions and enterprises may not so co-operate as to accomplish their purpose for the greatest good and with the least expense. To get unity of action we would not wish it to go to the Government, it is better in private hands. If all our colleges of a respectable grade would thus unite, they would not only confer an invaluable favor upon the thousands of students at a distance from the institution they wish to enter, but they might raise the grade of the diploma, and give one representing, wherever it might be presented, real merit, and also protect their interests from the infringements of inferior institutions, and drive these to their proper rank. It is a case where the voice of educators, and not the Government, should act.

The season when the field and crease are especially attractive has now opened in full, and the arrangements for the games have, to a large extent, been made. Cricket is the college game, and the one to which most of the fellows should give their attention. It was played at Haverford among the first places in America, and it is the game in which we most successfully compete with other colleges. Tennis and archery, both valuable games for those who have a particular liking for them, are yet not the *college* games, nor are they likely to become such. Neither of them has the attractions for the majority of college fellows, nor can they be played by a large number with the same interest. They are smaller games, and bring a smaller number of the fellows

together, and thus develop less of that fellow feeling, among all the students, for which college life is so famous. Again, our number is small, compared with that of other colleges; and if we are to maintain the reputation already established, we need to concentrate our efforts more upon the one game in which nearly all the fellows can unite. Here lies our true strength. It is often given as an excuse by the vanquished that they have not played together, and are not sufficiently practiced. Let us not waste our efforts, but direct them so as to effect a purpose.

An interesting feature of a college paper, especially to editors, is the exchange column. If it is what it ought to be, it should never be wanting. The criticism which it should contain is a wholesome stimulant to healthy action in other editorial bodies; and the friendly rivalry of college papers acts as a mild tonic on all the students which they represent. These, sugar-coated with a little fun, are what the average reader expects to swallow in an exchange column. The ideal exchange editor is a thorough believer in his own college and paper, but still just to his rivals. He should have a kindly feeling for them too, and be discriminating enough to aim his critical darts at points where they will be of real use. His style should be spicy, but not bitter. It is needless to say that the representative organ of a college should throughout be elevating in its tone. If the best educated men in our country are morally low, what hope is there for the *hoi polloi*? In fact, an exchange column should be a model of its kind.

For quite a number of years our lawn has been somewhat neglected, the attention of our friends and managers being diverted into other channels; raking up the paths a little about Junior Day and Commencement, and keeping the plats in the immediate vicinity of the buildings short, being all that was deemed necessary. This year, however, we are glad to notice a change for the better; all winter the lawn committee have had the subject before them, and seem disposed to put our campus in such a condition that it will be, as of old, our great pride. Work has just been commenced, yet even now we see a great change. New lawn-mowers have been purchased and a regular force of men, which we understand is to be permanent, put to work on the grounds; the whole lawn is to be kept cut short, and other improvements added, of which our readers will be informed as they are brought forward.

COLLEGE READING.

The shelves of a well-selected library, like the one to which all the students of Haverford have free access, offer many and varied inducements to one who is fond of books. The more valuable the library, the greater is the danger of perplexity in endeavoring to determine the amount and character of supplementary reading which may be desirable during the time of college residence.

The first rule for the proper settlement of the perplexity is, undoubtedly, to consult books of reference in connection with the daily lessons. Whenever any special object is to be accomplished, thoroughness should be aimed at, and mere slipshod work should be religiously avoided. The text-book may furnish all that is absolutely necessary for preparing recitations and maintaining a respectable standing in the class, but it is seldom the case that a single author presents a subject under all the various bearings which are desirable.

On approaching manhood, the simple acquisition of new information is not so important as practice in investigation, and in the useful application of the information which has been already gained. Increase of knowledge should be followed by increase of thought, and thought kindles thought. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." If we make friends of good books, every study may introduce us into a symposium of choice spirits, whose varied acumen will stimulate even the most jaded minds to wonderful keenness of perception and far-sightedness of judgment.

The second rule is like unto the first: To read with continual reference to the great object of all intellectual training,—the formation of character. If we seek for growth in wisdom, we should aim at the highest wisdom; earthly wisdom only as tributary to heavenly wisdom; the wisdom of eternity as embracing all the wisdom of time which is worth seeking. The unfailing fountain of Holy Scripture should be daily and freely drawn upon, brief passages being read at frequent intervals, and made the subject of thoughtful meditation.

Smith's Bible Dictionary, Lange's Commentaries, Barnes's Notes, the Bridgewater Treatises, the Bampton Lectures, and other like works, will be helpfully useful, in furnishing collateral information, in suggesting practical applications of fundamental truths, or in giving a healthy stimulus to spiritual growth.

The writings of Fox, Crisp, Penington, Woolman, Gurney, Evans, Grellet, Allen, and the host of other worthies whose lives and teachings have exemplified and

embellished their religious belief, should be well conned by all who would fain understand something of the depth of everlasting wisdom, which flows from the hearts of devout Christians under the accepted and tested guidance of the Holy Spirit; the gift of Christ, which becomes "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Judicious historical and biographical reading are immediately and rightly subsidiary to religious and moral instruction. The collegian, while depending largely on the skill of his teachers for his insight into the practical results which give the only intrinsic value to theory and knowledge, should not forget that the experience of any single man, however valuable it may be in one or more special departments, is necessarily limited. The recorded experience of the past, on the other hand, is indefinitely varied and almost boundless in its reach, furnishing a golden treasury of precedents, more unfailing than those of the common law, for our guidance in shaping the decisions which are imposed upon us, as equity judges in the chancery court of Heaven. A somewhat familiar knowledge of the history of our own country, and of the lives of its eminent men and women, is made almost imperative, by the very nature of our government, and the responsibility which it imposes upon every citizen for the wise exercise of his important franchises.

No student can consider his training at all complete without a far-reaching knowledge, both of the national and the individual influences which have been exerted upon civilization by England, modern Europe, Rome, Greece, and the great monarchies of antiquity.

Natural Philosophy, or Physical Science, asserts its prerogatives so loudly and so continually, and our popular journals are so filled with the details of its progress, that none but specialists need any advice in regard to its pursuit. The study of law and harmony and design, as displayed in the manifold works of the Creator, will be always salutary, provided it is pursued, as all studies should be pursued, with broad and ennobling views, and with suitable precautions against the inroads of vanity and folly and arrogant dogmatism. It should, however, be always regarded as only a single and subordinate branch of philosophy,—a branch which can be best understood by those who have learned that the only absolute certainty is spiritual, and not material. The world has not outgrown the wisdom of Solomon and Socrates and Plato; the assignment of laws is a metaphysical and not a physical privilege; the possibilities of knowledge are limited by the attributes of the consciousness which uses the brain as its instru-

ment, and not by any unconscious molecular motions. If these truths are not clearly and fully and undoubtingly apprehended, the customary course of logic and mental and moral philosophy should be supplemented by selections from some of the fuller standard treatises in the philosophical alcoves of the library.

Desultory and recreative reading will naturally be guided, in a large degree, by a desire for amusement or entertainment; but even in the lightest literature there is room, and there should be a habitual disposition, for the exercise of taste. In every department of science, of philosophy, and of literature, there have been writers of various degrees of refinement, and in choosing between them care should always be taken to select the best. Terseness, simplicity and strength of style not only give lucidity of expression, and thereby help the ready understanding and remembrance of what we read, but they also have charms of their own, which, like the associations of refined companionship, gradually and almost imperceptibly, yet surely, impress their own similitude upon those who are attracted by them. Not the least among the many merits of our popular version of the Bible, is its copious outpouring of divine truth in living words drawn from the "well of English undefyled." Culture which lacks power of easy and intelligible expression has missed its highest purpose; thoroughness of culture will always include among its chief requisites a critical knowledge of English philology and a complete mastery of English speech.

Scientific and technical students stand in special need of careful literary training. Whatever may be the merits of "positivism," it should not altogether belie its name; it should not seek, by vague circumlocution, a misty utterance of the absolute certainty for which it strives, and which, sometimes, it professes to have reached. If its vocabulary is scanty, the defect may be supplied partially, and only partially, by a persistent course of reading, which embraces the works of English standard authors who are distinguished by happy turns of expression, delicate nicety of phraseology, and pithy copiousness of diction. No other form of intellectual drill, however, can furnish the breadth and variety of discipline which rewards a thorough acquaintance with the time-tested and time-honored college curriculum. The Bachelor of Arts, whose degree is the well-earned reward of faithful study, has abundant cause for congratulation upon the good fortune which has introduced him to a familiar intercourse with the poets and orators and sages of classic Greece and Rome. Even if he should devote himself to scientific pursuits after graduation, he

will find that his diversity of practice in philological criticism and metaphysical analysis will give him a great advantage over competitors who have been taught more narrowly and more specially.

The object of education is to educate; to draw out all the faculties which are essential for reaching the highest attainable ideals; to secure a broad, liberal and systematical development of true manhood; to remove the tarnish and to restore the polish of the spiritual microcosm, so that it may be fitted to reflect the divine image in which it was created. The exclusive cultivation of specialties is hindering rather than educating; it tends to narrowness, arrogance and one-sidedness, making man a monster rather than a model. Peculiar genius or talent may very properly dictate the choice of a trade or profession, but it can neither take the place of education nor supply the deficiencies which may prove to be the greatest obstacles to success. Paradoxical though it may seem, it is often wiser to oppose than to follow inclination in our choice of reading. We can adopt no better general rule than always to aim at the satisfaction of our greatest spiritual need. In following out that aim, we may be sure that the dislike of a desirable study or pursuit is only an indication that our tastes have not been properly cultivated; that a fitting balance has not been maintained between material and psychical, between worldly and heavenly, between temporal and eternal beliefs and interests.

P. E. C.

JUNIOR DAY.

The Juniors' big time is all over. It passed as well as could be asked. The long succession of sunny days that preceded it made it seem almost too much to expect that "April showers" would wait longer to accommodate the class. But the morning dawned fair enough, though the sun did take on a little too much fuel for comfort. The half-holiday granted the previous afternoon gave the fellows time enough to finish the arrangements for vacation, so that a little spring-fever did no harm. The Juniors were in high spirits, which were not dampened any when they saw the arrivals by the first train. The lawn and halls were soon alive with visitors; but it was the second train that brought the crowd, and the deluge of young ladies gave the old place a new aspect, an appearance repeated about twice a year, but still new each time. An authority says that a college exhibition, whether at the old English universities or at Young America's colleges, brings out a finer display of pretty girls than almost any other occasion. Why, it is hard to tell. It

is hardly supposable that college students, with all their good sense, would invite girls merely for their looks; however, we are satisfied with the fact, and will not pry into the reason.

About half-past ten, Alumni Hall was well filled, and the exercises began. It is rather a delicate matter for us to say much about the orations, when so many of our supporters are closely interested in them. But we can safely say that the exhibition was a success. Out of a class of eighteen, all but the ten who ranked first "resigned the privilege of speaking." Those, also, who entered as new students this year were counted out. We shall not comment upon the individual productions, but are tempted to offer a few thoughts suggested by them. We were glad to see a sprinkling of political subjects on the programme. Every one admits that our government should be in the hands of the very best men; but very often the best men are slow to take part in it. The Society of Friends are generally of the better class of men, and some of them of the best; but how few Friends hold positions of political influence! Now, do we do our duty in this matter? Is there not too much tendency to look on politics as a bad business that should be shunned? We should indeed be sorry to see a Quaker make a bad politician; but we would like to see some good ones. Why should not American Friends turn out a few John Brights? Let them not be so educated that they will shun all politics, but only bad politics. Therefore we are glad to see Haverford fellows choose political subjects for their themes. These college exhibitions supply one kind of training, which is necessary to a public man. There is no way of influencing men like eloquence; and a man stands a poor chance of gaining extensive personal influence who cannot address the multitude. May all public-minded young men cultivate their talents, and do their *duty* by their country and their fellow-men!

But we have wandered far from our subject. The only drawback to the entertainment was its length; but in spite of this the audience dispersed well pleased. Our good matron had provided a plain but abundant repast, which appeased the appetite stimulated by the morning's pleasure; and when we inquired whether there was any left for us, after most had finished, she "only wished there were more to eat it." The afternoon trains gradually carried off the students with their visitors, and by evening the College was almost deserted.

Dr. Dougan Clark favored us with an interesting lecture upon "The Apostle John," on the 29th ult.

LOGANIAN.

The usual address before the Loganian was delivered on the evening of the 13th by J. L. Lynch, the vice-president, on the "Heroes of Truth."

The speaker took for his subjects, Socrates, St. Paul, and Martin Luther; he briefly sketched their lives, and showed how they all contended for the same end, the amelioration of the condition of their fellows; and how they all alike suffered from that debasement into which the world was plunged,—the same in kind, if not in degree, in the respective ages of each.

The address showed great care in preparation, and all expressed themselves as being very pleasantly entertained. The following is a selection from the description of Martin Luther:

"Again, by a strange fatality, as it were, the current of human events bore down the truth void of all error from the fountain-head of Christianity into the polluted chaos of the dark ages. Here it was destined to lie from the fifth to the fifteenth century, and from here to be rescued by such men as John Huss in Bohemia and Jerome of Prague, by Savonarola and his associates in Italy, by Collet and Erasmus in England, and finally by Martin Luther in Germany,—a peasant by inheritance, a monk by superstition, but by the grace of God the restorer and establisher of civil and religious liberty which had lain beneath the dust of ten centuries. Endowed with a robust constitution, with a mind clear and penetrating by nature and admirably trained by culture, he was enabled to grapple successfully with the great difficulties that beset him on every hand, and to rise above the abject servility and ignorant conservatism of his age.

"While Socrates had had to deal with the baneful subtleties of the Greek mind, St. Paul with the lewd extravagances of both Greek and Roman and the bigoted Pharisaism of the Jew, Martin Luther had no *less* a task to perform in tearing down the palladium of Roman Catholic superstition and Popish infallibility.

"The day of his errand from his monastery at Erfurt to Rome, in 1510, his witnessing there the celebration of the mass by reprobate priests, from whose hands the ignorant purchased indulgence of sin, was the worst day for Roman Catholicism, the best for humanity, that had for many an age dawned upon the world. Hitherto his attachment to the *mother church* had been unshaken, his faith in her sacraments implicit, and even now we cannot believe he had a thought of revolution, but only of reforming her abuses,—abuses, which, like all evil habits long indulged, had sapped her vitality, rendered

her insensible to the prickings of conscience, and despotic beyond endurance.

"While *ancient* Rome had, with a hand of inexorable jealousy, grasped the sceptre of political sway over the world, Rome of the sixteenth century aspired after that of both political and spiritual dominion. The decrees of her pope were as unalterable as those of Darius of old. Upon his bull alone hung the chances of life and death to the lowliest peasant, of security and happiness to the proudest monarch. The smoke of many a victim at the stake arose in testimony of truth and against the open follies of the day; but while this smoke of martyrdom foreboded the flame that was sooner or later to burst forth from the bosom of an aggrieved and a deluded people, it was utterly lost on a blinded and bigoted priesthood.

"Under these circumstances Martin Luther was not likely to receive more lenient treatment at their hands than had his predecessors in reform. His denunciation of indulgences as an injustice to man, a sacrilege toward God, his oft-repeated theme: 'The just shall live by faith,' tapped the heart, and let out the life-blood of the pope and clergy. 'His mouth must be stopped,' said they, 'by flattering promises, if possible; by threats, if promises fail, or even by death.' But what were bribes, what were threats, what fear was there in death, to such a man? Could money buy his soul from purgatory? Could excommunication shut the door of heaven to him? Could fear of death deter him from conscious duty? Behold his quick, determined step down the street of Wittenburg,—his roll of ninety-five theses against indulgences in one hand, a hammer in the other; straight to the Church of All Saints he marches, and with an unpalsied hand nails them upon the door.

"Well might the good elector Frederic of Saxony have dreamed that he saw this monk writing upon the door of his parish church, in letters so large that he could read them from his palace eighteen miles away; and that his pen grew longer and longer until it reached to Rome, touched the pope's triple crown, and made it totter upon his head! If this *was* all a dream, it was to be more than verified. While this honest Elector held up his right hand, Philip Melancthon from this time forth supported his left,—that gentle, sensitive, affectionate man, the most consummate Greek and Hebrew scholar of his time, the opposite to Luther in his yielding disposition, and yet his complement, so to speak, in breadth of learning and force of argument. In the hot disputes that now followed fast upon Luther, Melancthon was always at his side,—trembling, to be sure, for the safety of

his noble companion, and for the fate of the cause in which they were contending, but always decisive and accurate in his pointing towards the goal of their common liberty.

"Upon the election of Charles V. as emperor of Germany,—a person blindly devoted to Catholicism,—the storm-clouds of controversy became still darker and more threatening over Luther. He was pronounced a heretic by the pope, by the emperor was summoned to appear before the Diet of Worms, where his writings were condemned, and he was called upon either to retract the doctrines they contained, or fall a victim to the same cruel fate—burning at the stake—which had a century before overtaken John Huss.

"And, just here, had he been a less courageous *hero* than he was, had he hesitated, and listened to the voice of Erasmus warning him of the fatal consequences of so uncompromising a stand against his opponents; had he yielded to the entreaties of his timid Melancthon, and of others who implored him for the sake of God's truth, for the sake of his own life, upon which all success seemed to hang, not to go to Worms,—far different would be the results we see to-day, and the story we have to tell of those troubled times. But we read the man's whole character in those noble and celebrated words: 'I would go to Worms if there were as many devils there as tiles upon the house-tops!' He knew no fear. This reply was not the vaunting bravado of a ruffian safely harbored among his comrades; for, at the Diet of Worms, surrounded by those who would gladly have seen him writhing in the agonies of death, he displayed the same manly, though considerate courage.

" 'Martin Luther,' inquired the orator of the court, 'yesterday you acknowledged the books published in your name. Do you retract those books or not? Will you defend all of your writings, or disavow some of them? Give us a plain, ungarnished answer.'

" 'Well, then,' replied Luther, 'if your Imperial Majesty requires a plain answer, I will give one without horns or teeth. It is this: that I must be convinced, either by the testimony of the Scriptures, or clear arguments. My conscience is submissive to the word of God; therefore I may not and I *will* not recant.'

"Such language was sufficient to call down upon his head the indignation of both the emperor and the papal party. Why should not Luther, with John Huss, be burned, and the Rhine receive the ashes of the one as it had those of the other?"

"An edict by the emperor, and a bull by the pope, were issued in the confident belief that intimidation would

yet shake his firmness. 'But he left Worms,' says Seebohm, 'the hero of the German nation.' He single-handed had fought the battle of Germany against the pope. He had hazarded his life for the sake of the fatherland. There is no name in the roll of German historic heroes so German, so national, so typical, as Luther's.

"But Luther fought a battle at Worms not only for Germany, but for all Christendom,—not only against the pope, but against *all* powers, religious or secular, that seek to lay chains upon the human mind, or to enthrall the free belief of the people. Against the emperor as well as against the pope, against all powers that be, he asserted the right of freedom of conscience. But blessed be the memory of that excellent man, the Elector of Saxony, Luther was not to fall a victim to the frenzy of his foes.

"On his way back from Worms to Wittenburg, when far off in the solitudes of the Thuringian Forest, he was seized by the disguised agents of the elector, and borne in secret to the Castle of Wartburg. In this castle, a safe retreat from the clutches of his antagonists, he had leisure to perform one of the most important labors of his life—the translation of the Bible into German. This made a way by which every peasant could reach and drink the truth for himself, and fixed from that day to the present the style of the German language.

"The crowning gift of Luther to the German people,' again says Seebohm, 'was his German Bible and hymns.' The German spoken to-day is the German of Luther's Bible and hymns. They have been better known by the German people than any other literature; and so have done more than perhaps anything else to form the German language, and with it, in no small degree, the national character.

"It is almost incredible to us that a man situated as he was in the midst of the bitterest enemies, and possessing as he did the unbending will of a Socrates and the warm impulses and moral bravery of a St. Paul, should not with them have been compelled to accept death on whatever terms his enemies might dictate. But it was not to be so.

"Who has not heard that 'at Eisleben he was born, at Eisleben he died'?—not by violent hands, but under the most tender care that kind friends are capable of bestowing. And if, on looking back over the eventful and singularly successful life that he was just closing, a single regret visited his death-bed, that regret doubtless was, that he had but one life to give for his country and his people."

PERSONAL.

'51.—"The rites of ordination and confirmation were administered to Dr. Zaccheus Test, of Richmond [Ind.], at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Sunday, March 21st"—*Earlhamite*.

'58.—Thomas Clark is farming near Richmond, Indiana. He is diligently engaged in First-day School work.

'63.—Joseph G. Pinkham is a distinguished physician in Lynn, Massachusetts.

'64.—E. P. Sampson is engaged in business in New York.

'65.—B. A. Vail is a member of the New Jersey Legislature.

'67.—B. F. Eshleman is a lawyer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Samuel C. Collins is a teacher at Chappaqua, New York.

'68.—Jos. H. Wills is studying medicine.

'69.—Henry Wood took the degree of Ph. D., at Leipsic, last year, and is now teaching at Providence School.

J. H. Congdon is in business in Providence, Rhode Island.

'70.—Charles E. Pratt edits *The Bicycling World* in Boston.

Oliver G. Owen is a clergyman.

'71.—Ellis B. Reeves is engaged in the iron business.

'72.—Dr. Richard Ashbridge is a successful surgeon in the U. S. Navy.

'73.—Henry C. Haines carries on a nursery near Germantown, Philadelphia.

'74.—Theophilus P. Price is studying for the Baptist Ministry in the Theological Seminary at Crozierville, Pennsylvania.

Curtis H. Warrington farms near West Chester, Pennsylvania.

'75.—E. K. Bispham is in business in Philadelphia.

Walter W. Pharo runs a grist-mill near Tuckerton, New Jersey.

Alonzo Brown teaches private pupils in Philadelphia.

'76.—Frank H. Taylor was lately married. He has the best wishes of *The Haverfordian*.

'77.—Mercer is a graduate student in the Yale Law School.

'78.—Harry Taylor visited the old college, while in these parts, to attend his brother's wedding. He is studying medicine at Cincinnati.

Lowry and Newkirk, of '79, and Cope and Whittall, late of '80, were out to hear the Vice-President's address.

'80.—We are glad to hear that Dr. Townsend is improving in health.

'81.—E. O. Kennard whiled away the vacation geologizing in the vicinity of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.

Notre Dame has a novel way of utilizing the Christian Sabbath. The Scholastic tells us that the Botany class recently made an expedition on Sunday, and procured some valuable specimens.

At Harvard, one-third of the class is lost before graduation; at Yale, two-fifths are left behind; at Columbia, the proportion varies between seven and nine twentieths of the whole class.—*Ex.*

University College, London, adopted the system of co-education a year ago. Two hundred and eleven ladies have availed themselves of its advantages. In examinations the percentage of failures among women was 19.0, and among men, 44.5. *Col. Journal.*

FROM HOMER.

Book II., lines 265-331.

Of all the Greeks who came to Troy,
 Thersites was the ugliest boy.
 Squint-eyed he was, his nose was red,
 The hair grew scant upon his head—
 A disadvantage to his face,
 And hence put in the dative case—
 His limbs deformed, no collar-bone,
 His head was shapen like a cone.
 His mouth all full of railing vile,
 He undertook to speak awhile,
 Upon Ulysses heaped disgrace,
 And spat in Agamemnon's face.
 He said bad words, he cursed and swore,
 Till Ulysses obtained the floor,
 Who raised his golden sceptre high
 And smote the babbler's crooked thigh.
 "Sit down," he said, "and do not speak
 Such language vile with brazen cheek."
 His stinging strokes he does not slack,
 But stripes the ugly babbler's back.
 The sceptre raised a bloody weal,
 And Thersites began to squeal.
 "Let up," he said, "give us a rest."
 He sat, and then pulled down his vest.

EX-SENATOR.

LOCALS.

Did you see your cousin?

Hope you enjoyed your vacation.

Are you going to try for the prize?

"Humanity! How solemn this ice cream tastes."

Professor Sharpless spent the vacation in Washington.

Junior Day was a success. The weather was clear and mild.

The Freshmen declined to play their compeers of the University.

A new case for the storage of old papers and magazines has been placed in the library.

W. C. Hadley has recovered far enough to go West, and passed here on the 13th ult.

Thanks to the kitchen department for the new cook, whose skill we were not slow to recognize.

The Vice-President's address before the Loganian Society was appreciated by many. See another column.

There were just enough flowers open on Junior Day to afford an excuse for promenading and roaming over the lawn.

We would call attention to the article "College Reading," in another column. It contains some valuable suggestions.

The match between the University and Haverford Juniors, on the 10th ult., was decidedly in Haverford's favor. See another column.

On the evening of the 12th ult., our thriving Glee Club were prosecuting their mission in the vicinity, and met with a kind reception.

The "Baby Elephant" has been visited by one of our aspiring Freshmen, who solemnly declares that it only has a *valise* instead of a *trunk*.

The carpenter has moved to the city, but he is gaining quite a reputation among the students for the manufacture of cricket bats and tennis racquet.

The flourishing crop of young mustaches at Haverford was sadly nipped in the bud by the cold winds of April, and we fear the crop for this year will be a failure.

A Senior, starting home for vacation, politely took leave of one of the professors and some of his fellows, with whom he had been talking, by saying, "Good-by, boys." Professor smiled.

President Chase's new library is completed, and is a model of neatness and convenience of construction. He has placed about five hundred volumes in it, and is continually adding to the number.

Thanks to David Scull, that ever warm and generous friend of Haverford, for the beautiful carpet which covers the stage of Alumni hall. The Juniors, whose favor it immediately served, are especially pleased.

We are told that the Everett Society has subscribed for the *Art Journal*. We want to know what has become of it. Our artistic taste may become dulled if all the journals of that science are to be taken away.

The President called for those in favor of the question to raise the right hand. A member, rising to a point of order, said: "Mr. President, Mr. — is raising his left hand." Mr. — (hastily rising): "Mr. President, I am left handed." The vote passed.

Important improvements have recently been commenced on the cottage occupied by Professor P. E. Chase, which will add much to the comfort of the building and the beauty of the campus. Some enlarging is to be made, and the front changed to the west.

The Chess Club is carrying out its first challenge with the Chess Club of Columbia. Columbia opened with the bishop's gambit, and Haverford replied with the centre counter gambit. Up to going to press, five plays have been made on each side, and each is hopeful.

Rev. Dr. McCook, of Philadelphia, so well known to our students, will deliver at the College, on the evening of Sixth day the 14th instant, a lecture on "The Poetry of the Bible," in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association. All interested are invited to attend.

Best Book for Everybody.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.

Work on the lawn has been begun in earnest. Three men have been employed for this purpose, and their time is to be devoted to this work. Quite a number of lawn-mowers and other necessary implements have been purchased, and, according to the present prospects, we are to have a lawn for beauty and attractiveness unsurpassed.

Smokers, beware! Chemists tell us that the smoke of a cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids,

prussic acid, creasote, and carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphureted hydrogen, pyridine, verodine, picoline, lutidine, collodine, parvoline, corodine, and rubdene. And the Freshman who has just tried it for the first time will tell you that he believes it does.

We notice among the magazines and reviews which come to our library the recent addition of *The American Journal of Philology*, edited by Professor Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University. *The Journal* is designed to meet a want long felt by American students of that science. The first number shows work of a high character, and we were pleased to see the addition.

We were pleased to see many prominent educators and friends of the college out on the 9th ult., among whom were F. T. King and Dr. J. C. Thomas, of Baltimore, and Augustine Jones and A. Jay, of Providence. F. T. King tells us that the interest and work in the cause of education among us is continually enlarging. In his remarks he paid a glowing tribute to the late Dr. Taylor as an educator, and to the present workers in this branch among Western Friends. The general Educational Conference will be held at Richmond, Indiana, at an early day.

On the 30th of March, Dr. McCook, of Philadelphia, favored us with another of his excellent discourses on his little friends—this time the family of honey ants. The subject is one in which the Doctor is very much interested, and he is well equal to it. He went to the western frontier, intending to organize an expedition into New Mexico, for the express purpose of studying the ant and its habits, but, to his great delight, he found it on the plains of Colorado, where he gave it his undivided attention for several successive days and nights. His good delivery and excellent expression, aided by his numerous drawings, rendered the lecture highly entertaining as well as instructive. We hope the Doctor may be able to favor us again.

ELSEWHERE.

Dartmouth is to have a Law Department.

Brazil has eleven representatives at Syracuse University.

University of Minnesota has given up its Military Department.

Wesleyan has recently received a gift of \$75,000 from D. L. Ripley.

Pennsylvania College is preparing to celebrate its semi-centennial.

University of Virginia has received \$25,000 from W. H. Vanderbilt.

The first college paper was published at Dartmouth in 1800.—*Hobart Herald*.

Hamilton is soon to receive a present of \$500,000 from the Presbyterian Church.—*Ex.*

Mr. Oghimi, the Japanese student of Princeton Seminary, has been lecturing in Newark on Japan.

We are sorry to learn that the entire April issue of the "Student Life" was destroyed by fire.

Seven Columbia Seniors are debarred from their degree, on account of chapel "cuts."—*Tuftsian*.

Princeton is to have a new chapel at a cost of \$100,000. The new dormitory is nearly completed.—*Ex.*

The Seniors and Juniors of the Illinois Industrial University drill no more. The Preparatory department is to be abolished after the present year.

University of Michigan has placed Journalism among its subjects of instruction, and lectures in that profession will be delivered soon at Ann Arbor by Professor Tyler.—*Critic*.

Professor Marsh, of Yale, has announced that he cannot continue his explorations among the tertiary and cretaceous rocks of the Western States. He will now give his attention to the large amount of material contributed by him to the museum, among which are a great many fossil vertebrates new to science.—*Illini*.

CRICKET.

The first cricket match of the season was played on the 10th, by our Juniors against the Juniors of the University of Pennsylvania. Although the ground was hardly settled the wicket played very well; and the weather, but for the strong westerly wind, was beautiful. The team from the University only presented nine men,—Clark, one of their best, being among the absent. Haverford had the first innings, and procured 45 runs, Hartshorne making 19 by free hitting and steady play. After a short intermission the University sent G. Thayer and Tilghman to the bat, their innings closing about three o'clock with 34 runs; Thayer played in very good style, making 16 of their 34. The strong wind, and the Junior Ball of the night before, told on the bowling of the University in the second inning; and after several wickets had fallen, Shipley made quite a stand, and played very prettily for 39. The innings closed with 77. The University not having time to take their turn at the bat, the match was decided for Haverford on the first innings, 45—34. This match, coming so early, and necessarily having some players unaccustomed to the game, was, at times, somewhat dull. We are glad, however, to see those non-cricketers showing sufficient interest in the game to be willing to devote an afternoon to it.

At a meeting of the secretaries of the various Philadelphia cricket clubs, held on the 16th, the following matches were arranged for the Dorian:

1st Eleven, Dorian vs. Belmont,	May 8
" " " " Merion,	" 15
" " " " University of Pa.,	" 22
" " " " Germantown,	" 29
2nd Eleven, Dorian vs. University of Pa.,	May 1
" " " " Old Haverfordians,	" 19
" " " " Oxford 1st,	June 5
" " " " Merion,	" 12

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges were crowded out at the last moment, in our preceding number, so that we must at this late date express our thanks to the *Harvard Echo* for its card of Base-ball Matches, and to the *Valette* for the neat edition of Foot-ball Rules.

The *Yale Lit.* is one of our exchanges which we always feel a desire to read; the Prize Oration published in this number certainly is a model of style, if not of sentiment.

The most of our visitors are assuming a more local air as the harvest season of the College year approaches, and those contests, examinations, etc., for which we have been preparing, or, at least, of which we have talked, during the winter, become more real. Literary work does very well when the wind howls outside, and from the very contrast we gladly occupy ourselves indoors; but oh! when the contrast is turned the other way, and it is the outside that invites, then to study and keep at it requires an effort that most of us find it hard or impossible to make.

That the good lives and the evil passes away is clearly illustrated by the tendency to always find the best points of a subject we have taken under consideration (unless, indeed, there is some especial reason to do otherwise); but if we take up a subject totally unprejudiced, in the great majority of cases we will make it out much better, rather than much worse, than it is.

A good example is shown in the *Illini's* piece on Morton; now we would be very far from denying the worth of Morton's character as the writer very happily sets it forth, but he does not seem to admit that there were any bad traits. He says he was "a loving husband and a faithful father." We are not as well acquainted with Morton's life, as a critic should be, but if our memory is not at fault, we think we remember seeing a statement in which, if true, the adjective "faithful" could not be applied to him as a husband. We merely take this as an example of the usual custom, without any desire to unduly criticise the above article, which is a well-written one, and one to which the criticism above offered is not by any means *alone* applicable.

The *Round Table* seems to be a lively paper, and gives us a good number. We would judge that the sympathies of the author of "France and Germany," however, were very strongly in favor of the latter, and think that he hardly gives France credit enough for her pluck, economy, enterprise, and the perseverance with which she overcomes obstacles. To be sure he does say she don't know when she's hurt, and goes from one thing to another so fast that she does not have time to be crushed, but this is said in such a way as to almost seem a reproach. The literary department of the paper predominates more than is usual in Western papers.

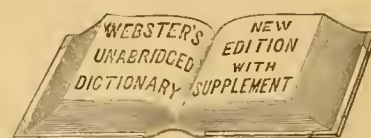
The *University Magazine* sends its last number with the present corps of editors, and the number is one which does them credit. Particularly are we struck with the criticism given by the exchange editor; he devotes a line or so to each of the principal college papers, and very truthfully gives his idea of their respective merits.

In its last number the *Earlhamite* brings out four literary prose articles. The first, on "inherited tendencies" undoubtedly has truth in it, but we think the writer carries his deductions regarding moral tendencies farther than facts will bear him out. When he says that a drunkard's son will crave whiskey, we heartily concur; but as to saying that a child of profane parents, if educated away from their influence, would be abnormally inclined to swear, sounds little less than absurd; we think there he got example somewhat mixed with his tendencies. What the writer intended to convey by the "Old Schoolmaster" we were at loss for some time to discover. We finally thought he wished to show the ideal teacher's life; if so, we leave his success to the judgment of those more acquainted with a teacher's requirements, and deal with the literary worth of the article. If the author intends to devote his life to writing Sunday-school books, we would encourage him to persevere, for we think he will succeed in his undertaking; but if he wishes to make his mark in the more mature fields of journalism, we would advise a change of style as soon as possible. The remaining essays are interesting without being strikingly so.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., SIXTH MONTH, 1880.

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Although we would not attempt to vie with the very many who have perceived and recounted the beauties of the month this number represents, yet its attractions are so numerous and so strongly urge their claims, that it would be next to impossible to pass through the year without a reference to them. No matter how invulnerable a student may be to other things, at some time or other he is sure to succumb to those genial influences of nature commonly called spring-fever. The most confirmed "Grind" may then be seen either sitting in his room with his coat off, and doing little more than keeping up an appearance of study, or, horrible to relate, he has become so thoroughly demoralized as to actually lean out his window, and idly watch anything or nothing, as may be most convenient. He will, to be sure, after a few days, most likely become ashamed of his laziness, and resume, as far as possible, his old habits; but his reputation is gone, he has shown his relationship to the rest of humanity, and never will his infallibility be able to again assert itself. And, losing his example, his less conscientious classmates spend every available moment gloating over the charms of an out-door life. Yet with it all there is more work done than would appear from the amount of growling that accompanies it; cramming is accomplished, examinations passed, and the year creditably finished.

Besides the new carpet which adorns the rostrum, Alumni Hall now feels proud of having its entrance repainted, and its outside walls repointed. It is highly favored with improvements; and this one makes a very perceptible change in the little hall's appearance, though

it could never be anything but pretty. The carpet is a wonderful addition; and the Juniors, no doubt, felt elated when they felt it under their feet on Junior Day. The college certainly owes its thanks to the kind donor or donors. The gallery built last fall around the library wall, begins to seem like an old thing; but the room it afforded, although much needed to relieve the groaning shelves below, will still hold many new books. Alumni Hall now seems to have its most urgent needs supplied. Though we may occasionally wish that some one would give Haverford a heavy endowment, she still has very substantial gifts for which to be thankful.

The improvements in the lawn are constantly progressing. Trees have been planted to fill up breaks in the beautiful avenues; rhododendrons and other shrubs have been set out near Barclay Hall, and the click of the mowers is heard all day. Most of the work consists in keeping the grass in order, and it is no light task. We beg leave to suggest one or two ways in which we students can help. There is too much walking on the grass near the halls. The temptation is strong, we confess. It seems a waste of steps to follow the drive to the cricket ground, instead of walking around the corner of the building on the sod; but it does not wear out the sod so fast. Another suggestion is that borrowed lawn-mowers should be carefully used. It cannot be very encouraging to the lawn committee to see a fellow who aspires to have a tennis court, forcing one of the new machines through long matted grass, here and there cutting a loose stick, and now running smash over a stone. Therefore, as we "desire their encouragement," let us be careful. Few colleges have finer lawns than Haverford. Its sixty acres are amply large, and allow us two large ball-grounds, and practice creases and tennis courts unnumbered, without infringing at all on the parts kept for ornament. The trees are just in their prime, and any one will confess their beauty who sees them just now, clothed in all the delicate grace of leafy June. The slopes and avenues, and woodland, and buildings, all conspire to make the old spot delightful, especially to a Haverfordian.

There seems to be a reviving interest in the study of history in some of our American colleges, and we think it is indicative of much good. Few institutions have such a thing as an endowed professorship of history, but there are few branches whose value more justly entitles them to that eminent rank. Its importance is realized by the student from the beginning of his college course, and its use is practical throughout. Nor can we excuse the neglect with which it is sometimes treated by considering it so simple that the student can read it at his pleasure without the assistance of a competent guide. Take, for instance, the history of Rome. There are numbers of large and apparently well-written volumes devoted to that subject. No two of the authors tell the story exactly alike, and many of them differ on essential points. Some were men who possessed a greater power of insight into character, and better powers of expression. Others had better opportunities for obtaining reliable information, but were less conscientious. Almost all wrote for a different purpose, and each made the points of more interest to himself the more prominent. Amidst this diversity of opinion, of information, and of ability, where is the student to find truth? He cannot afford to read them all, he wants the facts, and he must read some. If here he does not need advice derived from experience and good judgment, where will he use it? We want to study the subject, and we need to know where to get correct data. We are glad to see this branch receiving more attention at Haverford, and hope the interest in it may continue to grow.

The Friends' Educational Convention which has been talked about for two years past, and which was expected to be held in the West, now seems likely to meet at Haverford. The time proposed is Seventh Month, Sixth. For that time of year a pleasanter place could hardly be found; and there will be plenty of room for the accommodation of delegates from a distance. We are certainly pleased with the decision, if the convention will do as much good as if held in the West; and the proposition is said to have come from Earlham. The need of some organized educational effort has become painfully evident to Friends all over the country; and it is to be hoped that practical results will follow this meeting. The Baltimore Convention in '77 stirred up our minds, and helped to prepare the way for a definite move; but the *move alone* can do any lasting good. We have been working at random, and pulling against each other long enough. United effort only can procure the best attainable results. The need is exemplified here at Haverford. There are only one or two schools that

make any effort to adapt their courses to prepare boys to enter Haverford. The consequence is that about half a year is lost to every Freshman Class in getting ready to work together. Now, is it not possible to arrange a course from the kindergarten to the college diploma, which will be fitted for all, so that the boy who does not go through college can stop anywhere that his circumstances require, and still have a symmetrical and practical education? We do not know that this question has been solved; and, if not, it surely deserves consideration. To supply such needs as these is what we may hope for as the fruit of the proposed convention, if Friends will only unite in some permanent effort.

It is said that the time was when the best English spoken in America was at Columbia College; and this was accounted for by the fact that Columbia was founded by graduates from Oxford, an institution from which we shall ever expect pure English. If an investigation of that point should be made at the present time, we might well wonder what institution would receive the palm. Yet many of our American colleges would do well to consider the quality of language they are maintaining in actual practice. At the awarding of the prize for excellence in elocution at Columbia, not long since, the judges, in making their decision, told the speakers that they were all deficient in expression. And of not a few other colleges might the same be justly said.

It must ever be regarded as one of the prime purposes of an institution, which proposes to give a liberal training, to give the student a genuine knowledge of his own language. And then it is equally as important for him to put his knowledge in practice. She teaches him the principles, acquaints him with the best authors and affords him an opportunity, in the various exercises of the course, to cultivate his expression and acquire the habit of speaking correctly. But how often do we see this feature of his course entirely disregarded! How often, too, is one's language abused by the frequent, and hence habitual, use of vulgar and common-place expressions! A good joke or pleasant retort imparts to a word a meaning such as nothing else would have suggested, and is employed promiscuously by some one trying to reproduce the humor, until it becomes a mere barbarism.

It is a curious fact, too, that students and politicians, (though they resemble in nothing else,) whose most efficient and powerful instrument is language, and who have so much to do with the study of language, and even of the master-pieces, should yet originate and employ so

large a percentage of the slang which has crept into our language, and even into some of our text-books. But such things should not be. Our colleges must be looked to as the conservators of good language, as well of true philosophy; and of our politicians we expect examples for its use. And while we would not wholly condemn all that may be included under the term "slang," as some of those expressions, if rightly wielded, may break the monotony of preciseness with a cheerful pleasantry, yet the extent to which that is often indulged is inexcusable, and tends to foster a vocabulary which no one should tolerate himself. It is said that Coleridge was once much provoked by the use of the adjective "talented," and considered it a barbarism. If he could yet visit our "seats of learning," we fear he would find occasion for more severe censure.

GOETHE, THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century:—

"But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free natures in the weak
And friendless sons of men:

"To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

"He who doth this in verse or prose
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."—*Lowell*.

The writer of this essay feels that he may be considered somewhat like the Frenchman, mentioned in a well-known passage of Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, who, being commissioned to write an article on the camel, "went to the *Jardin des Plantes*, spent an hour there in rapid investigation, returned, and wrote a *feuilleton*, in which there was no phrase the Academy could blame, but also no phrase which added to the general knowledge." Yet when one can only take a cursory glance, lasting and true impressions may be made. The Frenchman *saw* the camel, though in captivity; and so, though the greater numbers of English and Americans know Goethe's works through translations only, enough can be known to give a fair idea of his genius, his power, his influence. Of Goethe himself Lewes has told us so much, that few literary men stand as clearly before us as this great German.

It is chiefly of Goethe the man, and his influence, that we wish to speak in the present essay. The following lines by Bayard Taylor represent the feeling of many who rank Goethe next to Shakespeare as a poet, and place

him as a man above all other men. And his opinion does not seem to lessen; rather, on the contrary, to increase:

"Behold in him since our strong line began
The first full-statured man!
Dear is the minstrel, even to hearts of prose;
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.

Still through our age the shadowy leader goes:
Still whispers cheer or waves his warning sign,—
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten."

Is Goethe really worthy of such praise? It is, perhaps, well that we know so little about the great men of antiquity, for there is no doubt that, with fuller knowledge of their lives, our opinions would undergo great change; and possibly they might take a lower place in our estimation.

While we should be careful in making a comparison between men whose lives we know little about, and men whose lives we know almost everything about, it is perfectly fair to compare their works, their influence, and the spirit which animated them as far as can be gathered from their works. Tried in such a way Goethe will not, as it seems to us, stand the test. Take the most impersonal writer known, Shakespeare; let any one read his dramas from beginning to end, he will find good and bad, refinement and coarseness, virtue and vice, all delineated with matchless skill; but we venture to say after a careful perusal the reader will have no less hatred for evil, nor less admiration for good, than when he began. Nay, vice will seem more hateful and virtue more attractive than before. Can the same be said of the effect of Goethe's works? No!

But when such claims are made for a man as are made for Goethe, and his life *is* known, it is impossible for us to ignore it. The main incidents of his life are so familiar that it is only necessary to refer to them in the briefest manner. He lived in an age of laxity of morals, when that was countenanced, or at least passed over, which would not now be tolerated an instant. Nothing, however, can excuse the supreme selfishness of his treatment of the woman whom he, at too late a day, married. No Lewes, seeing here only his hero's side, can excuse or gloss over his conduct towards her who, for seventeen years the inmate of his house, bore the scorn or the polite ignoring of his guests that such a position would naturally invite. Nor does Schiller rise in our estimation, when, after acknowledging Goethe's short-coming and weakness on this point, he goes on to say, "This is the only short-coming in him; but even this is closely connected with a very noble part of his character, and he *hurts no one but himself*." Cold and largely unimpress-

ible to the influence of men, to female influence Goethe was wonderfully alive. We are told that he had his loves for over sixty years, and no one, who is not blinded by his genius, can have respect for the man who thus travestied and degraded in his own life those highest and holiest feelings that are given to mankind as men, and which are chosen as the type of that feeling which Christ has for his church.

Susceptible as he was, he never lost the most perfect control of himself. Who, that has read of Frederika, does not pity that fresh young heart, rudely cast off because, forsooth, she might have stood in the way of the young Apollo of twenty-two? Her story was repeated over and over again with variations for better or worse during the rest of his life. A writer says of him on this point: "In his after life he knew by experience that he very much preferred to be passively hampered by a wounded heart, to being actively hampered by an affectionate wife. The essence of these tedious tortures was almost always the same. He wished for love with limited liabilities, he did not wish to devote *himself* to any one except himself." Truly it was Goethe himself that loomed up before him all the time, and from whose shadow he could not emerge. And yet in one sense he was a benevolent man, for there are many instances of his liberal charity in money to the needy. But his constant aim was his own conscious self-development, which he himself once expressed in this way: "The desire to raise the pyramid of my existence—the base of which is already laid—as high as possible in the air, absorbs every other desire, and scarcely ever quits me."

Niebuhr, though an admirer of his genius, saw this great blemish in his character very plainly. Living himself in Italy for many years, deeply interested in Roman history, and feeling, with an intensity hard for us to realize, the historic and poetic associations of that land which has been the theatre of so many and so varied events, he could not bear with equanimity the cold, passionless comments of Goethe, or the disregard of what seemed to him must call forth the sympathy or interest of every right-feeling man. Niebuhr writes to Savigny from Rome in 1817, referring to Goethe's Autobiography, just published: "The whole tone of his mind during his travels and residence in Italy . . . is most remarkable, and would alone have rendered this description of his journey more interesting to us than anything you could have sent us; but is it not enough to make one weep? To treat a whole nation and a whole country simply as a means of recreation for one's self; to see nothing in the wide world and nature but the innumerable

trappings and decorations of one's own miserable life; to survey all moral and intellectual greatness, all that speaks to the heart, where it still exists, with an air of patronizing superiority; or, where it has been crushed and overpowered by folly and corruption, to find amusement in the comic side of the latter, is to me absolutely revolting; perhaps more so to me personally than I can reasonably expect it to be to others, but I think it ought to excite sentiments similar in kind, if not in degree, in every breast. I am well aware that I go into the opposite extreme; that my politico-historical turn of mind can find full satisfaction in things for which Goethe has no taste; and that I could live contentedly without feeling the want of art, not only amidst the glorious scenery of the Tyrol, but on the moor or heath where I was surrounded by a free peasantry, who had a history. But truth, though it always lies between two extremes, does not always lie in the middle." In 1812 he writes of Wilhelm Meister, after praising the style: "But the unnaturalness of the plot, the violence with which what is beautifully sketched and executed in single groups is brought to bear upon the development and mysterious conduct of the whole, the impossibilities such a plot involves, and the thorough heartlessness, which even makes one linger with the greater interest by the utterly sensual personages, because they do show something akin to feeling; the villainy or meanness of the heroes, whose portraits, nevertheless, often amuse us,—all this still makes the book revolting to me, and I get disgusted with such a menagerie of tame cattle. Is it not your feeling too, that few things leave a more painful impression than for a great spirit to bind its own wings and seek to excel in the lower regions of art, while renouncing the higher?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOHN COLET.

John Colet was one of those good, earnest men who, while possessing great abilities and performing eminent services for mankind, yet make so little stir in the ocean of humanity, that we are quietly borne along by the waves which they start, without even knowing whence they come. Perhaps no man ever worked more faithfully to reform the abuses of his time, and to incite men to pure religion; but, aiming to move only the better and more sober impulses of their minds, while he may have brought as many to a practical knowledge of the truth, he did not raise one of those tumultuous billows of human feeling which carry all before them. In short, he was not a revolutionizer, but simply a reformer.

He was born about 1468. His father was a wealthy merchant, and for a while Lord Mayor of London. Little is known of his boyhood; but he early went to Oxford. Here he was fascinated with the "new learning," fresh arrived from Italy, and we soon find him studying the classics. After obtaining his degree of Master of Arts, there lay open before him the way to wealth and even to royal favor; but he determined to devote himself to the ministry. Why, we cannot tell; but one thing may have inclined him to religion. His father had had twenty-two children, of whom he was the only survivor.

He soon went to the Continent, and spent three years in travel and study. Most of his attention was bestowed on the Bible,—an unusual thing for a theological student of that time. He returned to Oxford thoroughly imbued with the belief that he was called to a great work in the cause of simple, primitive Christianity. In the course of his Bible studies he had conceived a strong attachment for St. Paul, with whose pure doctrine the deformed religion of the day presented a painful contrast, and he desired to open to others the wealth of truth contained in the Pauline epistles,—a treasure hidden by the prevalent neglect of Scripture study and the false notions of Scripture interpretation. The divines of that time believed in the inspiration, not only of the sense, but also of the very words, of the Bible. Their exposition was almost purely textarian. The Bible, says Seebohm, "had become an arsenal of texts; and these texts were regarded as detached invincible weapons to be legitimately seized and wielded in theological warfare, for any purpose to which their words might be made to apply, without reference to their original meaning or context." And Tyndale says: "They not only say that the literal sense profiteth nothing, but also that it is hurtful and noisome, and killeth the soul. And this they prove by a text of Paul, . . . 'The letter killeth; but the spirit giveth life.' Lo! say they, the literal sense killeth; the spiritual sense giveth life."

No sooner was Colet back at Oxford, than he announced a course of lectures on St. Paul's epistles. This was a bold step. He was not yet thirty, and had not received his doctor's degree, and the old divines deemed it rash presumption for him to undertake such a task. But he was not easily deterred, and went to work on the Epistle to the Romans. His was no textarian exposition, spinning out long moral lessons from short detached passages. His aim was to educe the meaning which Paul intended to convey to the Romans. He considered the Epistle a real letter to real people from a real

man. He did not go to the commentaries of the Schoolmen and the Fathers to find the sense of the apostle's words. He studied Paul's character as shown in his writings, and pointed out to his hearers his great powers of mind, his liberal education, the tact he displayed in addressing those who differed from him, the impetuous style into which his ardent feelings and active mind often led him, his wonderful force of argument, his broad enlightened views, and, above all, his love for man, his profound piety toward God, and devotion to His work. He considered also the circumstances and character of the Romans, and referred to Suetonius for a description of Roman society, to show why Paul exhorted the Romans "to be obedient to the higher powers, and to pay tribute also." By studying the English classics, Colet had attained a happy facility of expression, which enabled him to present things in the clearest and most attractive way. He drew large audiences. Some of the doctors, no doubt, came at first to find what they might accuse; but as a large number continued to come, bringing their note-books, it seems that they found some better motive. There is no doubt that the students fully appreciated his efforts.

But Colet did not confine himself to a mere exposition of Scripture; he made practical applications of it; preaching that the religion of Christians ought to consist in loving God and keeping his commandments, and following the golden rule. He denounced the ungodly lives which many led, and especially the clergy, charging to their evil example many of the laity's sins. He must have felt very much alone in his work for a while; but he soon found a friend who proved years afterwards a distinguished and sympathizing helper. This was Erasmus, who came to Oxford in the fall of 1497. He was about Colet's age, and a firm friendship soon grew up between them; but he stayed only three years, and then they were separated for a long time, Colet again pursuing his work alone.

Five years after this, the dean of St. Paul's being promoted to a bishopric, Colet was appointed dean, and, preparatory to his advancement, the degree of Doctor was conferred on him. That he accepted the preferment for the sake of the work, and not of the gains, is shown by his resigning a benefice which he held before. St. Paul's offered a better field for labor; for it was frequented by all classes,—by persons of rank and distinction as well as by the vulgar throng. This is what attracted Colet. He was not the man to preach against the avarice of the clergy, and then grasp all the preferments he could get, for his own ease and pleasure. It is interesting to notice his manner of life in this new position. Instead of assum-

ing the purple vestments of the office, he retained his plain black gown; and his table was neat but simple, contrasting strongly with the sometimes intemperate good cheer of his predecessor. The sermons which he preached from his pulpit in St. Paul's were like his Oxford discourses in not being textarian. He did not take detached passages to preach from; but selecting some connected portion of the Bible, he would treat it in a course of sermons. As he grew older, his love for Christ deepened, and predominated more and more over his love for Paul. We find a corresponding difference in his sermons. His cathedral discourses were generally on Christ's life, words and works, treating of this grand subject connectedly, as his Oxford lectures had of Paul's writings.

We now come to one of the most noble deeds of Colet's life. His father had died, leaving him a large fortune, and he had to decide what he should do with it. His benefice amply supplied his necessities, and he did not want to spend more on himself. So he resolved to devote the surplus to the good of humanity, as he had devoted his life to the same cause. We have seen that in his college days he had acquired an admiration for the "new learning,"—for pure classical literature, as distinguished from the "blotterature" of the monks, as he called it. He was also very fond of children. It is not surprising, then, that he determined to found a school where boys should be taught good Latin and Greek literature,—“such authors,” to use his own words, “that have with wisdom joined pure, chaste eloquence, . . . specially Christian authors.” This school was built adjoining the cathedral, and named St. Paul's School. It accommodated a hundred and fifty-three children, and was under the care of a head master and sub-master. Before his death he endowed it with what would now equal \$150,000 or \$200,000.

He had radical ideas about education. He did not believe that a boy's training should be as much drudgery and force work as possible. Not liking the existing textbooks, because he deemed them unfit for beginners, he had new ones written purposely for his school. Erasmus, who, after years of separation, was now with Colet once more, wrote one for him; and unable to get a Latin grammar to suit him, he prepared one himself. In his preface he says he was “willing to speak the things often before spoken, in such manner as gladly young beginners and tender wits might take and receive. Wherefore, I pray you, all little babes, all little children, learn gladly this little treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at the last

to be *great clerks*.” This is sufficient evidence of the spirit that prompted Colet to found St. Paul's School,—a noble monument, indeed, of his philanthropy.

But our time is short, and passing over the bold sermons which Colet, as chaplain of Henry VIII., preached against his wars with France, and the bold discourse before the Convocation for the extirpation of heresy, in which he exhorted his fellow-prelates to abandon their worldly lives, thus braving the old Bishop of London, who wished at that very time to brand him with heresy for his outspoken criticisms, we must come to the close of his useful life. His last days were passed in retirement, partly on account of the hostility of this bishop, Fitzjames, and partly from declining health. But he retained a lively interest in passing events. He settled the affairs of St. Paul's School, and framed rules for its government; but he wisely provided that these rules could be changed as it was found desirable. He prepared his tomb in the cathedral where he had labored so faithfully, and on it was carved the simple inscription, “Johannes Coletus.” He died in the autumn of 1519, aged only fifty-one. When Erasmus heard of it, he was overcome with grief. “For thirty years,” he wrote, “I have not felt the death of a friend so bitterly. . . . What a man has *England* and what a friend have *I* lost.”

OBITUARY.

Haverford has been called again to deplore the loss of one of its active and useful managers. William G. Rhoads died 4 mo. 28, 1880, after a brief illness, arising from an inherited tendency to heart disease. His father, Samuel Rhoads, was also a manager of Haverford, widely known as an early editor of *Friend's Review*, as an upright and exemplary member of the Society of Friends, and as a wise philanthropist, abounding in good words and works. His brother, Dr. Edward Rhoads, who graduated at Haverford in 1859, was distinguished by an unusual thoroughness of scholarship, which made him a successful original investigator, and secured him an appointment as lecturer in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at the age of twenty-nine. William Rhoads left Haverford in 1858, after completing the full course, except Greek, for which he substituted elective studies. He would have been entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Science if the Scientific Department had been established at that time. Instead of a degree he received a certificate, with especial distinction in mathematics and physical science. His fondness for such studies dictated his choice of occupation. As a practical plumber, his knowledge and successful

application of the laws of hydraulics gave him a high standing, both with the trade and with those who had occasion to employ him. His intellectual ability and commercial integrity were crowned by a Christian simplicity and earnestness of faith which made him an humble and faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard, showing by his daily life and conversation that he sought to do all things to the glory of God. He devoted much time and thought to the promotion of judicious and guarded education, under a proper subordination of intellectual training to moral and religious teaching. His disposition was naturally unobtrusive, but his influence was felt, indirectly, far beyond the circle of his intimate acquaintance. Those who were within that circle will long miss the genial kindness of heart and the ready sympathy with which he entered into their deepest and holiest feelings.

PERSONAL.

'78.—Forsythe's school, at Moorestown, New Jersey, is quite flourishing. He occasionally drops in on us for an evening call,—always very short.

'81.—Hadley has started for Colorado and New Mexico, where he intends to spend a year or two in regaining his health. He is already improved.

'81.—John Winston is superintendent of the Sabbath-school at Coopertown. A few other students help as teachers.

'81.—We are glad to announce that L. T. Edwards is with us again. His return was just too late to be recorded in our last issue.

'81.—W. H. Collins is the champion archer in the College. The archery club is quite flourishing in a small way.

'83.—Scull has been hobbling around on crutches with a sprained knee. His bicycle threw him, before he had got it fairly broken in.

'83.—Shoemaker is the first man to have a bicycle at Haverford.

Richard M. Jones, Principal of the Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, expects to spend his summer vacation in Europe again.

LOCALS.

Is it correct to say woman is man's sequel?

The old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.

All stove-pipes are not intended for smoke conductors.

Improvements on Professor Pliny's house are steadily progressing.

Professor Sharpless has recently purchased the young man's favorite,—a horse and buggy.

We notice the recent addition of eighteen volumes of the natural history of New York to the College Library.

Hand in your one dollar and fifty cents, ye aspiring youths, and show us how you are going to serve your country in the next election.

The Freshmen's tennis crease near the cricket-field is convenient for visitors who grow weary watching the cricket matches.

While the Glee Club is pursuing such a brilliant career in the line of popular songs, the Quartette has devoted itself entirely to classical music and the old masters.

W. E. Scull, while enjoying a ride on his bicycle, fell over, and had his leg severely fractured. But we are glad to see him improving very fast as we go to press.

When Professor in the astronomy recitation asked the Soph. to describe the solar system, Soph. replied, "The solar system is small compared with the university at large."

To serenade a house for twenty minutes with their best selections, and then find there was no one at home but the cook, was a joke too practical for the Glee Club to appreciate.

A Senior, while making a pedestrian tour, found a flower called "Dutchman's breeches," which struck his fancy. When speaking of it to his fellows, he could not think of the name, so he called it "somebody's pantaloons."

The evening study-hour has been abolished for the remainder of the present year,—an action congenial to us, and altogether consistent with the temperature of the season. It allows us some choice in our hours for study, and to spend the pleasanter hours as we wish.

The College received a handsome present in the shrubbery which has been recently set out on the lawn, the gift of David Scull, of 75 rhododendrons, 3 purple beeches, 2 English box-trees, 2 English holly, 1 cedar of Lebanon, and some others. About 40 hemlocks and spruces have also been planted.

We notice, among the recent additions to the College library's list of magazines, the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, published quarterly by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Its name indicates its true character. It contains some articles of true merit and research, and we think it a valuable addition to the list.

President Benjamin Trueblood, of Penn College, Iowa, attended meeting on the 13th ult., and spoke on "Our Knowledge of God." The following afternoon and the next forenoon he spent at the College, visiting the various recitations. He is devoting himself to the cause of education, and we understand the institution which he represents is rapidly growing. He was visiting many important points in the East, and left with a high opinion of Haverford.

Dr. H. C. McCook, in accordance with the announcement in last issue, delivered his lecture on the "Poetry of the Bible" before the Young Men's Christian Association, on the 12th ult. Knowing the lecturer through former discourses so well, we expected something good, but even then we were surprised. The discourse was both eloquent and instructive, and showed thorough original preparation as well as breadth of thought. After making some remarks upon the literature of the Bible and the distinctive character of Hebrew poetry, the speaker proceeded to illustrate with extracts from the Psalms, more largely from Job, closing with one from Isaiah. The two latter were of his own rendering into strophes of English verse from the Hebrew, and were truly beautiful. As we have not space for a thorough synopsis, we will not attempt to give more, lest by detached sentences we detract from its true merits. Suffice it to say the audience went away highly pleased.

We would like to hear more of that classical Soph. who was overheard addressing his ideal, during his midnight dreams, as follows:

" Muse? All Mnemosyne's bright brood in one!

Compound of Psyche, Phryne, Britomarte,

Ruler of storm and calm, Euroclydon

And Zephyr! Slender Syrian Astarte!

With voice the soul of music, like that harp

Which whilom sounded in the Hall of Tara.

How dare Philistines at thy whimsies carp,

Soul-swaying Sarah!"

Oh, idol of the hour and of my heart!

Who calls thee crazy half, and half capricious?

A compound of Lionne's and Barnum's part,

In *outré* *coquidance* rather injudicious?

Ah! heed them not. Play, scribble, sculp, sing, paint,

Pose as a Plastic Proteus, *min car* :

Sapphire, seraphic, quintessential quaint,

Simillante Sarah!!!

ELSEWHERE

Diplomas at Princeton cost \$14.50.—*Ev.*

Vassar numbers among its students three Japanese ladies.

German is said to be the most popular study at Ann Arbor.

Joseph Bartell, of Indiana, has bequeathed \$50,000 to Yale.

Cincinnati University gives a three-years' course in Arabic.

The excitement over coeducation at Columbia gave place to electives.

The ladies' gymnasium at Oberlin was recently burned, with all its contents.

The race between Yale and Harvard is to be rowed on the day of Yale's Commencement.

The hat and cane were successfully carried off by the Freshmen in the late rush at Tufts.—*Spectator*.

An exchange tells us that the number of students at Cornell has decreased, within eight years, from 700 to 403.

The Seniors of Williams have voted to graduate in caps and gowns,—a dress which has not been worn there before since '76.

By complaint of the Alumni, seven professors have been discharged from the State University of Minnesota for alleged incompetency.—*Ev.*

Several students recently expelled from Monmouth because of their connection with a secret college fraternity, have entered the University of Chicago.

Columbia has an endowment of \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins University, \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000; Wabash, \$900,000; Yale, \$350,000.—*Ev.*

A law school has been added to the University of California, by the gift of \$100,000 from Q. Clinton Hastings, one of its alumni. It will be called the Hastings Law School.

One of the dormitories of the Illinois Industrial University was almost blown down by the storm on the 19th of April. The Illini protests against such. Of course then it will stop.

In England, many ladies are attending the University lectures at Cambridge, and a memorial has been signed to the Chancellor of the University praying that the Senate will grant properly qualified women the right of admission to the examinations for degrees and to degrees. It has been largely signed.

A Dr. Borne, of French extraction, has left all his property to Louisiana University, on condition that the revenue shall accumulate for a hundred years, and then be devoted to the publication, in all known languages, of his manuscript work, "Maxims and Aphorisms," every library in the world to be supplied with a copy.

CRICKET.

The first Dorian match of the season was a second eleven one with the second of the University of Pennsylvania, played on May 1. Victory was with the home club; the University making 21 and 25 respectively in their innings, the Dorian 35 in their first, and 12 with 7 wickets to spare in their second. The match was very short, closing before three o'clock, and without any noticeable feature, except perhaps the accurate bowling of the Dorian and the good batting of Shoemaker, who, with 14, was the only one to get double figures on either side.

The Belmont finding they had arranged for more matches than they could play, wished to be excused from their engagement for May 8, so the match announced with them was not played, throwing the first eleven's first appearance back to their match with the Merion.

For the first time in ten or fifteen years the Dorian was defeated by the Merion. The lack of rain had made the wicket rather lively, with the exception of which the day left nothing to be complained of.

The Dorian went first to the bat, Carey and Harts, home facing the bowling of Law and Thayer, after making 9 Carey hit one of Thayer's up to drive and retired. A. P. Corbit took his place, and was soon bowled on a yorker by Lowry, who had supplanted Law at the lower wicket. Jones followed, and Hartshorne, having gotten 19 and played very well, was bowled by Thayer. Shipley, after making 4, was caught at the wicket. Jones having been caught and bowled by Lowry, left Mason and D. Corbit at the bat. The former made two 4-hits and was bowled by Thayer; the latter played very well, and made 11, principally on drives; Winslow's 4, Price's 2, and Rhodes' 2, finished the innings, Shoemaker not having time to score; total, 68.

A. S. Baily and Sayers represented the Merion at the bat, Shipley and Winslow bowling. Shipley's fourth ball took Baily's middle stump, while Winslow's fifth served Law, who succeeded him, in a similar manner. T. S. Baily, after scoring 1, knocked an easy one up to

the bowler, and was followed by Ashbridge, who scored 4, and was bowled on a shooter by Shipley. J. B. Thayer then came in, and, playing in his usual beautiful style, rapidly scored 24. Jones then went on to bowl, and in his first over Thayer put one up to Carey at long off, which retired him. C. E. Haines took his place, when, after a few singles, Sayers was run out; he had gone in at the first and been playing very carefully, scoring 14. Morris was the next batsman; he played in his usual slashing style, and his 25 won the match for the Merion. Mason went on the bowl, and in his second over bowled him clean. Haines was run out for 6, Watts got 6, Lowry 0, and Stroud 4 and not out. Total, 93.

Either the appearance of defeat was too much for the Collegians or something disheartened them, for the first four wickets fell for 6 runs. Mason and Shoemaker then got well together, and raised the score to 44. Mason then drove one of T. S. Baily's underhands to the on, which was beautifully caught by A. S. Baily; he had made 22, and batted in very good style. Shoemaker put together 19, and was bowled by Baily; he showed good defense and a hard forward play, on which he got most of his runs. Winslow made a hit for 6 off Baily, and was then bowled by him. The innings closed with 53, leaving the Merion 28 to get to beat; this they did with the loss of four wickets, without, however, giving any great display of good cricket.

On the 19th, as announced, the Old Haverfordians played their usual match with our second eleven; the match resulted in a victory for the veterans by a score of 110 to 100. Mellor and Cadbury went first to the bat. From the first the former hit around quite freely, and got his 30 without any very noticeable "swiping," while he showed much good cricket. Cadbury was bowled by Randolph for 4. Starr, Wistar and Emlen were disposed of without much difficulty, when H. Comfort and W. P. Evans made quite a stand, and run the score up from 43 to 84. Evans's 33 was the largest score made on his side; the remainder of the eleven did not give much trouble, and the side was out for 110.

The Dorian sent Shoemaker and Winston to the bat. W. P. Evans and Starr opened the bowling for the O. H. Both the batsmen played very well, and when Shoemaker was run out they had 36, Shoemaker 22. Jay, who came in fourth, did the batting of the day. While we would not recommend his style as a constancy, it sometimes proves very effective, as in the present instance; he succeeded in holding his wicket until the end,—his being the last wicket to fall. His 40 was made up of one 5, one 4, three 3's, seven 2's, and six singles. The eleven

suffered somewhat from that chance which is always ready to thwart the nicest calculation in cricket. Coffin was caught in a very fine manner by Evans. Blair knocked the ball into his wicket, and their bowlers seemed to be off the spot.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges are beginning to show in their appearance that liveliness which is in keeping with the period of college life now before us; that season when, in addition to the cramming necessary to a satisfactory completion of the year's work, athletics are claiming their largest share of attention.

Even our Western friends, who usually don't take much thought about such "foolish" things as base ball and boating, have stirred up enough to give their papers a chance for an editorial on physical culture, and a column or more of description of their matches. We are glad to see this, and hope that they will come to see the good in those sports, the love of which has so often formed an objection to Eastern college life.

In an editorial the *Madisonian* justly calls attention to the lack of domestic history and government taught in our colleges. We can heartily indorse all that is there said; yet if the writer would ask the president of his college we think that he would be told there were innumerable other things thought just as important, and which time alone prevented being brought into the curriculum. All most colleges attempt to do in any branch is to fairly start the student, to give him a few primary points, so that the foundation being securely fixed he may build for himself; and this (if we understand the writer correctly) his College already does.

In several of the present month's papers we notice articles on "College Friendships." some senior, we suppose, finding that leaving college for good is not so pleasant an operation as he has all along imagined, has put together his thoughts of parting from a four-years' chum, and produced a piece for his paper; and very readable ones some of them are too; we notice one in the *Bowdoin Orient*, which, though without having any great merit, contains much that is worthy of attention.

We are glad to see *Student Life* so promptly redeem its promise of an extra good number. If this is to be the effect of a fire in all cases, we would prescribe them regularly, to be taken monthly just before going to press. We would judge the "co-ed" article to be written by one of their fair students, but are afraid to commit ourselves;

it is about time, however, to call the whole subject in for this season, and let the champions breathe awhile to start fresh next year.

The editorials in the *Illini*, we think, far surpass the rest of the paper, which does not come up to that of last month; new editors, etc., we suppose somewhat account for the loss. We are glad to see the resolve not to print any more "ar" and "wer" essays; we who are not so far advanced in the novelties of the age as our friends of the I. I. U., find it rather unpleasant to read when we feel like correcting proof all the time. And when the whole paper is printed after the phonetic method we will most probably not read it at all.

The *College Monthly* is too local to please outside readers; that, however, is not the prime object of a college paper.

If the editors of the *Dickinson Liberal* only keep on as they have begun, they will make their paper a great improvement on what it has formerly been. The essays are good, and have a pleasing variety; while the locals do not fill up half the paper, as is too often seen in some exchanges.

The following is a list of our exchanges: *Bowdoin Orient*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Tuftsionian*, *Bicycling World*, *Trinity Tablet*, *College Argus*, *Critic*, *Yale Lit.*, *Asbury Monthly*, *Speculum*, *Hobart Herald*, *Madisoniensis*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Niagra Index*, *Concordiensis*, *University Herald*, *Reveille*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *College Herald*, *University Magazine*, *Dickinson Liberal*, *Princetonian*, *Philosophian Review*, *Scholastic*, *Eurhamite*, *Student's Journal*, *Illini*, *Volante*, *Tripod*, *Vidette*, *College Rambler*, *College Journal*, *Round Table*, *Central Collegian*, *Student Life*, *Student's Offering*, *Cedar Valley Seminary*, *Alabama University Monthly*, *Kansas Review*, *Argosy*, *Acadia Athenæum*. With more or less regularity we have received the following, viz.: *Harvard Echo*, *Yale News*, *Cornell Era*, etc.

Students will find the Mackinnon pen a most valuable assistant in written examinations, and, indeed, in writing of every kind.

The *Art Journal*, with all the back numbers of the present volume, has put in its appearance. We would suggest that if magazines cannot be procured, through the agency where that was obtained, sooner than that was, it might be well to try another.

We are glad to note the appearance of bicycles on the lawn, and it is rumored that we are to have a club. Yet the experience of some of our amateurs would teach us to be-wary. It is delightful sport, but requires caution in learning.

A Soph. was intensely interested in Gough's lecture. A lady, who occupied so much space that she had to rise for the people to pass to the seats beyond, sat next to him. The rising was repeated until, by a wrong step, she fell backwards into poor Soph.'s arms, and looking up with an expression of half content and half surprise, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear!" It was too much. He "won't go there no more."



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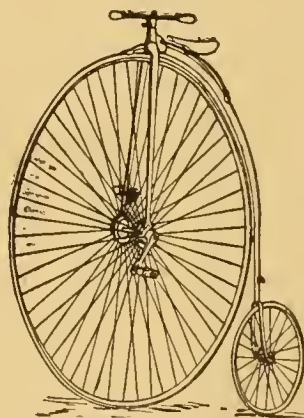
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., SEVENTH MONTH, 1880.

No. 10.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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JOS. RHOADS, JR.

ALEX. P. CORBIT.

J. H. MOORE

WILLIAM A. BLAIR, Business Manager.

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LIFE'S VISTA.

Oh, the fresh green robes that the spring doth wear
Are lovely and fair to me,
And my youthful heart its joys doth share,
And I cry, "If Thou makest Thy earth so fair,
Lord, what must Thy heaven be?"

And many scenes in this world of ours
To me wear an aspect fair;
Bright visions come with the midnight hours,
And the days are filled with sweetest flowers,
And the hours are free from care.

But will the world, when I older grow,
Seem always warm and bright?
Or will the chill of the wintry snow
Chain me, and lead me, with footsteps slow,
Away from the warmth and light?

Oh, joyous youth, with thy sunny grace,
Gild ever each passing day!
May all life retain the shining trace
Of thy golden finger and smiling face,
Though thy buoyant powers decay!

But the trooping years haste hand in hand,
In shadowy band, away, away, away;
And I sadly watch the golden sand
Run swiftly out. Time's march is grand,
And the moments must not stay.

Youth will not stay, I shall mourn its flight
When the morning hues have fled;
But I would not idly watch the light,
As it fades away from my ravished sight,
Till the years of life have sped.

For I know that the world is full of woe,
Though its sorrows I dimly see;
There is fruit to gather and seed to sow,
With the words that cheer, and the smiles that glow
With tender sympathy.

Yet an aged life may youthful be,
Though its dawn has passed away;
And the sunset skies, it seemeth me,
As they lie beyond the peaceful sea,
Are fairer than morning's ray.

So I will not shrink from life's woes and fears,
Though its sorrows may bid me weep,
For I know that the hand that sows in tears
The precious seed, through the long, sad years,
In heaven its joys shall reap.

MARIE H.

Haverford, this year, is among the last of the colleges to close, so that one by one we have seen the various corps of editors of our companion journals make their bows and gracefully withdraw, either with many congratulations on the success they have achieved, or with an equal number of maledictions on delinquent subscribers when their paper's career has failed to equal all their expectations. We have noted these farewells with some amusement, on account of the sameness which pervaded the whole of them, but now it has come our turn to proceed as they have done, and we are at a loss to accomplish the task in a more masterly manner than they; the funny side is not quite so apparent. We can, however, inform our readers of the well-known fact that we have completed our first year, and yet more that we have done so successfully, as far as we are able to judge, in every department; not that we feel satisfied with any, but hope and expect that experience may add greatly to the worth of our paper. The first important step has been taken, and the *Haverfordian* established on a permanent basis. Next year will fully prove whether or not it is worthy of the support it has received. To our subscribers, then, we would say: stay by us one year more for the sake of the college, if not of the paper; then, if it is not worthy of your support, let it die.

The Educational Conference, announced in our last issue, to be held here, beginning on the 6th inst., is drawing near. It will probably sit for two days. Papers by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, President Seelye of Smith College, our own honored professor, Pliny E. Chase, and other educators, will be read, and various subjects of interest will be discussed. The new female college at Bryn Mawr will be considered in relation to its influence on the education of women. It is likely this will be introduced on the morning of the 7th. It is a subject of great interest; for this infant institution, with its endowment of eight hundred thousand dollars, will be ready for work in a very few years now, and ought to exert a powerful influence for good. No other women's college in this country ever started under more favorable auspices. In fact, it ought to step in at once and take its place among the very first institutions of its

kind. The conference will be open to all teachers and others actively interested in education in the Society of Friends; and they will be heartily welcomed. It is hoped that representatives will be present from most, if not all, of the Yearly Meetings in the United States, and from our leading educational institutions.

The announcement that the value of the Alumni prize was \$50.00 instead of \$85.00, on the evening of the late contest, was quite a surprise, yet not so agreeable a surprise as the announcement of the fact that the successful competitor would have his choice between a gold medal of the full value of the prize, and a bronze medal with the remaining value in books, to be approved by the committee. We presume there are few who would hesitate between the two alternatives. Bronze is even more durable than gold, and hence will serve equally well to preserve to posterity the name of the orator, while the remaining \$42.00 worth of books will be no insignificant addition to the libraries of most students of Haverford. Of course the principal incentive to compete for the prize is, and ought to be, the honor attached to it, and yet, if \$50.00 must be expended to attest this distinction, we see no reason why it should not be expended in something of real worth, instead of being locked up in a piece of precious metal which is comparatively useless to its possessor. As a further indication of the preference of the students, it may be said that the successful candidate for this year has availed himself of the new provision, and we learn that the wearer of last year's honors is making an attempt to exchange his gold treasure for books, under the new provision. We understand there are to be radical changes in the plan for future contests; what these are, we can only conjecture. If, however, there is any foundation for the rumor that the contest is to be open to three classes, we wish to enter a timely protest. If the feeling of the students this year is any indication for the future, there is no demand for such a change, and if there was a demand, there is no disposition to convert a pleasant evening's entertainment into a "Junior or Senior bore" by increasing the number of speakers. The present arrangement allows each candidate the privilege of failing twice, and we presume, if any one had courage to try again, he would fail a third time. We have no lack of confidence in those who have the matter in hand, and we are satisfied that when the plans for the future are matured, they will be the best. It is only fair, however, as well as conducive to the general interest in the competition, that

the plans should be early announced. The greatly increased interest taken by Haverford students in the cultivation of oratory since the establishment of the Alumni prize, warrants the belief that, if the new feature, introduced this year, is continued, there need be no apprehension of a lack of a reasonable number of creditable candidates.

It has been said that base ball is our national game, and as such it ought to be supported by colleges. This, indeed, has been true in the past; for students must have exercise, and base ball seemed the most available. It met with popular favor. It required much action, and soon became a delightful sport. But the game has been played so much by professional teams of a questionable character, and the matches, often a source of contention with gamblers, have sometimes been conducted in such a suspicious way, there seems to be a tendency toward the game's falling into disfavor with colleges, and to be supplanted by something better adapted to their wants. In view of this fact, we cannot regard with indifference the progress which cricket is making, and, we believe, it is ere long to become the American college game. During the present season, clubs have been organized at Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton,—institutions which lead in so many features of American life. A club has also been organized at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, it has long been played at the University of Pennsylvania, and the matter is also being discussed among many others. We believe the fact is significant. The game is commending itself to colleges because it possesses the features essential for a college game,—manly, healthful, active, scientific, and is not likely to be so much appreciated by roughs as base ball has been. The cost in preparation, which is so often urged as an objection against it, is too often exaggerated, and is not necessarily so great. Athletics are likely to receive much more attention in the future than they have in the past. The interest in them is continually growing, and large sums of money are being devoted to that purpose. The time when it was thought that only he of a sallow cheek and drooping countenance could rank well in his class is a bygone, and he that stands at the head of his class may compete with them as well on the field. To meet this want, the best games will be sought. The matter is to be made a subject of study. And if the judgment of the thoughtful is to stand, we may expect, at no very distant day, to see the bat and crease as common to college life as the base-ball field has been.

For more than three months now the whole country has been in suspense awaiting the final decision and result of Whittaker's case at West Point, and yet the partial and perhaps prejudicial opinions of the papers go on. Poor Whittaker! The truth of his case may yet remain a mystery. But whether the court reveals it or not, whether the innocent shall suffer or the guilty go unpunished, it has at least been productive of one benefit,—it has called the attention of the public and of the ablest men of the nation to the education given at the nation's academy, and they have asked what it is worth. It has called the attention of the educators of our country to the subject of "hazing," which in most colleges has already been absolutely suppressed.

If the treatment, which some hasty judgments have been wont to assert, is really received by the students of less influence, and tacitly countenanced by the officers at West Point, the government should be respected, and the Academy reformed. The plan of taking officers from the field and camp for instructors has often been questioned; and the case ought now, while the whole subject is being agitated, to be impartially investigated, and decided once and forever. If what many regard as the cradle of the nation cannot be preserved from the influence of corrupt politics, and of men callous to gentle and noble sentiments, we should call it an evil that ought to be deprecated.

But, on the other hand, we are neither partial nor credulous toward the crude opinions that have been formed from imperfect information, and have thus presumed upon the honor of the cadets. If Whittaker is guilty, they have been done a great injustice, and their honesty ought to be vindicated. This, undoubtedly, will be influenced by the final decision, which we await with some eagerness. Yet let us hope that the attention which the matter, in its various features, has received, will tend to drive the last species of "hazing" from all our institutions, that collegians may learn to take one another for what they are worth, amuse themselves with manly and innocent sports, and spurn the indolent hanger-on.

COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement of '80 competes well with those of former years, and is one at which the class may justly feel some gratification.

The day was all that could be wished in brightness, and a gentle breeze wafted away the sultry portions of the atmosphere. Everybody seemed cheerful, which added much to the pleasantness of the occasion. At an

early hour the trains brought their loads from the city, and full carriages rolled in from the vicinity. By 10.40 A. M., Alumni Hall was crowded with alumni and friends of the class. The class marched from Barclay Hall, headed by the Faculty, and took their seats on each side of the stage; and on the stage, besides the President and Professors, we noticed the faces of Dr. James E. Rhoads, Philip Garrett, and others.

After a brief pause, C. F. Brede, of Iowa, saluted the audience in an easy and pleasant manner, in the name of the class.

William F. Perry, of Rhode Island, was the first orator, and spoke on "The Imagination in Mathematics." The speaker seemed intent on impressing the audience with the importance of an idea which had been somewhat overlooked. Mathematics and imagination are of equal importance to the physical investigator. Poetry and mathematics are works of the imagination, with this difference: poetical creations are necessarily of material forms, while the mathematical can sweep away all thought of matter, and reveal, in its creations, forms of artistic beauty.

Alex. P. Corbit, of Delaware, followed with an oration on "Kearneyism," in which he showed how the communistic spirit, arising in the Old World, had spread to the United States, and prevailed among the ignorant and irresponsible classes of California's slope, thus giving to the English language a newly coined word expressive of the principle and enthusiasm leveled against all order, and seeking to make the unlawful the lawful, and hence the wrong the right. But this enthusiasm has been subordinated to the government, and only the name remains to perpetuate it. The speaker's manner was free and earnest.

Next came William Bishop, of New Jersey, with a discourse on "Why we Look at the Stars," in which he showed his admiration for a science which has been a favorite theme of the sages of old, and which has invoked all the powers of man to describe. No one can fail to admire the transcending beauty of the heavens on a calm and cloudless night; but how much greater does that majesty become when we are able to follow the stars in their course, and the constellations in their orbits.

The fifth oration was on "Independence in Politics," by Edward M. Jones, of Pennsylvania. The subject is a familiar one among the thoughtful, and has of late been a favorite of orators. The speaker was hardly as enthusiastic over his subject as might have been best, but he expressed some practical ideas. National prosperity depends upon the faithfulness of individuals; in the

virtue of their private lives, and in their public acts. Let the intelligent classes take hold of our politics, and they will abolish the opprobrium attached to the words "politician" and "office-seeker," and will raise it to its true dignity,—the highest and noblest of professions.

Charles E. Gause, of New Jersey, delivered his oration on the "Domestic Life of the Romans" in his accustomed easy and graceful manner. Rome was pre-eminent in the history of early nations; she deserved the attention paid her; but nothing in her history is so unfamiliar to us as her domestic customs. There were radical evils in the social system of Rome, as the observing student of her history will soon perceive; and with all its elegancies, the life of Rome fell far short of ours in point of happiness. Though they had masses of wealth, they had not an American home.

James L. Lynch, of Missouri, spoke on "Whence and How." In a clear voice, and a familiarity with his theme, he showed how, in the early days, mankind were impressed with the awful majesty of God, but afterwards degenerated into scepticism, infidelity and atheism. Primitive man recognized that God was the true source of his being, and that unto God he owed his allegiance. If God is the acknowledged source of our being, then must He also be the substance of life, and of all material existence.

Josiah P. Edwards, of Indiana, considered the subject of "Man the Elector." He portrayed, in an energetic style, the folly and evils of giving up to ease, and refusing to exercise the choice which is our privilege; as is so often illustrated in the moral, intellectual and political fields. Man's being raised above the brute by the power of choice involves the responsibility of its proper use in selecting the good from among the evil. In the intellectual world it is true; and the prerogative does not justify good men in discarding politics and the profession of the law, because these are corrupt, but it rather implies the duty of those who are conscientious, and capable of entering these fields, to lend their efforts in purifying them.

Samuel Mason, Jr., of Pennsylvania, followed with "Stability of the State." He commended the form and past history of the government of the United States, and looked forward to the time when her greatness should be unexcelled. In considering the many forms of government under which the peoples of the earth live, we are met by the question: What form is best? This question has perplexed sages of the past, but is yet unanswered. We look back to the circumstances under which our own government was established; we consider the abundance

of her natural resources, and the progress she has made, and ask: Is she established and permanent? All history, and the quelling of recent convulsions, re-echo with, "It is true." Though she has been recently shaken by political troubles, they have only settled her upon a firmer foundation. Let every man do his duty, and her permanence is a fact.

The last oration was delivered by Charles E. Cox, of Kansas, on "Prohibition and Liberty." He showed an earnestness and an honest conviction in his idea, but a little more animation would better have accorded with the character of his subject. He deplored the odium attached to the word "prohibition," and considered it our duty to abolish a traffic so fraught with evil and productive of no good. Liberty consists in security, the guardians of which are the people. It is, then, no sumptuary act or abridgment of liberty if the majority abolish any traffic which lessens or endangers their security. The people have a right to remove the burden of taxation caused by crime growing out of the traffic, by removing the cause, or they have not liberty.

Joseph Rhoads, Jr., of Delaware, delivered the valedictory, expressing their attachment to Haverford, and their thanks to the Professors and managers for their instruction and kindness, and expressing the hope that the members of the class might not forget each other.

Professor Isaac Sharpless delivered the farewell address to the class, referring to Xavier's going to India and sacrificing the comforts of home-life for the cause in which he was engaged. So were they going forth into life, but not under such gloomy auspices. He encouraged them to be earnest and firm, seekers after truth. The world has need of such men; and college graduates are expected to lead, not to be led. The field is large, whatever branch of knowledge we choose to pursue.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon C. F. Brede, C. E. Cox, J. P. Edwards, J. L. Lynch, S. Mason, Jr., W. F. Perry and J. Rhoads, Jr.; and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon William Bishop, A. P. Corbit, C. E. Gause, Jr., and E. M. Jones.

The degree of Doctor of Letters was then conferred upon President Thomas Chase, for his faithful services during his twenty-five years' connection with the college; and he received the diploma with some pertinent remarks of his appreciation of that honor, and in reference to the growth of the institution.

After a brief pause, Dr. James E. Rhoads prayed for the divine blessing to rest upon those who were going out, and the audience were dismissed.

The day was highly enjoyed by many, and will be, in the memory of some, an occasion not easy to be erased. The crowd dispersed, and the halls were left silent until the fifteenth of ninth month.

After the graduating exercises were over, the company stopped in front of Founder's Hall, to see the cricket prizes awarded, which were as follows: Cope prize bat to S. Mason, for an average of $17\frac{1}{4}$; Haines prize belt to Walter Price; Congdon ball to Bond V. Thomas; Comfort prize ball, for bowling in practice matches, to W. P. Shipley; Freshman prize bat to B. V. Thomas; Sophomore prize ball, for bowling, to E. Randolph.

ALUMNI DAY.

The Alumni Association held its annual meeting 6th mo., 29; but, as usual, the attendance was small, though a larger number answered at roll-call than at last year. The day was very warm, which may partly account for the scarcity of numbers, though we think that such a trifling circumstance should have but little effect on a custom which every Alumnus should endeavor to maintain. An afternoon meeting was held for the election of officers for the coming year. John B. Garrett ('54) was elected president, E. P. Allenson ('74) secretary. Henry Wood ('69) was elected orator to address the Association at its next meeting. Various committees were appointed to perform the duties of the Association. The meeting adjourned about five o'clock, and a few of the visitors revived their reminiscences of cricket by a little practice on the campus. The supper must have been very satisfactory, if the doleful face of the Sophomore can be a criterion, as he took his seat, with nothing but empty dishes and lobster carcasses staring at him. The public meeting was held in Alumni Hall in the evening. The president announced that a committee of fifteen had been appointed to take into consideration a suitable testimonial to be tendered to Thomas Chase for his twenty-five years of diligent and efficient service for Haverford. The Alumni medal for elocution and oratory was conferred on Charles E. Gause, Jr., for his oration delivered before the judges on 5th mo., 28. Dr. Henry Hartshorne surprised the audience with a beautiful poem on the "Attractions of Haverford." The oration of the evening was delivered by Philip C. Garrett, of the class of '51. He dwelt on the benign influence of the Society of Friends, of the noble political example of William Penn, and its effect on the form of our own government, on the great work for which Haverford men are specially adapted, of fighting against the three dragons of evil,—intemperance, slavery and war.

ELSEWHERE.

The Harvard Cricket Club played their first match on the 22d of May, and won the game.

Eighty students have been expelled from University College, Oxford, England, because some of the number locked Proctor and some of the Fellows in the University, and, when questioned, they refused to reveal the guilty parties.

On July 16, Lake George will be the scene of a boat-race between Columbia and Cornell.

Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, in presenting a gift of \$100,000 to Wellesley College, says that she "has often and sadly observed the pitiable worthlessness, both to themselves and to others, of the lives of women when given up to selfish frivolity, or wasted in the pursuit of mere personal enjoyment." She desired, she adds, to aid in training women of learning too generous for skeptical conceit, and refinement too thorough for fastidious selfishness.

There has been quite a rupture between the Trustees and the Faculty of Western University. The former chose to make several important changes in the College curriculum, which were not agreeable to the Faculty. These changes were not all carried out, and the will of the Trustees not fully regarded. The result was a sharp reproof and the dismissal of the whole Faculty. It is expected, however, that most of them will be reinstated.—*Round Table.*

We are pleased to notice the recent addition to the college museum of a handsome and valuable collection of birds. We hear that the collection is the gift of David Scull, Jr. The students of natural history, especially, feel grateful for such an improvement, as it supplies a want long felt by those in that department. The variety is good, and well represents the various species.

GOETHE, THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

While Goethe, like all authors, was unequal, no doubt can be entertained of his being one of the great artists of literature. And yet we are inclined to think that it is not in his most ambitious works that he is most successful, but in his lyrical poems. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to excel the grace and beauty of many of these, or the weird attractiveness of others. How striking are such stanzas as the short song of Clarchen in Egmont, and of Mignon, or the Erl King, the Fisher, or the King on Thule! But it is not our purpose to enter upon a criticism of Goethe's works; we grant their often surpassing excellence of composition; but it may not be out of the way to say that not unfrequently, especially in prose, the interest flags,—Werther, Wilhelm Meister, Elective Affinities, and even the Autobiography, seem tedious and drawn out. Nor can the fidelity and beauty of the translation, nor the deep admiration and enthusiasm of Bayard Taylor, render the second part of Faust attractive to English readers.

To return, however, to the man. It is almost inexplicable that, with all his endowments, Goethe should have lived during such stirring times as the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth, and yet have entered so little into the spirit and the longings of the age. Except in Goetz, we see hardly a trace of sympathy with the downtrodden and their struggles for freedom. He does not seem to have felt that it is, or ought to be, "a high inspiration to be the neighbor of great events." It was not so with Goethe as with other great poets in other things also. Compare him with Dante, of whom it can be said: "It is for his power of inspiring and sustaining, it is because they find in him a spur to noble aims, a secure refuge in that defeat which the present always seems, that they prize Dante who know and love him best. He is not merely a great poet, but an influence, part of the soul's resources in time of trouble. From him she learns that 'married to the truth she is a mistress, but otherwise a slave shut out of all liberty.'" Compare him with Milton, who, when he was called upon to write a defense of the people of England, and was told that total blindness would be the result of literary work, said: "I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes." And again, three years after, when the result foretold had come to pass, he could say:

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide."

Compare the Goethe of twenty-three with the Milton of the same age. Can we imagine the former, full of his Werther, taken up with his questionable associations with Frederika and Charlotte, saying as Milton—

"Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th,
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task Master's eye."

Or how does he come up to the standard which Milton set up for himself: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be prostrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have

in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy?" Compare him with Wordsworth, to whose nobleness and purity Tennyson refers when he says, addressing the Queen:

"Your royal grace allows
This lanrel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

What does he imagine a poet should be? Hear what he writes when assailed by as bitter criticism as ever poet received: "At present let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what is their destiny?—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous;—this is their office, which, I trust, they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves."

How different are all these aspirations from the calm development of self which was Goethe's care! How sad to see so great a mind almost ignoring the spiritual in man's nature, and failing to recognize

"That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
And never can be sundered without tears!"

How melancholy to hear him say of immortality, "Such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts, if made the theme of daily meditation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon. All this fuss about such points is for people of rank, and especially women who have nothing to do. But *an able man*, who has something to do here, and must toil and strive day by day to accomplish it, leaves the future world till it comes, and contents himself with being active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have small success here below."

Can we accept such a man as our teacher, our master? The true office of a poet is so well described by an able writer, that I cannot forbear adding still another quotation: "Dirt, squalor, disease, vice, and hard-heartedness are not natural to any grade of life; when they are found they are man's work, not God's; and the poet's business is not with the misery of man's making, but with the escape from that misery revealed to those that have eyes to see, and ears to hear,—we mean that no true poet will be merely a painter of that which is low, deformed, essentially inhuman as his

ultimate and highest aim; though, as means, he may, as the greatest poets have done, used them to move and rouse the sleeping soul. . . . And all this which he (Wordsworth) taught in his writings, he taught equally by his life. And, furthermore, he manifested a deep sense of the sacredness of the gift of genius, and refused to barter its free exercise for aught that the world could hold out to him, either to terrify or to seduce; and he lived to prove, not only that the free exercise of poetic genius is its own exceeding great reward, bringing a rich harvest of joy and peace, and the sweet consciousness of duty well discharged, and God's work done, but what was quite as much needed in our time, he showed that for the support and nourishment of poetic inspiration, no stimulants of social vanity, vicious sensuality, or extravagant excitement were requisite, and that it could flourish in the highest vigor on the simple influence of external nature, and the active exercise of the family affections." (Geo. Brimley.)

"To the pure all things are pure," it may be said; but that saying does not apply to those who knowingly and willingly place themselves where impurity abounds; and we will venture to say that no one can rise from the perusal of Goethe's works, at least of many of them, a better or a purer man. To the nobler aspirations of our nature he offers no adequate ideal; he teaches not that self-denial for love's sake, the highest man can have, and he leaves us with no sustaining hope or unfaltering trust for the future.

Four names always present themselves in thinking of Germany's great men,—Luther, Goethe, Niebuhr, Bunsen. We of the present age can appreciate in part only what it was for Luther, with the fate of Huss before him, to stand up before that assembly at Worms, and say, "My conscience is submissive to the word of God; therefore I may not and will not recant, because to act against conscience is unholy and unsafe. So help me God! Amen." It is the fashion to run down Luther and to exalt Goethe. But, to our mind, taken with all his faults, there is no nobler figure in all German history than Luther; few, if any, in the history of any land. There are few purer or more devoted lives in any age or in any nation than the lives of Niebuhr and Bunsen. But he, of the four, on whom was bestowed the richest dowry of talent, of genius, of far-reaching abilities, forgetting Him from whom he had received all, and looking only on himself, trusting only in himself, sacrificing whatever stood in his way without compunction, stands far beneath the other three in all that goes to make up an ideal and noble man.

L.

THE PRIZE CONTEST.

The contest for the prize offered by the Alumni Association for excellence in composition and oratory was held in Alumni Hall at 7.30 P.M. on April 28. In 1878 and 1879 there were only three contestants, and it was for some time feared that the number would be quite small this year; but at the appointed time three Seniors and three Juniors presented themselves promptly.

E. O. Kennard, of Indiana, spoke first, on "Democracy or Oligarchy?" He was earnest, and intent upon impressing the audience with his idea. When Lincoln said "A government for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth," we would believe he was imbued with a truly prophetic spirit; but if we consider our present political status, we shall find that, while the form remains, the spirit of free government has flown. Parties exercise an imperious authority over the people; and a few men direct the party, as instanced in Cornell's election. Jackson's doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils," is too prevalent at the present time. The removal and appointment of officials to promote party interests are the bane of our government. Remove the cause of factions, make honest work profitable, and reform will become a reality.

C. E. Gause, of New Jersey, followed with "Young America in Politics." He spoke of the similarity of Columbus's approach to America to the young man's approach to the stage of manhood, and then of the sudden rise and present position of America in the politics of the world. Her growth was unparalleled in history, but now her politics are corrupted. Good men abstain from office, and we suffer the machinations of designing men. Ease, flattery and prudence cry, "Go not in that way." And only reason, patriotism and philanthropy can point us to the brighter side. But the many departments of this extensive government, and the many and great questions which must soon be handled, call for the noblest talents and the broadest minds. Honor to him who pushes on the heavenly cause of peace, and he shall find his reward in the prospect of that age to whose happiness he will have been a contributor. The speaker's manner was easy, his voice good, and gestures mostly appropriate.

The third speaker was A. P. Corbit, of Delaware; subject, "The Irish." His delivery was generally good, and his oration possessed the rare quality of being both brief and well composed. That the Irish question has for centuries been a most important one to the English legislator, that so many of Ireland's sons are American citizens, and that her present unhappy condition is largely

attributed to her own people, all conspire to make the study of the Irish one of great interest. Though other causes may have contributed to her suffering, the peculiar temperament of her people is largely responsible for it. Their greatest virtues, generosity and good-fellowship, are inconsistent with advancement. But as soldiers they have made a brilliant record before the world, and in his own country alone have the Irishman's arms not been attended with success. We need not prohibit them from coming, but by Yankee pluck and shrewdness we may make them one of the most honored peoples of the world.

William Bishop, of New Jersey, next considered "The Meaning of the Recent Victory in England." The composition of his oration was good for an essay, but hardly animated enough for this occasion. On the eighth of third month last, Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote startled Europe by announcing the speedy dissolution of the English Parliament. Four weeks ago last night it met again, but its composition is very different. Englishmen were tired of a ministry devoting its time to interfering with other powers; and the change denotes that henceforth England will look more to home interests; will try to make it more practicable for Irish farmers to purchase homes; and probably to dis-establish the English Church; will end foreign wars as soon as possible, and govern India for India's sake.

The fifth speaker was I. T. Johnson, of Ohio; subject, "The Laying of the Corner-stone." His manner was earnest, and his voice generally clear. In erecting any great structure we lay a corner-stone to show to future generations the object of the builders and the general character of the age. How imposing the ceremonies! the sweet anthems of joy, and the invocations to Almighty God! But how much grander the scene when it is at the founding of a great State! In this restless age we are inclined to reflect too little upon the self-sacrificing efforts of those who founded our government. But the memories of the brave and honored actors of that scene are our treasures, which shall be preserved for time and eternity to behold.

D. H. Forsythe, of Pennsylvania, closed the contest with "The Orators of the Revolution." The speaker's voice was clear, and his sentences well constructed. The forum has witnessed greater revolutions than were ever fought on the battle-field. Greece owed her liberty to Demosthenes; Rome, to Cicero; and Puritan England to Pym and Hampden more than to their marshalled hosts. All honor to the Massachusetts statesman

who, in our struggle for freedom, sat in ninety committees, and was chairman of twenty-five; and to the orator-general who fell at Bunker Hill! But Lee and Henry, Virginians both, were *the* orators of the Revolution. Then that noble State sent her sons promptly to duty. But where are they now? Virginia has fallen! Yet from the scenes of her former grandeur may spring another race to become as beacons to after ages.

The committee, in disappointment to the expectations of the audience, reserved their decision for the time being, but rendered it through the Prefect, on June 2, awarding the medal, valued at fifty dollars (or a medal valued at twenty dollars, and thirty dollars' worth of books), to C. E. Gause, and making honorable mention of I. T. Johnson. They also encouraged the undergraduates to strive for excellence in oratory,—a suggestion which we think timely and practicable. The decision met with general satisfaction, and was in accordance with the expectation of most of those who heard the speaking.

LOGANIAN.

June 28, as usual, the Loganian held its usual meeting. The retiring president, Dr. Mendenhall, made a few remarks, and introduced Professor Pliny E. Chase, the president for the coming year, who then made an address on the "Relations of Faith and Science." His statement of this somewhat deep subject was such as to make close attention the only requisite to a correct understanding of it. In the course of his address he showed that the only positive knowledge we possess is founded upon those axioms which are admitted as self-evident, and that to doubt these was to at once cast one's self loose from all former ties, and start on a course where there was nothing on which the wanderer might lay hold and say he was safe.

His address was followed by an oration delivered by Townsend Rushmore, on the "Influence of the Norman Conquest on English Literature." The oration was well written, and delivered in a rather recitative style, which suited this descriptive better than a more argumentative piece. His composition was good, and he produced a very good effect. R. B. Hazard was the next speaker, his subject being, "Civil Service, Past and Present." A review of the first half-dozen administrations formed the first part of his address, in which he claimed that removal from office for party reasons "was rarely practiced, never openly avowed." He then passed on to the conduct of the more recent presidents, and made a comparison, not so much to the advantage of the latter. Walter Brinton fol-

lowed, having chosen "Truth in History" for his subject. The older historians, he affirmed, had very limited resources from which to draw their information, and consequently dwelt more on the diplomatic and warlike events than the domestic and more interesting ones, but that now the sources from which information can be drawn are so numerous, especially the newspapers, by a perusal of which the historian may get a detailed and comprehensive view of any event he may wish to record,—considering these facts we may, he thought, hope for more truth in the history of the future.

"Cowper's Influence on English Society" was next brought before the audience, by D. H. Forsythe. He claimed that Cowper had been slighted in the honor due him as influencing the higher circles of England for good as no other person could at that time have done. J. P. Edwards now spoke on "Illiteracy and the State." He compared the rights claimed and exercised by the state in other things with those it wished to exercise in the case of education, showing that these last were much more reasonable and not such seeming violations of republican principles as those prerogatives the right to exercise which is conceded by all. The speaker's delivery, as usual, was good and impressive, but showed some lack of preparation. William E. Page who had prepared an oration on "The Pardoning Power," was unable to deliver it on account of sickness.

The President then announced that honorary certificates had been granted to J. P. Edwards, W. F. Perry, A. P. Corbit, S. Mason, Jr., C. F. Brede, William Bishop, Joseph Rhoads, Jr., C. E. Gause, Jr., E. M. Jones, C. E. Cox, C. W. Townsend, W. H. Robinson and J. L. Phillips. Those persons who were present of the above list came forward, and were presented with their certificates. The meeting was then declared adjourned, and the audience dispersed, to be met by the usual solemn music and shadowy forms of the *Paley* procession, with which the Sophomores are wont to express their joy at the successful completion of their year's tasks. The procession passed along in front of Barclay Hall, and on up to the grave, which was placed by the board-walk toward the meeting-house. On the way colored lights were burned, which, with the torches, furnished the numerous spectators with sufficient light for their way. Upon reaching the grave, the fantastic figures arranged themselves in a semi-circle, with the priests and their especial escort facing them. A hymn was sung, and the bishop read a very learned and well-composed Greek prayer; another song, and a Latin invocation, then with many groans and a very considerable quantity of huge sighs the remains of their

dear friend were committed to the flames, which were somewhat accelerated by a liberal application of alcohol. Then, as that imprisoned spirit became loosed from its earthly bonds, a fiery path was made on which majestically it rose through the heavens, giving as one last token to its sorrowing friends a shower of stars as it finally departed.

The mourners gave vent to their feelings in a solemn dirge, while some of the ashes having been collected in an urn prepared for the purpose, the remainder were committed to the cold, silent grave as the minister remarked who now came forward to add a few remarks expressing the appreciation of the class of the loss they had experienced. He reviewed the life of the illustrious hero, how he always grappled with the most intricate problems and without any apparent effort made them his own; he even ventured into original investigation, and, thinking the present modes of dealing with electricity not practical enough, he by the great power of his will drew from an approaching thunder-cloud the requisite amount of that substance, and threw an empty water-bucket over it, there to keep it for future use. The urn was then passed around, that the liberally minded might contribute toward that sum which is necessary for the propitiation of the relentless Charon who treats the souls of good and bad alike. The coffin was lowered to its last resting-place, and with a final hymn the sorrowful mourners took up their homeward march.

My neighbor has a pet,
And I have none,
So thus to his,
Just for fun:

"O bird of 'Price,' with bounded flight,
Caught by his intriguing might,
Imp of mirth and joy's delight,—
Thou emblem of intelligence;

"Whither went'st thou, crouching low,
Fluttering, moaning, wh-whirr-ing woe;
What soughtest thou in that corner, oh,
Example of all impudence?

"Tell me, owl, what dost thou here
Among those who thy masters are,
Treated with a playful air,
Dread messenger of accidents?

"Dost thou pull his hair and croak,
Sit on his shoulder, claw his coat,
Rub his beard and stroke his throat,
O victim of mischance?

"Dost thou all his secrets hear,
Help to while away his care,
And all his frowns and frets to bear,
Angel of sweet confidence?"

Not a word would Nick reply,
But with a true sarcastic eye,
Turning round with look awry,
He muttered "Nonsense."

LOCALS.

Did you pass?

Are you a Reb. or a Dem.?

We wish you a happy vacation.

Are you coming back next year?

Song of '80,—“There is rest for the weary.”

Talk is cheap, is it? Just hire a lawyer once.

Who is president of the “Mumble Peg” Club?

Come to the Educational Conference of the 6th.

Ask all your friends during the summer to subscribe for The Haverfordian.

On the 2d ult., Professor R. B. Warder was elected president, and J. W. Tyson, Jr., secretary, of the Hammer Club.

W. E. Page from the Athenæum Society, and Walter Brinton from the Everett, have been elected editors of The Haverfordian for next year.

The cricket field has been an afternoon resort of unusual interest this season, as the reports in our columns will give some idea. The ground is in good condition, and the two elevens compare well with their predecessors.

The game of chess, begun between the clubs of Haverford and Columbia, was suspended on the 15th of May, in consequence of Columbia's college term closing so early, but it will be resumed again at the beginning of next year.

Sporting among the Freshmen seemed to be making a new departure when, on the 16th ult., it resulted in a tub-race, in which C. H. Whitney was the successful candidate for the second prize. The prizes were provided by the young ladies of the vicinity.

That Junior was a little ahead of time when, in the French recitation, reading the story of a donkey, he translated *Il a les yeux bons, l'odorat admirable, l'oreille excellente*, “He has beautiful eyes, an admirable smell, and an excellent sound.” But he didn't blush much!

At an adjourned meeting for the election of officers of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the 14th May, J. C. Winston was chosen president; G. A. Barton, vice-president; J. H. Moore, corresponding secretary; J. H. Morgan, recording secretary; and F. B. Stuart, treasurer. Reports of the retiring board showed an encouraging condition of the Association, and its permanence is pretty well secured.

We are glad to see so many of the friends of the College selecting this vicinity for their summer houses. It is but another evidence of the healthfulness and desirableness of this section for such a retreat, which are also commending it to so many others. The number of elegant dwellings and valuable residences now in process of completion, will add greatly to the wealth and attractiveness of the community. The number of Friends and others who have come, is perhaps larger than any preceding season.

It is rumored that the managers are considering the propriety of changing the vacations so as to give us three weeks during the year instead of four,—of closing the year a week earlier and beginning a week later in autumn. Such, if carried, we feel sure

would be gratifying to most all of the students. These warm days of June almost enervate one's intellectual faculties, and make study a burden. Also the short vacations, if made shorter, would answer sufficiently well the same purpose as at present. We hope the act may pass.

The wisdom of the Loganian's action a year ago, in presenting its collection of rare specimens, historical and scientific, to the College, is no longer doubted. Many of them are relics of the early history of our government, and are both valuable and curious; but, situated as they were in the old collection room, they were not easily accessible, and few of them were ever examined at all. Recently the cases have been lowered, newly painted, and placed in the hall by the door of the museum, and the specimens labeled “Presented by the Loganian Society.” The light is good, and they are very convenient for our visitors at Commencement. Those figures of Italian peasantry are quite unique.

At the meeting for election of officers of Loganian Society, on the 14th ult., the balloting resulted as follows:

President,	Professor P. E. Chase.
Vice-President,	J. C. Winston.
President of the Council,	D. H. Forsythe.
Secretary,	Townsend Ruthmore.
Treasurer,	Isaac Sutton.
Librarian,	W. R. Jones.
Curator,	A. L. Smith.
Business Manager of Haverfordian,	W. A. Blair.
Editor of Haverfordian,	J. H. Moore.
Editors Collegian,	Dr. Nereus Mendenhall,
	R. B. Hazard,
	I. T. Johnson,
	W. E. Page,
	Walter Brinton.

A recent inquiry concerning the libraries revealed the following figures: Athenæum has added 60 volumes during the year, and takes in 2 magazines; whole number of volumes, 630. Everett has added 79 during the year, among which are included the series of English Men of Letters, New Plutarch, and American authors as far as published, takes in 2 magazines and the Art Journal; 929 volumes in all. The Loganian has added 17, but these were mostly large books; it takes in 4 magazines, and has in the whole collection 2,382 volumes. The rule which the Society adopted, requiring all books taken out to be registered, has proved its propriety in the much smaller number lost than last year. The College Library has added 400 volumes during the year, including bound periodicals, of which 65 were presented, and 30 were bound; it takes in 41 magazines and periodicals; whole number, 8,360. Considering the short time which the Library has been established, and the small resources from which it draws, we think a growth of 556 volumes for the past year is encouraging. It is not large, and is not intended to compare in numbers with those of larger institutions. The managers intend it to be a select library, and so far they have succeeded commendably. There are few libraries that contain a better selection of works on the same number of subjects than this; and feel, too, like congratulating ourselves on the convenient arrangement. It takes but a short time for one to become so well acquainted with the whole, that he may find almost any volume, under the name of either the book or the author, within two minutes. We hope every member of the college, during the coming year, may feel an interest in improving the collection in both number and quality.

PERSONAL.

'81.—Shipley is going to study conveyancing.

'81.—Ex-business-Manager Hadley recently took a temporary position as managing editor of the *Topeka Capital*.

'80.—Mahlon Hill visited the college at Commencement.

'80.—Charles F. Brede goes as a teacher to Whittier College, Iowa, where he graduated before he came here.

'80.—Alexander P. Corbit is to be a gentleman farmer down in the Peach State.

'80.—Charles E. Cox goes west after the Educational Convention.

'80.—Josiah P. Edwards will enter next fall on the duties of Principal of Bloomingdale Academy, Indiana.

'80.—Charles E. Gause, Jr., has no prospects.

'80.—Edward M. Jones expects to spend the summer in the country, in Maryland.

'80.—James L. Lynch returns to his native State, Missouri, where he—expects to stay.

'80.—Samuel Mason, Jr., will seek recreation for the summer in cricket and other delightful sports.

'80.—William F. Perry will summer at Lake Mohonk.

'80.—J. M. Whittall and F. H. Cope, who left us last year, sailed for Europe on the 26th ult.

'79.—We were pleased to meet Edward Gibbons on the campus at Commencement. He has not forsaken the cricket field yet.

'79.—Beasley was recently on the plains of Colorado contemplating going west.

'78.—Stokes gave us a call at Commencement, and will return to Johns Hopkins next year.

'77.—William Smith, recently married to Miss Virginia Pond, daughter of Senator Pond, of Ohio, visited the College on the 26th ult., accompanied by his bride.

'75.—Professor Tebbetts, of Penn College, Iowa, attended Commencement. He has a kind word for the *Haverfordian*.

'75.—J. F. Davis, at last accounts, was travelling in Europe.

'70.—Benjamin Shoemaker and Howard Comfort have been elected to fill vacancies in the Board of Managers, occasioned by the deaths of Dr. Taylor and William Rhoads.

'69.—Henry Wood recently received the degree of Ph. D. of the University of History and English Literature, Leipsic.

'67.—Robert H. Chase, M. D., of the government hospital at Washington, has received the honorable appointment of Physician-in-chief to the new State Hospital for the Insane, at Norristown, Pa.

'53.—Wilbur will seek recreation for the summer in Europe.

'53.—Professor Morgan, of Penn College, Iowa, spent several days on a visit to his son, Commencement week.

'51.—Philip C. Garrett was the alumni orator on the 29th ult.

Dr. Henry Hartshorne was the poet at the alumni meeting.

Just as we are going to press we learn of the death of George R. Vail, who left the class of '81 last winter and went to the Pacific slope. His class, and those with whom he associated here, deeply mourn his loss. We regret that want of time forbids our giving a longer notice.

'80.—William Bishop will spend another year at Haverford, as Observatory Assistant to Professor Sharpless.

At Wabash College the whole Senior Class appear at Commencement; at Oberlin the entire Class appear, and the orations are limited to five minutes; Johns Hopkins and Ann Arbor have no Commencement oratory; at Pennsylvania College the ten Juniors highest in rank speak at Junior examination, and the whole Class appear at Commencement; at Bowdoin the first eight in general scholarship and the first two in English composition appear at Commencement, and twelve Juniors, chosen by the Class, speak at Junior examination; at Yale ten men are chosen, according to the excellence of their orations, from those who rank above 2.80 on a score of 4 in general scholarship, for Junior examination, and for Commencement the rule is the same, except that the valedictory and salutatory are assigned to the first and second respectively; at Princeton, for Junior examination, four are chosen by each literary society, and these eight are again narrowed down to four, and for Commencement the first twenty are chosen, the first receiving the salutatory, and the valedictorian being chosen from the first six on his merits as a speaker; at Columbia, the first three men in the Class are chosen by the Faculty for Commencement, and the valedictorian is chosen by the Class from the "Honor-men;" at Haverford the first ten of those who wish to speak appear at Junior examination and at Commencement, the valedictorian being the first in rank.

EXCHANGES.

Once more and for the last time have we taken our visitors up in review, and—shall we say it?—been disappointed. At this season when the Senior is making his final bow, and the various last examinations and exercises are taking place, it is most natural that the representative college papers should be filled, as ours will be, with matters of local interest. These matters are undoubtedly just the things with which to please those who support each paper, the old students, and those who are personally acquainted with the College. But they are totally without interest to the exchange editor of a distant institution, and hence the above confession of disappointment. The *Harvard Advocate*, from its more exclusive character, is perhaps the most like its natural self. It has not forgotten its little light pieces, and in the sporting items which it records the stranger takes more interest than he is accustomed to in the athletics of the lesser lights. The *Hobart Herald* has decided to reduce its size, and we think has improved its appearance thereby; the story it brings out relating the adventures of a certain wandering mouse, however, is an improvement which we are not able to express ourselves so favorably on. Such a story, if an imitation of some of Hans Christian Andersen's, has to be remarkably fine indeed to arouse much feeling, even when some brilliant thought is apparent. But when there is no point visible in the way of inculcating a moral lesson which the uniqueness of the scene renders

the more striking, and it is not funny, we are left to wonder which were the most to blame for this infliction, the editors who put it in, or the man who wrote it. As for the editors, we will excuse them, for the article may have just filled the printer's call for "copy;" but the author—well, we will excuse him too; for evidently he had no evil intentions, and it would be a shame to discourage so amiable an individual.

We must also exclude the *Illini* from the sweeping assertion made about the unnaturalness of our exchanges. On taking up this journal we found the same blue cover as ever, the same crisp paper on the inside, which will curl up under your finger in spite of all efforts to prevent it, and we do not find any space devoted to the final exertions of the students of the I. I. U. If the editorial complaining of the necessity of examinations and the farewell poem to '80 were omitted, no one would imagine this was nearly the last number of the year. The article relating to Roman Catholicism has many good ideas in it, and very aptly answers those croakers who are always predicting a usurpation of the government by them as a danger of the immediate future.

The *Tuftsian* sends its final number. It starts off well with a poem, which has quite a musical ring to it. We do not usually do more than go through the title and first few lines of the poem each periodical presents; but this one ran along so smoothly, and had such a degree of metrical excellence, that we dwelt upon it some time. But on proceeding farther we found the usual list of articles of the class above alluded to, and with nothing sufficiently general enough to excite interest or criticism.

We turn to the *Philosophian Review*. Surely, with such a name, something should be found worthy within. Here, also, is a poem of at least average value; yes, we will even go so far as to say it is more, and an absolute credit to the magazine. Then the piece on "First Principles" is a well-written one, and contains many thoughts of more than passing interest. Taken as a whole, this number is a good one, and quite an improvement on the former ones we have received.

CRICKET.

The University of Pennsylvania have not, for the past year or so, been able, in their matches with us, to get together their strongest team. On May 22, however, they succeeded in bringing out all their best men. The University won the toss, and sent Montgomery and Johnson to the bat. Shipley after a time bowled Johnson for 4. J. B. Thayer took his place, and, after making 2, drove

at a yorker from the same bowler and retired. J. S. Clark, who followed, tried to cut one off Jones, and was caught at cover point for 0; and G. Murphy having scored 2, was nicely bowled by Jones. G. Thayer then joined Montgomery, who had been playing steadily from the first, and the two showed some very sharp running for a time, which ended in Montgomery being run out; he had made 14. G. Thayer was bowled by Winslow for 18, having done by far the best batting on his side. With the exception of Tilghman's 9, the remainder of the side were easily disposed of, the inning closing for 61, of which too many (9) were extras.

Carey and Hartshorne opened for Haverford, J. Thayer and Clark bowling. Hartshorne was soon bowled by Clark for 4. A. P. Corbit out l. b. w. off Thayer for 0, and Jones the same from Clark for 3. Mason followed, and after getting a 6 and a 4 off Clark, was bowled by Thayer. Shoemaker took his place and put 8 together very prettily, when he was bowled by Montgomery, who succeeded Thayer at the lower wicket. Shipley made nothing; and Thomas, attempting to drive Clark, was nicely caught by Jamison at drive. Carey, who from the first had played in very good style, was here caught at point by Montgomery; his score of 34 being the largest on either side. D. Corbit and Price, the last batsmen, Winslow having been run out, ran the score up from 68 to 91, the former getting 10, the latter 13 and not out. Total, 91.

In the second innings, the University sent J. Thayer and Clark first to the bat. Shipley, after puzzling the former for several balls, bowled him clean in the first over. Adamson played steadily for 7, and Clark hit around nicely for 18, while G. Thayer's 22 gave him "cock score" again in this inning. Cowperthwaite also played quite well and scored 11, the last wicket falling for 76, leaving Haverford 47 to make to beat, which they succeeded in doing with the loss of three wickets. Price 11, A. P. Corbit 10, Shoemaker 1, Mason and Jones not out,—the former 15, the latter 3,—and 7 extras making the required amount.

Our match with the Germantown came off as per schedule. The visitors took the bat, sending Cupitt and Wister to face the bowling of Shipley and Winslow. Wister was bowled by Shipley for 1, Brown took his place and by careful play got 16, Cupitt being bowled by Winslow after quite a protracted stay in which he got 6. W. Morgan, Jr., got 8, and was bowled by Shipley. W. Haines, the next batsman, hit out freely in his usual style, and scored 16 before he was caught by Chase at long on; he was missed by A. Corbit at drive, when he

had 9. Worrall got 3. Perot and W. Morgan, 3d, both failed to score. After McKean had been disposed of for 1, S. Welsh, Jr., and A. Cope pushed the score up from 58 to 77, the innings closing for that total.

A. Carey and Hartshorne were the Dorian's first batsmen; the latter, however, was run out before he had time to score, and A. Corbit supplied the vacancy. The bowling was straight and the runs came but slowly. Carey playing steadily and taking advantage of all chances to add to his score. The second wicket fell for 57, Corbit being caught by Cope, off Perot, having scored 16. Chase got 9, Mason 8. From the fifth to the ninth the wickets fell fast; Carey, after making 44 in beautiful style, was caught at point. D. Corbit bowled for 5, Price 4, Thomas 1, Shipley 0.

At the last wicket, however, Winslow and Mott made a stand and added 22 to the score; Winslow making a fine drive for 6 and another for 4. The total at the finish was 119.

In their second innings the Germantown made 76, Brown and Haines getting 16 each, as in the first innings; W. Morgan 14. It being near the time agreed upon for stopping, the Dorian did not take their turn at the bat; and the match was decided on the first innings, leaving the Dorian victors, 119 to 77.

On June 5 a two-innings match was played between the second eleven of the Dorian and the first eleven of the Oxford, which resulted in a victory for the Dorian by a score of 96 to 87. Previously during the present season the Oxford eleven had stood well in contests with the leading clubs of the city, so that a close match was expected, and in some quarters even the friends of the Dorian despaired of its being successful.

Winston and Tyson first went to the bat and faced the bowling of Green and McNutt. Tyson was soon disposed of, but Winston, making good use of the large number of leg balls from Green, began to score in earnest. Shoemaker took Tyson's place and was bowled by Green for 3. Jay, Mott, and Coffin followed in quick succession without scoring. Winston meantime having made 26, which proved to be the score of the day, was bowled by McNutt. Page and Rhodes followed; the former having made 7 was caught in the slips, and the wickets of the latter having fallen for nothing, together with those of Blair and Randolph, and Craig being left not out, the innings of the Dorian was finished with a total of 41.

The Oxford eleven were soon disposed of for 32, seven of their men being caught out. No one made double figures, Rowland's 9 being the largest score of the innings.

The Oxford having again taken the field, Craig and Shoemaker went to the bat for the Dorian; having made 1 and 2 respectively, they retired in favor of Winston and Tyson, who were soon out for 0. Jay, Mott, and Coffin made respectively 2, 10, and 8. Page and Rhodes followed; Rhodes made 5 when he was bowled by Green. Blair went in, made 1, and gave place to Randolph, who, together with Page, raised the score to 55. Randolph was finally caught by Reach for 8, and Page carried his bat for 10. The Oxford men went to the bat determined to do their best to make the 65 runs which stood between them and victory. The first seven made scores ranging from 3 to 6, and the eighth wicket fell for 41. Hawley and Corsen began to do good work, but the latter was caught out, leaving 45 at the fall of the ninth wicket. Reade went to the bat. There were yet 20 to make, and the Dorian was confident of success. The two batsmen, however, quickly raised the score to 55. A change in the bowling was productive of good results, and Reade was caught by Page, leaving the Oxford nine runs behind the Dorian. The strangers did too much "swiping" for pretty cricket, and the home club followed the bad example of their opponents more than was to their advantage.

The second eleven match with the Merion, on June 12, resulted in a draw—the Merion having 8 wickets down for 68, when the rain came on, which definitely put an end to the game. Watts's 23 and H. Smith's 10 were the only double figures.

The last match on the college grounds was played with the Chestnut Hill on the 19th. The visitors took the bat, and, with Murphy and Butcher, made quite a stand, both playing very steadily. After getting 15, Murphy was run out. Groome, who succeeded him, kept up the steady play, so that the second wicket fell for 46 when Butcher was caught on a fluke to square leg. Pierson came next; he played very prettily, making 26, and was nicely caught at the wicket by Mason. Biddle, who took his place, poked his first ball up to long on, where it was nicely held by Shoemaker, just before it reached the ground. Borie came in, made 8, and was caught at the wicket. Shober got 12, bowled Shipley. Cowperthwaite 1, c. and b. Jones. Ralston 2 and not out. T. C. Patterson and Farnum 0, the former being caught out magnificently by Price at point on a high cut. The innings ended for 116.

A. Corbit and Jones went to the bat from the Dorian, Borie and Patterson bowling. They succeeded in making 38 before they were parted, Corbit being run out for 17. Hartshorne followed, getting 10. Jones

having in the meanwhile been bowled for 23. This left Mason and Shoemaker at the bat. The latter, making 5, was soon disposed of, as was D. Corbit, the next batsman. Shipley joined Mason, and the two brought the score up from 71 to 125, Shipley getting 25 before he was bowled.

The bowling of the Chestnut Hill became very loose the latter part of the game, after it was won beyond all doubt, so that when time was called at six o'clock, the score stood 116 to 160 for 7 wickets; Mason getting 48 and not out.

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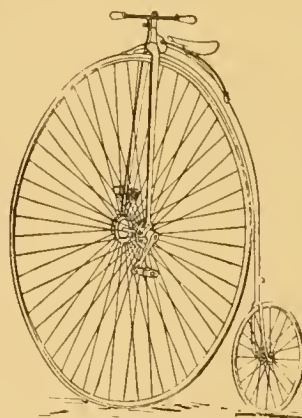
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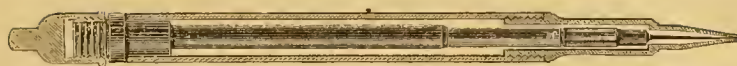
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 2.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 1.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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The harshest, kindest, and the least,
Will make its impress, deep and broad,
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And not one thought sweeps o'er the soul,
Though never by a word expressed,
But that some hovering spirit, round,
Transfers it to another's breast

And there, within its secret depths,
So surely, steadily, though so still—
It toils through many a weary hour,
And does its work for good or ill.

With this issue *The Haverfordian* enters upon its second volume, and under encouraging auspices. W. E. Page and Walter Brinton supply the vacancies in the staff occasioned by the departure of the Class of '80. The storms and tossings, the prejudices and discouragements, to which all new institutions are subject, have all been survived. No debt overshadows us. We trust that by observation and experience of the past year we have learned something of the sphere, the purpose, and the management of such a journal. The want of it has been felt, the value has been somewhat appreciated, the experiment has proved a success, and the publication of *The Haverfordian* has been incorporated as a permanent institution into the constitution of each of the societies, so that we now hope that the life of the paper will be commensurate with that of the college itself.

With this bow we enter the sanctum, with its responsibilities, its trials, and its pleasures. For our readers, we wish a year of cheer and pleasantness; and for Alma Mater, one of unequaled prosperity. It will be our purpose to give forth a medium as nearly representative of the life and thought at Haverford as possible; and to this end we invite the co-operation of every one who is, or has been, a member of the college. It is impossible for three men to thoroughly and substantially attain this; but to all we say, if you will lend us a liberal support in intellectual contributions, no effort on our part shall be spared.

In the editorial columns we propose to discuss, from time to time, such subjects, both of local and of general interest, as properly fall within our sphere. For the literary department we solicit contributions in the form of essays or of correspondence. All articles must be accompanied by the writer's name, but may be suppressed in publication, if he wishes. All matter that is not accepted will be promptly returned, and no further exposition made of it. The personal column, in which notices of the alumni and former students alone will be given, we should be glad to make such a medium that they would look to it for information concerning one another, and help us to make it attractive. The local department—sparkling, perhaps, now and then with pleasantry and happy cheer—will be as nearly up to the times, in chronicling all matters of news concerning the college and surroundings, as a monthly journal can. The various field sports and athletic exercises have ever formed one of the first attractions of Haverford, and any journal which proposes to represent our life here would be incomplete which did not devote space liberally to this department. Accordingly, it will be our purpose to give complete reports of all the matches in which the teams of any of our clubs are engaged, and to give such information and suggestions in regard to the various games as seem appropriate. In our exchange list, we shall review various of our contemporaries, exchanging an expression and offering such bits of criticism as seem justifiable.

With these aims we shall labor, and strive, through the favor of our friends, to send forth a journal of which Haverford may have no cause to feel ashamed.

While the students of Haverford, during the summer vacation, have been to a great extent unoccupied, or occupied only with self-imposed tasks, the students in the great school of politics have been unusually busy and active,—active, as the members of both parties claim, and that too, for the most part, from conviction, in promoting the general welfare of the country. Yet there is such a radical difference in the opinions, the principles, the policy, of the two parties, that, however disinterested may be their efforts, one must approach much nearer than the other the goal for which both are professedly striving. The administration of the national government in the hands of each would be attended with very different results. It is then the duty of those students who expect to vote this fall, as it is of all good citizens, to choose between these two parties; and as conscientious, patriotic young men they will, after careful consideration, choose according to the merits of each. They will not vote as their fathers voted merely for the sake of following their example, but will exercise an intelligent, independent choice. The records of each party are open before them; every deed, every important speech of the leaders, every decree that has gone forth through the instrumentality of either party, has been fully discussed, and that too with a candor which alone characterizes the partisan press. There is then no excuse for ignorance. Review the history of both parties, study carefully their leading principles, weigh the character and the abilities of the several candidates for office, and we prophesy that the students of Haverford who have votes to cast in the coming election, will not so far forget themselves and their duty as to cast those votes in the interest of that party the lessons of whose history point least to prosperity in the future.

The fact that four of our men during last year had to give up their college course because of the failure of their health is one of some significance, and should not be passed over too lightly. It is a matter, we believe, however, in which the institution is not so much at fault as the individuals themselves. Few colleges have a more healthful location or arrangements. Pure air, good water, an elevated position and excellent drainage, good ventilation, together with the many incentives to noble and manly sports, combine to render its sanitary conditions most complete. But all these advantages and attractions are but empty if the individual fails to improve them. We would not speak definitely as to the cases mentioned above, but there are two habits which cannot be too well

guarded against, because of the injury they often silently work,—neglect of exercise, and irregularity.

One who is absorbed in study, his constitution perhaps not very stout, the weather not altogether pleasant, and feeling somewhat languid, excuses himself with little exertion, and with less of *vigorous* action, soon finds his digestion is not good, and his cheeks are growing sallow, and complains that he knows not why it is, when a few manly games or a few miles' fatiguing yet buoyant walking, would revive his mental as well as his physical constitution. The body must have action and the mind recreating rest; and time thus appropriated is not lost.

Again, the same result is often sustained by simply neglecting to be regular and systematic in work. It is one thing that more often injures the health than neglect of exercise,—taking but little recreation and then rushing to the extreme of straining every muscle and nerve, then suddenly ceasing and resting while wet with perspiration. But if the time for all duties is rightly apportioned, as that of every student especially should be, the amount of work is seldom injurious. This is what gave so much strength to Franklin's mental constitution even after he had passed his eightieth year, and it is what sustains Dr. Pond as such a vigorous and active writer in his ninetieth year. A difficult lesson, making up an omitted recitation, or preparing for some other duty which seems to crowd upon him, is often inducing to trespass on one's sleeping hours or his time for recreation; but experience has shown that time thus spent is worse than lost.

We are glad to hear that we can enter on our list of exchanges *The Student*, a paper edited under the supervision of both Haverford and Westtown. As its name indicates, it is devoted exclusively to educational interests.

If we may judge from the prospectus that came to our hands a few weeks since, we can certainly look forward with pleasure to the perusal of its columns; and without any intention to criticise the able articles which will grace its pages, we would approve highly of some well-balanced Haverford student from time to time taking up some topic that admits of ventilation, and give scope to his feelings through the columns of *The Haverfordian*. A home study association has also been started under the immediate management of the editors of *The Student*, and we feel sure that the great need of such an institution among the individuals whom it will benefit will certainly warrant its success. The wide-spreading influence of this mode of study cannot fail to produce its effects upon the public

when the matter has become almost a national affair; it suits the condition of the business man, and is exactly adapted to the college student who has finished his academical career, and feels as if he was lacking in that information which a fixed course of reading would supply. Let every one who feels himself interested in the work, or knows of others that would be benefited by a winter's course in this direction, give a portion of his energies to forward the common weal.

It may appear almost absurd for an editor of *The Haverfordian* to say anything more upon the subject of contributions which come from sources outside the editorial corps. The subject has long been rejected as too hackneyed even for the local column.

But does it not seem strange that we should have to draw so extensively upon the resources of the two societies, which are at present the main stay of *Haverfordian*? Does it not bespeak a state of things which we would not wish our outside friends to hear?

The Haverfordian is now looked upon as a fixed institution, and yet how many of the students appreciate the fact sufficiently to lend a helping hand to forward its interests?

It is true we take no decided stand in politics, nor are we the first to chronicle the world movements which occupy so large a space in the press; yet we live in a little world of our own which offers as much room for the expansion of original thought as the great world itself. Literary ability can only be strengthened by literary practice, yet on all sides we see students who appear disappointed because they have not received those honors which can only be obtained by this kind of work.

But coupled with this idea there is another which may lead to conclusions as injurious as those of the opposite extreme. Let no one imagine that because he has an ambition to write, or because he possesses an adventurous literary tendency, that his articles will meet with universal acceptance. It makes little difference whether the article is written anonymously or not, as the chagrin of a failure will be very little lessened by thinking that your name is not before the public.

So far as we can ascertain, the majority of Haverfordians, both professors and students, were well pleased with the revised calendar. It promised a release from two weeks of labor in the hot weather, one week in September and one in June, at the beginning and end of

the college year. The stipulations that the two short vacations, at Christmas and in April, should consist of ten and eight days respectively, and that all holidays be abolished, was considered inconvenient, but acknowledged fair; the arrangement has its drawbacks for those who live at such distances that now it will not pay them to go home for the holidays, whereas they were accustomed to do so under the old calendar. Those who are obliged to pass their holidays in boarding-houses will rejoice in the change. Those who live within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles will, we think, be in no wise inconvenienced. So, all considered, we can thank the Faculty and Managers for the change.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

The following is founded on a late remark made by General Grant, "We must not be beaten now."

DEDICATED TO HAVERFORD GLEE CLUB.

Shall the judgment be repealed?
Has the compact signed and sealed
In the blood of battle-field
Been in vain?

By the scars our veterans wear,
By the banner's soil and tear,
By the tears that thousands share
For the slain,

Better to have lost the fight
Than to yield to vanquished spite
What is ours by right and might
Of the strong.

We have loosed the slave his chain,
Will we that achievement stain
By remanding him again
To the wrong?

"We must not be beaten now"
With the laurels on our brow,
Will we backward from the plow
Turn our gaze,

Till our fellow freeman, free
Cast his vote with you and me
Wheresoever we may be
All our days?

From the ground as crouching things,
Whipped and coward underlings,
To the height and pride of kings,
Let us mount.

When emancipation's bill
Shall its promises fulfill,
Black or white shall have his will
In the count.

Music in next issue.

TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOLARS

A gentleman of culture is most often known by a certain quiet, modest attitude, lack of egotism, and retired yet easy manners. Very frequently this reticence becomes actual in life as well as in behavior. The man with broad sympathies and practical aims becomes merged in the scholar. Losing all direct influence on the world, and

not feeling the world's influence on himself, he is apt to despise all that tends towards the useful in common life, and soar away into an exaltation and fascination in the realm of theory, relation and law. These scholarly dreamers are not without use in the world. They, to a certain extent, direct the thought of the future. They clear away obstacles which lie in the path of the next generation. They record and bring to the notice the valuable thought of the past. The world scarcely knows of their existence, except by their reputation for great erudition, but posterity will rise up and call them blessed. Their home is the old world. Their antipodes are the so-called practical men,—men who decide everything by a utilitarian standard,—who call for an education that will help them in business; who will ask, What good? when a new planet is discovered, the doctrine of the conservation of energy established, or the Egyptian hieroglyphics deciphered; who see no inherent nobility in knowledge, no pleasure in intellectual work, and feel no appreciation for scientific harmony and beauty. They live for the present, casting both past and future under their feet. Their ideal great men are the inventors. He who can invent a mowing-machine or a steamboat is surely a benefactor; how much greater than the pale-faced, harmless idiot, who loses sleep over a book on metaphysics, or reads the story which the trembling ray from Sirius tells of its composition, with eager eyes and apt attention. America is rightly charged with being the home of this interesting phenomenon. And yet it seems to me that, by a combination of these two types, America is producing a kind of men of which she may be proud. The culture of the old world is being joined to the practicalness of the new. The scholar is becoming a worker in an energetic community. Without losing aught of the enthusiasm which devotion to study begets, he adds to it the ability to impress himself on his neighbors.

His earnest appeals for reformation cannot go unheeded by the world; yet the pedant dare not impugn his thoroughness or scholarly attainments. He rises, but he does not rise alone. His work will stand the test of next generation, and the next generation, through his efforts, will be able to appreciate it and to advance upon it. We are more apt than formerly to find these practical scholars in the professional chairs of the universities and colleges of the country. Mere impractical men, of very great erudition, are not valued as formerly. If the institution is rich enough, it may afford a few as figure-heads, to lure the innocent youth, who know them by reputation, and who bethink themselves that it would be a most improving and fascinating occupation to sit at the feet of

these Gamaliels and learn wisdom. Nor is the uncultivated young man of first-class energy and tact, and second-class intellect, any more popular with the directors of the higher schools. The demand is for men, and the supply keeps pace with the demand—men of the highest talents, and at least promise of great attainments, who are yet willing to work with and for the students; who strive to appreciate their difficulties, and show them how to meet them; who are unsparing of care and pains, if thereby one single youth is pushed along in their field, and who give instruction a life and energy and activity which will produce fruits that will tell on the community. In the hot struggle for existence now going on between the multitude of colleges of this country, such qualities will inevitably make reputations for the institution, if not for the individual. The great law of Darwinism, the "Survival of the Fittest," will come to their aid, for where work is done there will be the greatest fitness to survive. And the men who produce this fitness will not long go without their reward at the hands of an appreciating public. They will come, they are coming, to the front rank of the educational and scholarly world; and while this is so, the corollary is inevitable that American scholars will sustain their reputation of producing the greatest good to the greatest number. JAMES.

THE CONFERENCE.

At this late date we may fairly presume that most, if not all, the readers of *The Haverfordian* are partly acquainted with the work done by the Educational Conference, held at Haverford in the seventh month, and may confine ourselves to the discussion of some of the questions naturally suggested, and to some extent answered by it.

What is the distinctive character of the work designed to be done by Friends? How shall it be done? What may be expected as its practical results?

It was realized that the Friends, as a society, in order to keep pace with other denominations, must systemize, unify and increase their work. In order to keep the rising generations under their care, schools must be provided, which will offer superior inducements. For two reasons, it is important that the children of Friends should be educated in schools under the management of their own church. First: As implied in the above question, the education imparted in Friends' schools has, or ought to have, a distinguishing characteristic—one that has always been peculiar to the society. The culture of the spiritual nature, as pre-eminent, along

with the intellectual as subordinate though highly important; the belief that these two should co-operate with and strengthen each other; the imparting of a faith which takes hold of the spirit of the gospel,—a faith which needs not the intervention or aid of the senses in order to partake of the body and life of Christ,—are especially characteristic of the true doctrine of Friends. Holding these tenets, to which many eminent divines of other denominations are coming, the society has a work before it. This work must be done, to a great extent, through its schools. The whole spirit of the Conference seemed to be that the work of the society was not the cultivation of the intellect alone, but the training of the young to noble manhood and womanhood which will fit them to work without shame in the field open before them; yet this spirit seemed not in the least to spring from denominational zeal or sectarianism, but from deep convictions of the righteousness of the cause.

Second: In proportion to the greatness of the work, our numbers are small. Hence the importance of making our schools such as shall both be within the reach of every member of the society, even the poorest, and be also attractive to others. Our numbers must be larger if we do the work we should. One reason why our membership does not increase faster is the idea prevalent among those unacquainted with the society, that it takes many things to constitute a Quaker which are, in fact, no part of Quakerism. A peculiar form of coat or hat constitutes no one a Quaker; neither does the use of "thee" and "thou." The platform of the church is wider than these non-essential forms; and on this wide platform should be thrown open the doors of school and church, that those who come in may not feel themselves necessarily restricted in the ordinary forms of society. We cannot add great numbers to our church while we are too exclusive.

How shall the work of education be facilitated? This question was not only thoroughly discussed, but steps were taken from which we may expect valuable results. To systemize and unify the work; to establish, from the primary department to the college, an unbroken chain of schools whose courses shall fit on to one another harmoniously; to bring it about that there shall be no Friends, schools isolated, and working on independent plans, but that all may work together toward the one great end of higher education, though a matter of growth,—is an end which the triple organization effected at the Conference seems well adapted to bring about. The great need, in order to effect this end, is money.

The majority of Friends are not rich, and many are not able even to send their children to schools where the cost of tuition and board is high. Endowments must be raised to meet these cases. This subject was discussed at length. Means, which we hope will be effective, were suggested, and practical measures taken to put them into operation. It is proposed to take yearly subscriptions of one dollar or more in sufficient numbers, if possible, to average one dollar for every member of the society. While it will be hard for some to pay even this small sum, a much larger amount will be easy for many. It is hoped that in this way at least fifty thousand dollars may be raised annually.

One great difficulty in the way of securing these subscriptions is the fact that there are hundreds, or even thousands, in the society, who are not awake. They consider education a "good thing," but are not aroused to the importance of this one great idea of united and systematic action. They need to hear what was said at the Conference. Since people can be quickened in no way so well as by the living voice, it would be profitable, doubtless, to hold frequent subordinate conferences in sections where there are Friends, in order to infuse into the ranks of the society the importance of carrying forward the proposed plans for facilitating the work of education. Many do not understand the objects of the Conference, and will not until they are reached by a direct personal appeal.

It is impossible to foretell the practical results which may follow from the Conference. We leave them to be realized as they may appear. But one result essential to the welfare of the church, and one that we hope may be realized, is that every member may have an opportunity to make himself a workman therein that "needeth not to be ashamed." I would be glad, further, to see Friends provide in one, at least, of their colleges, eclectic instruction for those who are called to the ministry, that they may be able to handle the word more skillfully. If not this, then it is so much the more incumbent to place the college course within the reach of as many as possible.

L. T. E.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE,
9 mo. 28, 1880.

POLITICAL.

It can hardly be expected at this late day of the canvass, with the orators of both sides exerting themselves to be as original as possible, by the aid of cramming from the official documents of the national committees, to say anything new on the subject of politics. But as the

editors of *The Haverfordian* are anxious for some one to make of himself a target for all the expectant combatants that are restrained from shooting into the air—lo, the victim is ready!

It seems rather difficult for any fair-minded Republican—which, by the way, is the Target's political faith—to conceive how any advantage would be gained to the cause of financial reform or to the cause of civil-service reform by the accession to power of the Democratic party. It has, of the two parties, most closely allied itself with inflation in the many forms it has assumed in the last ten years.

It has a large inflatory element in its ranks to-day, which must be satisfied.

It does not, in this canvass, make any promises whatever, as to the retention of good officers in the employ of the Government. Indeed, it probably knows that such a promise would be fatal to its success.

The only possible ground on which the Democratic party can appeal for the votes of intelligent and patriotic men, is, that it would pacify the South—make friendly relations between the combatants of the late war, and destroy the sectional feelings, which, inflamed by the unpatriotic utterance of Republican politicians of the North, are piling up against a day of trouble and retribution in the future. But will Democratic success be a good thing for the South?

Our answer is that it will not; that the solid South does not know its best interests, and is working against them. The Democrats have put up as candidate for President their strongest man—a man of high personal integrity and character—a Union General for whom all Northern Democrats will vote, and for whom, as a choice between two evils and a stepping-stone to power, all Southern Democrats will vote. If they elect him, it will require the same union to put him in power and secure the advantages of the conflict. All factions of the conquering power must be appeased. The negro intimidation and ballot-stuffing at the South must go on without check and without inquiry. The smouldering differences which are breaking out in Democratic ranks in Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee, must be quelled. Can any one conceive that the condonation of fraud, that the forced union of irreconcilable principle, that the sacrifice of beliefs on the altar of governmental power can be a good thing? that it will not rather perpetuate the present unhappy relations? that the negro will keep on protesting and migrating? that the hatred of the North to the South will grow and embitter with years? that each succeeding campaign will turn more and more on the ascendancy

of Rebel Brigadiers, and the fears that all the Southern leaders lost by war they gain by legislation at Washington? Truly it seems that unless the South wishes again to drift into war, or into a warlike peace, it is not wise to encourage the election of Hancock. But what of Republican success? This is a fair and open battle between the two parties. It is not like the Greeley campaign. The whole strength of both sides will be drawn out. If the Democrats are defeated, it is useless for them to try the fight again on the same issues. The Southerners will see it. The old Whigs and Democrats of the South, now held together by hope of success, will divide and ally themselves with their natural Northern allies. The negro vote will find in one of them a protector with ability and a motive to attend to its interests. The very results which President Hayes hoped to produce, and which he would have produced if he had been heartily supported by the united Republican party, must sooner or later come. It has come in some States, unless common report is sadly mistaken; a part, and a large part, of Virginia Democrats would have been glad to ally themselves, for a consideration which cannot now be given, with the Republican party. A Republican victory would hasten this.

The Target is not a political prophet, but he ventures to assert that within two years from Garfield's election we will see a reconstruction of political parties not based wholly on color or section lines; that the negro will be treated with comparative fairness; that less rancorous feelings will exist between the sections; that the country will settle down to the discussion of economic and social questions, and the days when the waving of the bloody shirt is profitable will come no more forever.

THE TARGET.

LOCALS.

It is a girl.

Do you flumigate?

Cricket is booming.

Subscribe for *The Haverfordian*.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

A new waiter to assist "Judge" and "Jim."

More apples and pears than for a number of years.

Jim, the carpenter, pumps electricity at Wanamaker's.

"*Elle demeurait en silence*." She demurred in silence.

W. C. Chase ('82) paid us a *short visit* on the 23d instant.

Back again! Welcome, '84.—Was your vacation long enough?

The football will soon make its appearance upon the campus.

Some of the students have been on the stump during the summer.

We are sorry to say that we have a professional *Gambier* in our midst.

How much easier do we find it to commend a good action than to imitate it!

Haverford has students from seventeen States in the Union, and one *extra*.

He commenced to say something about forty days, and the *tanning* business, but—

The Seniors will make a fine display at Commencement if there is not a *single* man left.

The word "love" in Indian is "Schemleudamourtchwager." Such an easy one to whisper, you know.

"What's the fare?" asked the Soph. as he left the third *stage* of discipline. "*Fare-well*," said the driver.

There was sense in the speech of the boy, who, you know, wouldn't work till he got the hang of his hoe.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, were not so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

Crosman ('82) has assumed the onerous situation of assistant business manager of *The Haverfordian*. Call and see him.

The spot on Jupiter is not so plain to the naked eye, after all, especially when it is ascertained that Jupiter is in another direction.

Have you a carpet on your room? If not, get one immediately; if you don't want it yourself, remember the fellow that rooms under you.

One student has yet a "fifteen puzzle." He intends to present it to the museum as a specimen of civilization in the nineteenth century.

The flock of turkeys which frequent the campus have a very devotional air; they are, no doubt thinking of the Thanksgiving massacre.

Collins ('81) is enjoying his wheel, and the graceful form of the *Bicyclist* as he shoots over the ears of his steed makes us wish we had one—they are so reliable.

Sutton ('81) takes unto himself a helpmate this summer, and will not return for some months. Johnson ('81) is absent, probably detained by similar circumstances—at least, *we*—

Just what the expediency is in keeping those patent fire-extinguishers stuck around in the corners we can't make out, as the present temperature of Barclay Hall suggests anything else but fire.

We think *The Haverfordian* is mistaken in one particular, namely, it states that the journal is the official organ of the students; would it not be better to say that it is the official organ of the three editors?

Out of the six thousand nebulae known, about a hundred and fifty have been examined with the spectroscope. One-fourth of these appear, from the lines observed, to be gaseous nebulae, generally with regular outlines.

A Senior writes to a friend of his Freshman year, as follows:

"We both were verdant as the blade
Of grass in summer weather,
But then I thought that we were made
To ripen off together."

The astronomy class has been pointing the tube towards the blue concave of the ethereal realms for some nights past, and it

is surprising how the records of scientific research are being enriched by the discovery of shooting-stars, comets, double stars, planets, sun-spots, and other worlds that waltz in space.

Through all the pestering scenes of life
Each brother has his special need,
Some need religion—some a wife—
A dog, or a velocipede—
And many on this earthly ball,
To keep them straight, should have them all.

The new bridge over the old railroad will be quite an attractive feature on our campus. The unsafe condition of the old one is ascribed to scientific causes. The strains of music which are so frequently heard from this direction have put the old timbers in vibration, keeping time to the tune of "John Brown," and other new songs, and, like the fiddler of old, the result would have been disastrous if timely prevention had not intervened.

Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," is to give us a lecture this winter; we cannot fail to appreciate the kindness of President Chase for inviting so distinguished an author to address us. Cricketers, be on the alert, and show your distinguished guest that the good old English game has found a firm footing in these classic shades, that the boy at Haverford is not behind the boy of Rugby when it comes to swinging the willow.

Since our departure last year, numerous changes have taken place in the Faculty corps. Dr. Mendenhall, our former Superintendent, and Professor R. B. Warder, Professor of Chemistry, have left the college. Professor P. E. Chase has been appointed to act as Superintendent for the college year; and Lyman B. Hall, Ph.D., a graduate of Amherst College and University of Göttingen, and late fellow of Johns Hopkins, will succeed R. B. Warder; Joseph Rhoads, A. B., ('80,) has been appointed Assistant Superintendent. William Bishop, B.D., ('80,) returns as Assistant Observer in Astronomy.

The formal opening of the college year, which took place on the evening of the 14th, could not fail to impress those in attendance with the importance of the work awaiting us in the coming year. The impulses which should actuate the college student, the high aims which he should have in view, the purposes for which he performs the various duties imposed upon him, were most aptly presented by President Chase. The sad death of our classmate, George R. Vail, was again brought before us by a letter written by his father. Those who have associated with him in the class-room or on the play-ground can fully realize the loss which his friends have sustained. The high aspirations that an active mind like his would cherish, the bright hopes of the opening future, the ties which a social disposition had woven in the hearts of his school-mates, have all been shattered, and we are led to see more plainly than ever that in "the midst of life we are in death."

OBITUARY.

On the very day that the Class of '80 finished their work at Haverford, received their diplomas, and sadly bade farewell to Alma Mater, their former classmate, Dr. C. W. Townsend, parted from all he held dear on earth, and entered gladly—as we hope—his eternal after-life. It is unnecessary to return to his personal history. He was a man of active mind and public spirit, and while here he took a lively interest in the social and religious affairs of the college. He was largely interested in starting *The Haverfordian*, and was the first one elected to the editorial staff as representative of the Loganian Society. He was prevented from entering on his senior year by sickness, which proved to be consumption, and finally terminated his life.

PERSONAL.

Information for this department earnestly solicited.

'36.—Joseph Watson is editor of *The Friend*, Philadelphia.

'39.—Dr. Nereus Mendenhall is civil engineering on the Yadkin Valley Railroad in North Carolina.

'62.—Henry T. Coates, of the firm of Porter & Coates, is doing an extensive book-publishing business in Philadelphia. He also partakes of the sweets of authorship.

'72.—R. T. Cadbury, we hear, has been elected Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Philadelphia.

'72.—F. B. Gummere, we understand, changed his quarters from Leipzig to the University of Strasburg before the close of the summer semester.

'75.—J. F. Davis returned from Europe in the latter part of August, and will pursue his studies at his home in North Carolina for the coming year.

'76.—F. G. Allison, our present assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University.

'78.—D. Smiley, of the Penn Charter School, visited the college on the 19th ult.

'78.—L. M. H. Renyolds resumes his position at the Select School in Philadelphia.

'78.—G. White has taken the position of principal of Belvidere Academy, N. C.

'78.—Henry Bailly took the degree of *Magister Artium* at Harvard last Commencement, and has accepted the position as classical teacher in the vicinity of the "Hub."

'78.—F. K. Carey has been admitted to the Baltimore Bar, and is making an excellent beginning of practice. Rumor also has it that he is assuming the chair of authorship.

'79.—W. C. Lowry is becoming the champion bowler on the first eleven of the Merion Cricket Club.

'80.—C. E. Ganse, Jr., is teaching in the Friends' School at Barnesville, Ohio.

'80.—W. F. Perry has gone as tutor in a private family to the lowlands of Virginia.

'80.—T. N. White has given up farming, and has begun studying medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

'81.—W. V. Marshburn is studying medicine at the Louisville (Ky.) Medical College.

T. W. Kimber ('76) and J. M. Whitall ('80) have returned from a summer in Europe. E. P. Allison ('74) and F. H. Cope ('80) together with other old Haverford men, are still abroad.

ELSEWHERE.

The Freshman class of Amherst numbers 75.

The Seminary of Kent's Hill opens with 180 students.

The Harvard Divinity School fund has reached the sum of \$113,700.

The University of Vermont is giving special attention just now to civil engineering.

Pennsylvania College has a Garfield club of sixty-two members, and a Hancock club of forty-seven.

It is said that only twenty men out of over one hundred applications for admission to the Freshman class of Columbia, got in without conditions.

The class of '60 of Harvard are putting a window in Memorial Hall to represent the "War Cry," and the class of '80 have voted \$2,000 for a similar purpose.

Brown University has recently received a bequest of \$25,000, to establish a new professorship of botany, from the late Stephen T. Olney. Still they come, slow but sure.

The University of Colorado is in excellent condition, and has a large Freshman class. The laboratory has recently been thoroughly fitted up, and the library is rapidly growing.

Muhlenburg College recently received \$20,000 from Moore and Keck, of Allentown, which has been appropriated to the endowment of the professorship of the Greek language and literature.

The Alumni of Syracuse University, at their last meeting adopted resolutions deprecating the abolition of orations at Commencement and Class Day exercises, and calling upon the undergraduates to restore them.

Wellesley College opened this year under the most favorable auspices, and bids fair to be the first female college in the United States. The Freshman class numbers 130, and 200 applicants were refused within sixty days previous to the opening.

Carleton College received an unforeseen blessing in the burning of its hall. It is now rejoicing in Willis Hall, an elegant structure just completed on the most improved plan and with ample accommodations. It opened on September 8th under the most promising auspices.

It is said that, by a unanimous vote, the trustees of Hanover College, the oldest in the State of Indiana, have decided to admit young ladies on the same terms as their brothers. The institution is under Presbyterian control, and is nearly the last of sixteen Protestant colleges of the State to accept coeducation.

The class of '80 of Northwestern University, at their final meeting before separating, passed a resolution that the oldest member of the class should be permanent president, and at his death the next oldest should be elected to that office; the youngest member should be secretary, to be succeeded at his death by the next youngest.

In Professor Himes' address before the undergraduates at the opening of the year, he was exhorting them not to yield to the gentler influences in social circles before they had completed their course, and said: "Our faculty records show that many a poor fellow has made again the choice of the shepherd of Mount Ida, and now, perhaps, regrets that he has lost the favor of the mightier goddesses by his indiscretion." Why should a professor wish to expose the doings of the *faculty* on such occasions?

Notwithstanding Princeton's serious misfortune last spring, she has opened this year with flattering prospects. No pains or money were spared in the efforts of the trustees to eradicate the evil during vacation; and although they feared a falling in numbers, there are about as many in attendance as last year. The boys will probably not have such an easy chance for passing examinations next summer.

EXCHANGE.

A new periodical styled *The Student* has made its way to the editors' table. Under "Editorial Remarks" we find the Prospectus and a statement of six "Fundamental Propositions" which will guide the editors in the conduct of the journal. It is devoted to the interests of education in the Society of Friends, and the first number contains articles on educational topics by some of the best teachers in the prominent schools of the society. We hope that *The Student* will have a wide circulation among friends of education; we wish it success both for its high aims and the respect we entertain for its supporters.

We congratulate the managers of the *Illini* for their good taste in choosing a new form for their paper. The present number is the most interesting we have seen "Labor for an End," and "By-ways of Reading," are well worth perusal.

CRICKET.

DORIAN (2d) vs. CHESTNUT HILL (2d).

	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
July 1, Chestnut Hill.....	151	38	189
Nice-town, Dorian.....	102	72 (6 wks down)	174

Decided by the first innings.

A cricket match played off the Haverford grounds was a new experience for the second eleven Dorian; and the score would seem to indicate that the novelty of the thing did not wear off till they took the field in the second innings of the Chestnut Hill. Several men of both teams made double figures. The highest scores were those of Thomson and Shoemaker, who in the two innings, made, respectively, 58 and 52. Unfortunately for the Dorian, time was called with 4 wickets yet to fall and only 16 runs needed to win.

CHESTNUT HILL.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C. Patterson b. Blair.....	12	b. Randolph.....	6
J. Thompson c. Rhodes b. Blair.....	50	c. Jay b. Randolph.....	8
J. Cowperthwaite, c. and b. Blair.....	7	b. Craig.....	4
W. Biddle b. Shoemaker.....	15	b. Randolph.....	6
J. Emlen c. Rhodes b. Randolph.....	5	c. Shoemaker b. Craig.....	2
Whittem l. b. w. Randolph.....	5	b. Craig.....	2
L. Page b. Randolph.....	0	c. Shoemaker b. Craig.....	1
Blye run out.....	16	b. Randolph.....	4
C. Cowperthwaite c. and b. Mott.....	8	not out.....	1
A. F. Borie not out.....	1	b. Randolph.....	1
T. Wharton b. Mott.....	19	b. Craig.....	1
Byes 5, leg-byes 2, wides 6.....	13	Wides.....	2
Total.....	151	Total.....	38

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.						
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.	
Randolph.....	78	41	3	3	2	0
Blair.....	96	51	2	3	3	0
Craig.....	42	10	1	0	0	0
Shoemaker.....	42	12	2	1	0	0
Mott.....	22	14	0	2	1	0
Second Innings.						
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.	
Randolph.....	84	13	5	5	2	0
Craig.....	78	23	4	5	0	0

DORIAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Winston b. Biddle.....	16	b. C. Cowperthwaite.....	0
W. Page b. Biddle.....	0	b. Biddle.....	1
Shoemaker b. Emlen.....	29	b. Emlen.....	23
Rhodes b. Emlen.....	1	run out.....	0
Mott b. Biddle.....	3	not out.....	13
Coffin c. Thompson, b. J. Cowperthwaite.....	19	b. Biddle.....	3
Blair run out.....	13	not out.....	2
Dunn not out.....	6		
Jay b. C. Cowperthwaite.....	0		
Randolph b. C. Cowperthwaite.....	0		
Craig l. b. w. C. Cowperthwaite.....	1		
Byes 4, leg-byes 5, wides 5.....	14	Byes 5, leg-byes 1, wides 14, no balls 5.....	25
Total.....	102	Total.....	72

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.						
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.	
Biddle.....	60	42	1	3	4	0
J. Cowperthwaite.....	60	17	3	1	0	0
Emlen.....	42	22	3	2	1	0
C. Cowperthwaite.....	29	7	1	3		
Second Innings.						
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.	
Biddle.....	42	14	0	3	3	0
C. Cowperthwaite.....	42	25	1	1	2	1
J. Cowperthwaite.....	18	1	2	0	3	1
Emlen.....	24	7	1	2	5	3

DORIAN vs. BALTIMORE.

	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
July 2, Dorian.....	213	--	213
Nice-town, Baltimore.....	52	49	101

Dorian won by an innings and 112 runs.

The game of cricket which took place on the Nice-town grounds on the 2d of July, presented a far more pleasing spectacle to the friends of the Dorian than the preceding day's play. The Baltimorians, eager for victory, played well; but the steady batting of the Haverford boys, combined with their hard hitting, proved too much for their opponents, who were nicely defeated in an innings, with more than a hundred runs to spare. The finest features of the day's play were the strong defense of Corbit and the free-and-easy style of Captain Mason; the former contributing fifty-two runs to the score of the college team. Shipley's bowling was well on the wicket, and proved very effective.

BALTIMORE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J. E. Carey run out.....	6	c. Mason b. Winslow.....	0
P. R. Reese b. Jones.....	5	b. Thomas.....	0
R. Winslow b. Jones.....	6	c. Winslow b. Thomas.....	4
C. A. Gambrill b. Shipley.....	0	b. Shipley.....	4
T. Smith c. Mason b. Shipley.....	7	b. Thomas.....	9
Oldham c. Winslow b. Jones.....	2	absent.....	
H. Ridgely c. Winslow b. Shipley.....	0	c. Mason b. Winslow.....	17
S. Wright c. A. Corbit b. Shipley.....	12	b. Shipley.....	0
H. M. Thomas c. B. Thomas b. Shipley.....	6	c. and b. Winslow.....	11
C. J. Lee c. Hartshorne b. Shipley.....	1	not out.....	0
O. Ridgely not out.....	1	c. Mason b. Thomas.....	0
Byes 3; leg byes 3.....	6	Bye 1; leg byes 2; wides 1.....	4
Total.....	52	Total.....	49

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.						
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.		
Shipley.....	70	22	2	6	0	
Jones.....	66	24	3	3	0	
Second Innings.						
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.		
Winslow.....	90	17	6	3	0	
Thomas.....	66	20	4	4	1	
Shipley.....	6	0	1	2	0	
Jones.....	12	8	1	0	0	

DORIAN.

First Innings.

A. M. Carey l. b. w. Winslow	14
A. P. Corbit b. Oldham	52
Shipley b. H. Ridgely	23
Hartshorne b. Oldham	19
Mason b. Smith	25
E. M. Jones b. Oldham	2
Winslow not out	26
D. Corbit b. Smith	17
Price c. Lee b. Oldham	3
B. V. Thomas c. Reese b. Oldham	0
B. Chase b. Oldham	9
Byes 10; leg-byes 5; wides 8	23
Total	213

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
T. Smith	216	58	13	2	5
Oldham	24	89	4	6	0
Dr. R. Winslow	66	31	3	1	0
H. Ridgely	12	8	1	1	3

THE INTER COLLEGIATE MATCH

	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Sept. 21, 25, University	202		202
Nicetown. Old Haverfordian	41	141	185

University won by an innings and 17 runs.

The result of the third in the series of annual cricket matches between picked elevens of the University and Haverford Alumni, was materially different from that of the first two matches. Two of the best cricketers among the Old Haverfordians, E. T. Comfort and J. Fox, were unable to play; especially was the swift bowling of the former missed, not only for its own sake, but also because it would have rendered the slow bowling of Lowry much more effective. At the close of the first day no doubt was entertained by the friends of either party as to the result of the match; for the University had left their opponents far behind, and there was little hope of regaining the lost ground. The highest score, 54 runs, was made by Morris, of the University. Law, Hopkinson and Clarke each contributed 30. The Haverfordians making only 44, were compelled to follow their innings. On the second day they so far improved as to obtain a score of 141 runs, and thus bring the total within 18 runs of the University score. The radiant faces and loud shouting of the University boys were indicative of the exuberance of their spirits. A happier company could not have been found in all Philadelphia; yet their happiness was not without reason, for in a long series of contests between the representatives of Haverford and the University, the latter had finally won a victory.

UNIVERSITY, FIRST INNINGS.

C. Morris c. Jones b. Lowry	54
G. S. Philler c. A. S. Baily b. Kimber	2
G. Murphy c. Mason b. Lowry	6
T. Baird b. Jones	8
F. Brewster c. and b. Lowry	16
S. Law b. Jones	30
E. W. Clark, Jr. b. Kimber	30
E. Hopkinson not out	30
W. N. Johnson c. Jones b. Kimber	0
J. H. Murphy c. A. S. Baily b. Comfort	15
E. Farnum c. Comfort b. Lowry	3
Byes 3; leg-byes 3; no balls 2	8
Total	202

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Lowry	137	60	6	4
Kimber	95	59	1	3
Jones	105	45	5	2
Comfort	35	21	2	1
F. L. Baily	30	17	1	0

DORIAN.

First Innings.

Second Innings.

A. S. Baily b. Law	5	b. Law	18
C. E. Haines b. Law	8	c. b. w. b. Clark	9
J. C. Comfort, Jr., c. Clark b. Law	8	b. Clark	14
S. Mason, Jr., run out	1	c. Baird b. Brewster	4
G. Ashbridge c. Baird b. Clarke	3	c. Philler b. Clark	4
F. L. Baily b. Law	0	b. Law	13
J. B. Jones c. Law b. Clark	15	b. Brewster	12
T. W. Kimber b. Clark	0	c. Clark b. Brewster	27
W. H. Haines c. Brewster b. Clark	0	c. Hopkinson b. Clark	7
W. C. Lowry not out	0	c. b. w. b. Brewster	8
A. P. Corbit b. Clark	0	not out	8
Byes 3; leg bye 1	4	Byes 12; leg-byes 5	17
Total	44	Total	141

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
E. W. Clark, Jr.	84	19	7	5
S. Law	80	21	7	4

Second Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
E. W. Clark, Jr.	155	59	8	4
S. Law	101	58	9	2
F. E. Brewster	100	37	5	4

Professor P. E. Chase will deliver two courses of lectures during next month: one upon "The Music of the Spheres," and the other upon "Crooke's Fourth Form of Matter."

A ballot-box was placed in Barclay Hall, and all the students requested to vote for a presidential candidate. The result of the ballot was as follows: Garfield, 69; Hancock, 12; Neal Dow, 2; Weaver, 1, and John Kelly, 1.

The Y. M. C. A. of Haverford College promises to be a fixed institution. On the 8th inst., the first anniversary of its establishment, an interesting meeting was held, at which addresses were delivered by Professor P. E. Chase, L. P. Edwards, and John C. Winston. The Association sent a delegate to the State Convention, whose report formed an interesting feature of the evening.

The usual initiation of the Freshmen came off on the 20th inst. We hardly know to which class belongs the victory; when twenty-eight Sophs can't scare one little Freshie into making a speech, it indicates either a lack of superiority in the Sophomores, or else an unlimited amount of pluck in the Freshmen. Of course each made three round trips to the ceiling; some, having more business on hand, went oftener. One stayed long enough to examine the gas-pipe with his teeth, returning in time to participate in the exercises of the evening. One said he was from Maine; but the Sophs thought that the main thing was to maintain their cause, so they gave him a through ticket and up he went,—just as if Maine had not been tossed enough during the last three months.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 2.

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We shall continue to send "The Haverfordian" to all old subscribers, unless officially notified to discontinue it. Let all old students join in the support of this enterprise.

A THOUGHT.

I wouldn't surrender the exquisite pleasure
Of soothing a sorrow and drying a tear,
By heaping around me, regardless of measure,
The purest of gold and the choicest of treasure
Which Dives, while living, inherited here.

I wouldn't add pain to a chord that is aching,
Nor furrow new lines on the forehead of Care,
Nor prove instrumental, ah never! in making
One throb of a poor brother's heart that is breaking,
Or bleeding from wounds by the blade of despair.

I wouldn't kneel down to the Goddess of Fashion,
And list to the notes of her treacherous song,
Nor govern my pulse by the fever of passion,
Nor blindly and recklessly, madly dash on,
Neglectful of right to the bosom of wrong.

I wouldn't give much for the world that we live in,
Where fruitful is hatred and barren is love,
Where friendship's foundation is ever upheaving,
And half of existence is squandered in grieving,
Except for the hopes of a heaven above.

EDITORIAL.

The lecture course of this year had a grand opening in the discourse, on the 22d ult., by the author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," on "Dr. Arnold and the Public Schools of England," an account of which will be found in another column. And the three lectures by Professor P. E. Chase, on "The Music of the Spheres," and "Crook's Fourth Form of Matter," which follow next, betoken something of no less importance. It is often said that the way to accomplish much is to make a good beginning; and with such a beginning as this we anticipate a good deal for the year.

The courses to which we have listened in previous years have been well worthy of larger audiences, and have been much appreciated by the students; and, as progress is the order of the day, it raises our hopes for the future. The range of subjects treated has also been wide, embracing Philosophy, Literature, History, Religion, Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, etc., but we may be excused here to drop a hint, which, if it should meet with favor enough from any one to justify its being acted upon, we are sure would be much appreciated by many of the members of the college. That is, some lectures on the science of government; not political speeches, but an exposition of the principles upon which all good government is founded, and by which it must exist.

The cricket season is now nearly passed, and the other games, which succeed, though sufficiently important, are not so absorbing, nor will the cold permit so much exercise in the open air. But there is a work for every one appropriate to the season approaching,—his duty to his society. The importance of society work, and the need of the drill obtained there, and there only, ought to be evident to every one. It is now the time for earnest and solid work in all departments, and the character of the work done at every meeting of our societies ought to show something of the talent composing them. It is a duty each one owes to himself and his fellow-members. In the latter part of the year, Junior Ex. and Commencement are the absorbing themes for many, the societies will adjourn their meetings, examinations will be on the brain, and as the sporting season opens, the inducement to be out will be hard to resist.

The Freshman or Sophomore who now hesitates and waits for the upper class men to do it all, when he advances to the front rank will feel the want of what he is now neglecting. Let every one perform his part, and show himself a whole man to one thing at a time. If now, while the temperature is congenial to study, the bulk of our work be done, in the latter half we shall have the reward of a lighter task and the consolation of having done well.

Ever since the term began, nearly all, especially of the upper class men, seem to have been pressed with

work, owing, perhaps, to coming late or some other irregularity, and if we should judge by the work given to the public the effect has not been a wholesome one. In fact, there seems to be a tendency in the college towards a superficiality in original work. We blush to say it, but truth requires it, there does not seem to be that spirit of earnest searching and appropriating the results of research which has prevailed here at some other times. The essays and other public recitations so far show a lack of that independent thought which ought to reward every one who favors them with his presence. It is a dreadful bore to have the announcement made that Mr. So-and-so will next address the audience, and then for Mr. So-and-so not to appear, or try to excuse himself with something he does not understand. To be favored with an audience is worth something, and every opportunity ought to be *improved*.

Last year the patrons of the gymnasium believed that they were making a good move when they succeeded in getting the gymnasium out of the hands of the Loganian. For many years it had been neglected; the society grudged every cent of money it had spent upon it; the apparatus was incomplete, and much even of what there was, was out of order and unfit for use. When the gymnasium association was formed, it was expected that great improvements would be made; but nearly a year has elapsed and but little has been done. There are more in college than ever before who are interested in having a good gymnasium. The importance of such an institution is appreciated. We do not advocate a great outlay of money; but the association has enough at its command to make great improvements. Those which are most needed will consist in the laying of a new floor, the rearrangement of the apparatus, inasmuch as the increased size of the room no longer renders crowding necessary, the repairing of all that is out of order, and the addition of such simple apparatus as is to be found in every well-appointed gymnasium. We suggest a more careful supervision on the part of the managers, and more carefulness in the use of the apparatus on the part of the members of the association. It is time that measures were taken to put the gymnasium in order, for inclement weather will soon drive us indoors to seek our exercise.

Among the relics of barbarism which we sometimes see at Haverford, is the practice of applauding which has become so prevalent in our literary societies.

It is the universality of this insane custom, rather than the theory of the institution, which we object to.

We believe that when an individual has done credit to himself on the stage, he is as well aware of the fact as any member of his audience, and no amount of hand blistering will heighten his self-esteem. On the other hand the remorse and disappointment attending a "flunk," to use a classic expression, are heightened to a considerable degree in the inward feeling that all this demonstration is but a hollow show, and in no way represents the merits of the performance. Everything is applauded. Jones mounts the stage, reads his article in a low monotone, retires, and fairly brings down the house with an exercise which nobody has listened to, and which he admits to be the worst thing he has ever written. Smith attempts to recite a beautiful selection from the old masters. He hobbles along through three stanzas, omits the fourth, and finally comes to a dead stand, in which even his prompter can render no assistance; yet he retires amid the applause of an admiring assembly. If we are to have applauding, let us at least be discreet. Even the gladiator, as he lay bleeding on the sands of the arena, could look to his audience and meet a response that would in some way accord with justice.

Perhaps if we would invert the thumb and condemn to ignominy some of the exercises with which we are bored, it would have a salutary effect. The judgment of an audience admits of no appeal.

We endorse this peculiar mode of demonstration to a certain degree, but there is a fixed limit the overstepping of which betokens a spirit of self-esteem which may make us odious to those who are visitors at our public meetings.

Though Lacrosse may have its beauties, we give it no welcome to Haverford. From what we have seen of the game, we are not inclined to encourage it in preference to the Rugby game of foot-ball, and certainly not in preference to cricket. In the short time that has elapsed since its introduction it has drawn many away from the cricket field, and in the future we fear it will draw still more, materially injuring the interests of that game which, among the sports, we are accustomed to consider our first love. The reasons for our support of cricket and the success attending our efforts, have been stated by us before, and are well known to all the students; so it will be unnecessary to repeat them here. In consideration of these, and for the sake of the good old game, we sincerely hope that Lacrosse will meet with the reception it deserves at our hands.

We are told that this new game is well adapted to the needs of the students for exercise in the cold weather

and during the foot-ball season. Last year our foot-ball team met with marked success in contests with teams from neighboring colleges. As last year was the first time we had played according to the Rugby rules, we hoped this year that the results of continued practice would be a better team than before, and one that would cope successfully with any who were likely to be our opponents. But if this game of Lacrosse is going to claim our attention, depriving us alike of the practice at foot-ball and the foot-ball ground (as there will be but one ground for the two), we can hope for no more such matches as formed the pleasant excitements of last year's season.

We cannot play Lacrosse matches with our neighbors, for, so far as we can learn, the game has not been introduced among them.

We would oppose a proposition to add another to the long list of associations and organizations which already exist within the college; the number that seventy-five students try to support, we believe, would astonish our cotemporaries; each additional one only detracts so much from the interest in the others. Surely our interests demand that we should not give our support to Lacrosse, and without the support of the mass of the students, we may hope that the game will go as quickly as it came.

NOVELS.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of Modern Literature, and especially of English Literature, is the rise and rapid growth of the Novel. Critics may carp and moralists may condemn, but it has, in spite of them all, gained itself a place in literature, which, so far as we can judge, it holds firmly, and is not likely to lose. Much as some may regret it, they have to acknowledge the fact. Let us then make the best use of it, and, if possible, employ it to further the cause of truth.

That a majority of the educated class, and a very large majority of the youth of this class, read novels, is undeniable,—and that this practice cannot well be changed is equally true. The only thing which remains is to try and so train the mind and cultivate the taste that what is hurtful will be less attractive if not positively repulsive. Of course we are not now speaking of immoral works; this article is written upon the assumption that, as soon as a work is known to be immoral, it will be rejected. There are, however, a large number of novels which, though not strictly immoral, are injurious in their tendency, and many radically bad; and we are inclined to

think that this class is the most to be dreaded of all. The poison of them is insidious in its nature, and long in showing its effects, but is all the more deadly because, before we are aware, it has taken hold of us with a grasp that cannot easily be shaken off. But of this kind we intend to treat more fully later on.

The definitions of a novel have been many and various. The question whether novels should make a class of themselves has been debated again and again. Probably no definition would satisfy every one. In its widest sense we might say a novel was a work of fictitious biography. Some would limit this to prose; but what should we call "Aurora Leigh," and "Lucile"? While they partake of the character of novel and poetry, the novel certainly predominating, verse does not seem essential in their case, but only accidental; they might, as far as the interest goes, just as well be written in prose,—in reading them we think very little about the prose. These seem to occupy a middle ground, and some have called them novels in verse. Such works have never met with much favor, and are exceptional.

The subjects the novel treats of are those in which we all are interested, and it is to this fact that their wonderful growth is to be attributed. Every incident that has happened in the course of human life, every one that we can imagine, is before the novelist to choose from, and there is seldom any hesitation in choosing such incidents as the author deems may add to the interest of his work. Nature, Art, Science and Religion have all been called in, and made to play their part, either great or small, as the author may wish. The most secret thoughts are dissected with relentless pen; physical beauties and deformities, personal idiosyncrasies and habits dilated upon; and, in short, everything that man has in himself, that he has received from others, or by which he may be influenced, has been called in to take its place in the novel. Can we wonder, then, at its marvelous success?

In what points is the novel likely to do harm? These are negative in the best works, rather than positive. Some writer has said that in novels, of necessity, much has to be omitted, and we see results come about sooner than in real life; for, as an author must make his book interesting, the petty details of every day, the humdrum of duties which all have to go through in real life, and which, as a matter of fact, take up most of our lives, are left out in a novel, thus giving false pictures and delusive hopes, especially to the inexperienced, which poorly prepare them for the sober realities which they have to meet.

This is a fair statement of an evil which is inseparable from the novel, though, of course, it differs in degree; it is also a fault which biography has, though to a much smaller extent. There is, however, this great difference,—in a novel the author forms his plot, and everything is subordinate to it; he makes his situations, and they follow each other in whatever order he thinks best adapted to his purpose. In real life, on the other hand, the biographer has to take the incidents as he finds them; and rarely do they come in the order a novelist would choose. Often years of toil, disappointment, neglect, and even actual want, attend the real hero, while the fictitious character, though he may have trials, generally has full compensation for them, and, if not, the reader is too apt to consider the plot overdrawn, or the author needlessly severe in making him have such a hard time. In either case the effect is similar and bad. Again, the pictures are apt to be exaggerated. The lives of most persons have little incident, and the authors are not many who can invest such lives with interest, so the tendency is to multiply *situations*, if it is allowable to use a colloquial word. In short, we may say that the novels are few which give a true reflection of real life, and readers generally get incorrect, if not hurtful, impressions of the world and of mankind.

The amount of injury a person may receive from reading novels varies with the individual, the kind of novel read, and the time spent. Some unhesitatingly condemn them as a whole,—a condemnation, to say the least, undeserved. Few, however, hold the other extreme, which would seem to be untenable.

The body and mind are similar in many ways,—in more, perhaps, than we think; and as our bodies need rest and recreation, so do our minds. Rest and recreation of the body are not allowed by all in the same way, neither is that of the mind. Fiction is, in the main, to be considered as a means of recreation; this should never be forgotten. Some may say that variety in reading ought to be sufficient; but is it so with bodily work? Variety is a rest to a certain degree; but there is a limit where it ceases to be, and simple and genuine recreation should be taken, and the person will be the better for it. We as a people need to understand true recreation better; we either wear ourselves out by overwork, or by supineness rust out. If we could only learn to take things at nearer their true value we should be happier and better. Our main duty is work, both of body and mind: over-indulgence in *anything* that draws us away from this so much as to hinder us in doing our duty is so far hurtful and should be eschewed,—no difference whether it be body or

mind. But we should never forget that just so much as the mind is superior to the body, so much the more ought we to guard it. “The body will surely perish, but the mind will perish never.”

If novels make up the larger part of one's reading, they no longer are a means of recreation, but of employment—an employment that rarely could be defended. No one expects to live on cakes or candies, or canvasback ducks, neither ought the mind to live on fiction. Like many other things, it is difficult to keep the reading of fiction within the proper bounds; and those who find this cannot be done, had better avoid it altogether. The student while at college, generally speaking, had better leave the novel for vacation time; the mind is young and strong, the physical strain of the body is small, and the variety to be obtained in reading history, biography, travels, criticism or poetry is enough to relieve the mental strain. If he thinks that he must read some fiction, let the books be few, and of the very best order. L.

THOMAS HUGHES AT HAVERFORD.

A larger, more intelligent, more enthusiastic audience never gathered in Alumni Hall, than on the occasion of Mr. Hughes' appearance to address the students of Haverford. The majority of those present were the friends of the college. The Board of Managers and Faculty occupied the platform, together with a few invited guests, among whom were the Hon. John Welsh, Dr. McVickar, Dr. Thomas and George W. Childs. Mr. Hughes expressed some surprise at the character and size of the audience, and said that as he had been invited to address the students he was not prepared to meet so large and educated a company. He could therefore only talk in a rambling way about a “very correct man and a very correct cause.”

“I am about to speak of the greatest man in England, and I might say even more, including America, and say the greatest man of the English-speaking race, that has arisen in the last fifty years, by reason of his connection with and his influence upon the higher education of England, and of this branch of that people on the Western Continent. I have on previous occasions expressed the deep obligation both of these countries should feel toward the Society of Friends. There is scarcely a noble cause to which they have not lent assistance. Dr. Arnold had a most kindly feeling for them, and I have ever venerated the great works they have done in the world; and I am more than pleased at the manner in which they have taken hold of higher education in this country, as Dr. Arnold did in England fifty years ago.”

DR. ARNOLD'S APPEARANCE.

"And now, turning to my subject, I will make my best endeavor to bring Dr. Arnold as livingly before you as I can. He was a fine, tall man, six feet high, loosely put together, and, although a great and rapid walker, he rather shambled, as your President Lincoln did. He had bushy hair, deep-set, piercing eyes, and very strong, heavy jaw; but his most remarkable feature was a lip which would swell outwards and plainly indicate when he was annoyed at the stupidity of our answers or at any mean action which would particularly incense him. When that lip began to swell, we knew that it was not a time to cut up any pranks. My own personal connection with him began a few years after he had been appointed master at Rugby. My two brothers and I were sent to Rugby because my father had been a school-mate with Dr. Arnold at Oriel College, Oxford. Oriel College was the first to throw open its doors to the youth of all portions of the country, and as a consequence, its fellows were the most distinguished men. The appointment of Dr. Arnold startled and alarmed the whole educational world of England. The educated world of England was then very small and exclusive, and was, moreover, confined to the English Church, as no non-conformists were allowed either in the public schools or the universities. These close corporations, as they might be called, were alarmed at the appointment; for Arnold already had the reputation of being a strong radical, and his reputation gave him the character of a very dangerous, strong and able man. Dr. Hawkins, now professor at Rochester, and at that time a fellow of Oriel College, prophesied at the time, saying, 'If Dr. Arnold is appointed to the position at Rugby, he will change the whole system of higher education in England.' Persons will wonder how he got the appointment, since the government of Rugby was at that time most antagonistic to such a person. The trustees were the noblemen and gentry of the neighborhood, and were extremely aristocratic, but they had been persuaded by Lord Denby, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who had a more liberal mind, and was anxious to break down the narrowness of the prevailing system.

"Every question was to Dr. Arnold an open one,—not that his principles were not confirmed, but that he was accustomed to give all sides fair argument."

REFORMING RUGBY.

Mr. Hughes then related how, in the face of the opposition of the squires and gentry, and the press of the neighboring counties, he set about to correct teeming abuses. Rugby was remarkable for its lawlessness.

The students kept a pack of hounds, and ran them over the country. They ignored all rules, and repeatedly engaged in fights with the populace. In stamping out these abuses he incurred the displeasure of the boys, as well as their fathers.

"He nevertheless gained a strong hold upon those students with whom he came in personal contact, and this was due to his intense earnestness, love of truth, and courage. A saying of his that used to horrify the gentry was: 'If there is one thing for which he would be ready to die it would be Democracy without Jacobitism.'"

The speaker went on with a number of school reminiscences that were very delightful and pleasing, showing Dr. Arnold's manner of teaching; his idea of making the class illustrate their classics by quotations from modern authors, particularly Sir Walter Scott; how he introduced great litterateurs who called upon him to the higher form boys, mentioning, among the men he had thus met, Carlyle, Macaulay, Archbishop Whately and Baron Bunsen; how his influence finally began breaking down the old systems, and how it was a source of grief to him that his course of action so estranged him from his loved pupils and fellows at Oriel College: and finally, how he opposed the division of religious and secular education, in the face of the opposition of High Churchmen on the one hand and scientists on the other, and never faltered.

At the close of the address, John B. Garrett thanked Mr. Hughes, and spoke of the honor conferred upon Haverford by the presence of such an author and scholar. He wished success to the new Rugby of America, and said: "It is now, my friends, in recognition of the scholarship, authorship, intelligent statesmanship of Thomas Hughes, that the Board of Managers of Haverford College this day confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, an honor to us which we trust will be acceptable to him." President Chase then pronounced the Latin formula, to which Mr. Hughes responded, *Ago tibi gratias*, and said a few words of thanks to the audience.

MARRIED.

On the 20th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, Josiah Nicholson, Belvidere, N. C., Mr. Walter White ('81) to Miss Alice Nicholson. They have the best wishes of *The Haverfordian*.

At Hopkinton, R. I., on the 19th ult., by Friends' ceremony, Mr. Isaac Sutton ('81) to Miss Lizzie M. Dalton. The happy couple immediately started South, to seek a climate more congenial to the bride's impaired health.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mumble peg is seen no more,
Like Rome it passed away,
The Olympic games did not surpass
The glory of its day.

And we, as "cackling" sons of earth,
Shall miss the joyous sound,
When victor tells the vanquished foe
To root into the ground.

The magic power of Circe's wand,
More potent could not be,
To change to swine the noble youths,
The pride of '83.

And as the cycles of the year
In endless march proceed,
The chilling blasts of Eurus come
Alike to flower and seed.

All things are changed, the glistening blade
No more becomes a dread,
The rustling of the leaf foretells
The death of mumble peg.

Yes, it is gone, the life it led
Was joyous to us all;
And remnants of its shattered links
Still hang on memory's wall.

And yet when summer skies shall kiss
The hoar-frost from the plain,
The sportive Senior will return
To mumble peg again.

A SKETCH OF SANTA FE.

[Extract from a letter from Walter C. Hadley.]

Mingling with the throng that gathers on the plaza to listen to the music furnished by the post military band are numbers of Indians of the ancient Pueblo tribe, as also some of the Navajoes. They are dressed in gay colors, having green, yellow and red about evenly divided in the single thickness of cotton garments that cover their person. It is a wonder that even in summer nights they do not suffer from cold. The blankets which the great father furnishes them are of bright colors, either red or green, and have U. S. I. D. woven in the centre, to prevent the improvident Lo from selling them to tricky whites. The government has imposed a penalty for furnishing liquor to the Indians, but the cupidity of traders continually obtains the advantage over the Navajoes, whose products in blankets and other articles of value are very clever, and find ready sale. I saw, yesterday, three braves of that tribe come into the town with a blanket apiece, all wool, and woven in a very fine and durable manner. As soon as they reached the main street they were accosted by a trader who spoke their language, and after a few words they were prevailed upon to wait in a court while Mr. American went off with the fabrics to sell them. He returned after some time and handed over the proceeds,—*net* proceeds,—and from the look of disappointment upon the Navajoes' faces I could not fail to know that they considered themselves cheated. My grandfather was an Indian agent; from him I learned something of the character of commerce on the frontier between the white and red races; adding to this my own observation, I believe and shall always believe that

the American aborigines have been more sinned against than sinned. I can't help feeling as I sit here in the plaza, that the red man yonder, who leans against the Soldiers' Monument erected to the memory of *our* heroes, has a right to consider that the granite pile does honor to himself and the memory of *his* father. This ground is all historic, and as one fixes his eyes upon the impenetrable and irresponsive countenance of the Indian he dreams a day dream, and the historic facts in his mind seem to develop themselves with startling reality. Here on this very spot the Aztecs made their capital; here the Spaniards found the central Pueblo of the forefathers of the dusky being into whose face I am looking; here the Pueblos lived and loved and died, perpetuating, as far as possible, their industrial accomplishments, but fell beneath the Spanish yoke at last, when de Vargas, after a severe fight, planted his standard somewhere within this small enclosure; here the blood of several centuries has been spilled in the fearful contests for supremacy. There in the little placita south of the plaza, yesterday, I was shown where large numbers of the victims of the great revolt lie buried. There on the north, extending the whole length of the plaza, is the governor's palace. The general appearance is modern, but what a varied, wondrous tale its ancient adobe walls might tell, if they could reveal aught of the past? There is the senate house, here the forum of the great western empire over which a Spanish Cæsar ruled. He was almost supreme; although endowed with only general military power, he was so far removed from the seat of Spanish rule in America that his authority was unquestioned. Wars were planned here, adventurers imprisoned here, and the unfortunates perished by the edicts of the power that dwelt in this one storied edifice, called to-day the Palace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS:—Your correspondent in the last *Haverfordian*, styling himself "The Target," has entered into the spirit of the average campaign document, and when he grants to his political opponents only one possible ground upon which they can ask the votes of patriotic citizens, it appears that he has not fairly presented the question of national politics.

As a principle, we supposed that two great parties never co-existed, one of which was entirely in the right and the other wholly in the wrong; but if "The Target" is correctly understood, he holds the opinion that the Democracy at least, is without a valid plea in the present struggle. Such views, while they may proceed from honest conviction, are at the outset entitled to a fair amount of suspicion upon the part of the candid reader. In the heat of political strife, all are too apt to forget that their opponents may be as intelligent and loyal as themselves; and thus reasoning from what they consider higher grounds, can only conceive with difficulty any reasonable conviction different from their own.

Unless a marked change has occurred in the comparative strength of two parties since the election four years ago, the Democratic party holds a large majority of the popular vote in this country; and, in view of this fact, "The Target's" national pride should be sorely humbled when he supposes that so large a proportion of our people is led captive by error without a redeeming feature.

But let us examine more definitely what he has advanced. In the first place it will be noticed that, among the reforms mentioned, the one which is attracting and will continue to attract much public attention is conspicuously omitted. We refer to tariff reform; and before speaking of the others it will be well to notice the Republican attitude toward this question of so much national importance. It is simply an attitude of silence when not compelled to speak, though tactics are sometimes changed and political capital is gained from the Democratic position in such sections as present an opportunity for working upon local prejudices and interests. The Arrow fails to see whence the country can look for the needed tariff reform, unless it is through the Democratic party; as the Republican party is fully committed by its platform and associations to the maintenance of our present burdensome system.

As for civil-service reform, it is notoriously true that the Republican leaders are opposed to it from first to last. The present administration made a few well-designed attempts in the right direction, but without support from the rank and file of the party, much less from those who control the party machine. So far have these attempts been repudiated, that a man removed from office on account of non-compliance with a few reform regulations has been nominated to the vice-presidency. And if any further proof were necessary, the Republican letters of acceptance destroy any lingering hope of reform from this source. Civil-service reform, if it comes at all, must come by the Democratic party,—or the experience of the past twenty years is misleading.

In the midst of so much conflicting testimony respecting the financial principles of the two parties, it is difficult to plainly indicate the difference between them, if any exists. But the "inflationary element" controls neither party, and in no event can it become sufficiently strong to carry national legislation. How then it is to be "satisfied" is known only to "The Target."

While the so-called Southern question long since ceased to represent any definite issue in national politics, it has not ceased, in one form or another, to be the grand rallying cry of the Republican party. Its forms are protean, and its interpretations without number according to the intelligence of those whom it is designed to influence. When this monstrous creation of terrified office-holders is obtruded, there is an end of all argument; for appeals to the forgotten bitterness of twenty years ago are not, and cannot be, the basis of fair discussion.

But the somewhat novel discovery is now made public that all this while these dangerous Southerners are working against their own interests, that Democratic success means about the same thing as total ruin for them finally, and that their only safety lies in surrendering all present party preferences for the sake of their Republican rulers. Quite plausible, and especially desirable in a presidential campaign! But this view implies incompetence in the intelligence of the South to judge which is for their vital interests,—home rule, or "carpet bag" negro rule,—which last is what complete Republican success would again entail.

The South will remain united upon national issues while there is danger of a return of Federal interference with its attendant corruption and wickedness. So long as the North keeps alive questions fatal to the peace and prosperity of the South, it is useless to look for any division in Southern sentiment. The election of Garfield could have no other effect than to unite the South still more closely, and if there must be a "warlike peace," it will result from the menacing attitude of Republican administrations.

The Republican party in the South has been the embodiment of oppression and dishonesty, but the condition of each State has steadily improved under Democratic rule. That which now brings forth the fruits of loyalty and peace in this once distracted section, is the party most deserving the support of every man with national sympathies.

THE ARROW.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, October 22, 1880.

LOCALS.

Chestnuts and hash!

Make room for the voters!

Do you carry a torch or a life?

What has become of Widow Dunn?

Don't throw acorns, somebody might get hurt!

Chinese decorations are now the fashion in room ornamentation.

The new bridge has received its final coat of paint and sand.

Tennis is in the ascendancy, and Lacrosse is running opposition to foot-ball.

Have you seen Crosman's double-jointed, back-acting, self-regulating chestnut roaster?

The cane rush of the 15 inst. resulted in Ferris' ('84) spraining the muscle of the astragalus.

Professor P. E. Chase has organized a class in Hebrew, consisting of a Professor, four Seniors and one Junior.

She was beautiful and fair to look upon, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman-like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

Dominique has just realized the fact that Hancock is the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Moral, Never sell bananas for a living.

It is a noticeable fact that those students who find the most time to criticise and ridicule *The Haverfordian*, are those who find least time to contribute to its pages.

A spirit of scientific research has seized many of the students this year, as the laboratory is filled to its utmost capacity, and there is some talk of starting another layer.

W. A. Blair and J. C. Winston interested the Loganian Society, on the evening of the 1st instant, by an elaborate discussion of the question of restrictions on the ballot.

Loganian controversy: Shall there be a twenty-five-cent fine or not? Strongest argument in the affirmative: We need money. Strongest in negative: Got none. Verdict: "Not found."

It is only after a Freshman has eaten three-quarters of a *cucumis citrullus* that he realizes the fact that the "*melon cholic*" days have come, and that they are nearly the saddest of the year.

A large flock of wild geese passed over us a few weeks ago; they were flying southward, and making a great deal of noise, probably trying to attract the attention of their fellows who were looking at them.

Two parrots, a squirrel, and one owl constitute the Haverford menagerie, conducted by Messrs. Price, Tyson and Haines. Visitors are requested not to tease the animals with straws or umbrellas. No smoking.

But on the next morning,
Oh, sad to relate!
They both of them "busted"
From sitting up late.

The beautiful starlight evenings of a few weeks past have attracted large numbers of visitors to the Observatory. Every evening you might hear the doleful complaint of the young astronomer as he was obliged to leave the instrument just as he had found the desired star, and turn his gaze upon those of lesser magnitude.

Since the mention of card-playing which we had the other evening, we have wished that all the students had the strength of character evinced by the individual who had such aversion to card-playing, that she wouldn't have a *deal* table in her kitchen, who wants to be translated like Elijah so that she may escape "*shuffling off*" this mortal coil, and who can't bear to hear of Gabriel's *last trump*.

Haverford is not behind the times in patriotic enthusiasm. Four of our number left us, on the 9th inst., for their homes in the Far West, where each added his small influence in swelling the western victories. They were escorted to the station by a large delegation from the college. The long procession, as it wound through the avenues, keeping step to "John Brown," and filling the air with huzzas, while the flickering torch threw its ghostly splendor among the trees, could not fail to create in every young American a longing for the time when he should step to the ballot-box and say, "I'm a man!"

Winston (1st) was elected by the Young Men's Christian Association to represent the Association at the State Convention, which was held at Wilkesbarre on the 23d ult. The proceedings of the convention were read before the Haverford Young Men's Christian Association, which held a stated meeting 10 mo. 8, in commemoration of its first anniversary. The exercises of the evening were as follows: An address by J. H. Moore, "Is our Association a success?" Report of delegate to State Convention, J. C. Winston. Conversation conducted by the President. Informal address by Professor P. E. Chase. The meeting was a very interesting one, and well worth a more liberal attendance than was present.

The following new books have been added to the Everett Society during the last month: Pre-Adamites—*Alex. Winchell*; Sigurd de Volsung—*Morris*; Life Thoughts for Young Men—*Rhoads*; Cowper, Pope—*English Men of Letters Series*; Plain Living and High Thinking—*Adams*; Business Life in Ancient Rome—*Herberman*; British and American Education; Ultima Thule—*H. W. Longfellow*; History of Sunday-schools—*W. A. Chandler*; Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas—*Karl Hare*; Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe—*Synmonds*; Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence—*Hough*; History of Leaders and Achievements of the Republican Party; France since First Empire—*Macdonald*; Life of Henry Wilson—*Nason*; Salanne on Etching; Little Classics (10 vols.); Life and Speeches of Rufus Choate; Hints for Home Reading; Monsieur Guizot in Private Life—

Dewitt; Political and Legal Remedies for War; Gleanings from a Literary Life—*Bowen*; Principles and Portraits—*C. A. Bartol*; Stories from Shakespeare—*Chas. Lamb*.

The College, Logonian and Athenæum societies have not sent in their quotas up to going to press.

Special credit is due to the political faction of Haverford, for the manner in which the parade of the 27th ult. was conducted. Fears were entertained that the movement would be a failure after the musical element was abolished. These, however, proved to be groundless; and as the boys fell in line, and gave the prolonged cheer for Garfield, followed by the college chorus, various encomiums fell upon our ears. A looker-on was heard to comment on the full-chested, square-shouldered young men from Haverford. Little did he think that those white shirts concealed large wardrobes, consisting of overcoat, coat, shirt, etc., *ad infinitum*. We venture the assertion, that, excluding the regular-drilled pioneer corps, the raw militia from Haverford deserve second prize. The uniform adopted was simple yet striking, and added not a little to the evening's success. Nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment; and we think high commendation is due not only for the excellent marching, but also for the orderly dispersion and quiet return. Let each torch-bearer remember when he hears of the Republican success of eleventh mo. 2d, that he has thrown in his mite to help swell the general enthusiasm.

PERSONAL.

'37.—W. C. Longstreth is vice-president of the Provident Life and Trust Company, Philadelphia.

'42.—J. J. Levick is a prominent physician of Philadelphia.

'42.—Thomas Kimber, Jr., accompanied by his wife, has been attending the western Yearly Meetings. His essay on the "Theology of the Early Friends," published by the New York Tract Association of Friends, is claiming considerable notice, and reflects much credit upon its author.

'69.—J. G. Whitlock is doing a prominent mercantile business in Richmond, Va.

'69.—Henry Wood, at the last meeting of the Alumni Association, was elected orator for the next meeting.

'70.—C. E. Pratt, who is engaged in preparing the history of the college, expects to complete the work during the present collegiate year.

'75.—We hear that Alonzo Brown is teaching in New York.

'75.—H. P. Newlin is a member of the bar in the City of Brotherly Love.

'75.—W. Hunt, Jr., is doing a successful business in the legal profession in Philadelphia.

'75.—C. E. Haines resides near the college, but is engaged in the fire-insurance business in Philadelphia.

'79.—We were pleased to meet F. H. Henderson out at the lecture on the 22d ult. He is still pursuing the study of law.

'80.—C. F. Brede is in Sharpless & Sons' clothing house, Philadelphia. "May his shadow never grow shorter!"

Erratum.—Through inadvertence in last issue we spoke of Professor Lyman B. Hall as "graduate of Amherst College and University of Gottingen, and late fellow of Johns Hopkins." We should have said, "graduate of Amherst College, Ph.D. of Gottingen, and Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Physics in Johns Hopkins."

COLLEGE NEWS.

PRINCETON.

The football team, this year, is lighter than usual; but it is hoped the loss in weight will be made up in activity.

The annual cane spree was held on the night of the 18th inst. The Sophomores took 16½ canes, the Freshmen held 9½.—*Oct. 20, 1880.*

After much discussion by the Faculty, the site has at last been chosen for the new chapel, which is the gift of Henry Marquand of New York. It is to cost \$80,000.

Commencement has just closed. Owing to the sickness and deaths in college last year, part of the exercises, namely, the Lynde Debate and Junior Oratorical Contest, were postponed until this fall. In this extempore debate between the two literary societies, which was held on the 14th inst., Clio Hall carried off the first and third prizes; Whig Hall, the second. The three prizes amount to \$250.

ELSEWHERE.

Mt. Allison College cherishes cricket.

Oberlin began the year with 1,000 students.

University of Michigan is rejoicing in her new halls.

Washington University will soon exult in a new gymnasium.

At Madison the Freshmen went off with cane, and no thanks to the Sophs.

Dr. H. T. Coit, of Norwich, has bequeathed \$1,000,000 to Yale.—*Ex.*

Johns Hopkins University begins its fifth academic year with 142 students.

Amherst has a Garfield and Arthur club numbering 200. Did any get away?

Harvard has a Lacrosse association, and it is said to be doing active business.

Most of the colleges show an increase in numbers this year,—a good omen for the educational world.

Secretary Evarts was the founder of the Yale Literary Magazine, and his son is now one of its editors.

Hon. A. D. White, United States Minister to Berlin, will return, next spring, to resume his duties as President of Cornell University.

Syracuse University is taking measures to restore Class Day, and the old plan of having orations by undergraduates at Commencement.

In W. H. Hazletine's "British and American Education," he tells us the A. B. of Harvard is fully equal to that of Cambridge or Oxford.

At Cornell the trustees do not allow the professors to address the students on the issues of the campaign, and the *Era* doesn't like it either.

In Lafayette College, hazing died a righteous death. The Sophomoric hazer is dropped into the class he hazes, and the on-lookers are rusticated.

Mr. James B. Colgate, at their last Commencement, as a thanksgiving for his escape from the sea, at the collision of the steamer Arizona with an iceberg last winter, gave \$50,000 into the University's general fund.—*Madisonians.*

OBSERVATORY.

Since last report in *The Haverfordian*, the effectiveness of our Observatory has been greatly increased. Just before Commencement a new micrometer for the equatorial instrument was received from Alvan Clark & Sons, which, for the beauty of its mechanism and accuracy of its work, fully sustains their reputation for these instruments. The small transit which graced the "Hood," has just returned from Washington, where it has been fitted up as a zenith instrument. During vacation a large number of the books in the library relating to astronomical subjects were removed to shelves in the study of the observatory for the use of observers.

The work now doing is chiefly observations of the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites, and of occultations of stars by the moon,—and of micrometrical measurements for scientific purposes. By the aid of the American Astronomical Ephemeris any one with a good glass might with pleasure and profit record the occurrence of the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites. They consist of occultations, eclipses, transits of satellites and transits of shadows. The occultations are caused by the moons of the planet going behind it from the earth; the eclipse, by going within the planet's shadow. The transits of satellites are caused by the moon's passing between the earth and the planet; transits of shadows, by their passing between the planet and sun. Usually the time both of ingress and egress can be taken.

In the American Astronomical Ephemeris the approximate time of all phenomena of Jupiter's satellites are given in Washington mean time, and those visible there are marked. For Philadelphia mean time, add 7 minutes 33.64 seconds to the time given.

Another interesting feature of Jupiter is a large red "spot" just above his "belts" (in an inverting telescope); visible at some time nearly every night. Any glass that will show the "belts" of Jupiter will show this spot plainly, and usually its color.

Both Jupiter and Saturn are in peculiarly good positions for observation at the present time; and since the middle of 8th mo. nearly one hundred visitors have been shown these and some of the other most striking features of the heavens that have been visible.

We are glad to note the increased size of the class in Practical Astronomy this year, some of whom devote a large proportion of their time at the Observatory.

W. B.

EXCHANGES

We are glad to find on our exchange table many familiar acquaintances,—friends may we call them?—of last year: and there are others which we do not recognize, which seem to be there for the first time, and with which we hope our relations in the future may be amicable. It is very gratifying to a young paper of only a year's standing to receive recognition at the hands of long-established periodicals from the oldest and best American colleges. It indicates to us the fact that it was the crime of youth, and not the lack of all merit, for which we were obliged to forego the pleasure of exchanging with them last year.

The good typography and euphonious title of the *Brunonian* first attract our attention, and the great expectations awakened by these are by no means disappointed as we turn over the pages. We find well-written editorials on various subjects of college interest. One writer thinks that, so far as the students are concerned, the report of the Faculty is a superfluous document, yet wisely concludes that it may be "news" to some. We should judge from the article that at least some items were news to the writer himself. Another writer thinks that unpalatable truths find their way into good society much better in the quaint garb of humor than when clad in the armor of logic. According to him, Cervantes, the Danbury News Man, and Petroleum V. Nasby are the efficient apostles of reform. After reading the *Brunonian* one is inclined to think that at Brown the interests of the campus do not interfere with those of the classroom. Brown need have no fear in entrusting her reputation among students of other colleges to the care of the *Brunonian*.

The Cornell *Era* "rises to explain; its creditors necessitate its doing so." We sympathize with it, but can recommend no remedy unless it be that it have all fees charged at the "office" as they become due; if Cornell has no office, we advise her to institute one immediately—they are very convenient. If the Trustees who objected to a member of the Faculty discussing political subjects, are of a sound mind, they will doubtless yield before the good reasoning of the *Era*. The author of "Shakespeare's Tomb" gives an account of a pleasant day's visit at Stratford-on-Avon, but in a style rendered weak by an affectation of poetical prose.

Wesleyan University has received a handsome gift of \$75,000 from George I. Seney, and is rejoicing in the prospect of getting \$150,000 more, during the present year, from her generous friends.

CRICKET.

DORIAN (21) vs. UNIVERSITY (21).

		1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
October 9,	University.....	39	85	124
Haverford,	Dorian.....	73	18 (4wks d'wn)	91
	Decided by first innings.			

Efforts were made to arrange a first eleven match between the University and Dorian, but as many of the University men were unable to play on the day proposed, much to the regret of all parties the match had to be given up.

On the above date a game was played by the second elevens of the University and Dorian, which resulted in a victory for the latter by 34 runs. The visitors went to the bat first, and were soon bowled or caught out, no member of their team having made double figures. The prominent feature of the first innings of the Dorian was the good batting of Rhodes, who did not retire until he had made a well-earned 34. When the University went to the bat the second time, they so far picked up as to make a score of 85, several of their men contributing solid scores. The Dorian had only sent four men to the bat when time was called, with a total of 18 runs at the fall of the fourth wicket.

UNIVERSITY.		DORIAN.	
First Innings.		First Innings.	
Robins b. Bailly.....	1	c. Coffin b. Whitney.....	1
Page b. Bailly.....	5	b. Craig.....	0
Cowperthwaite c. Winston b. Bailly.....	0	c. Coffin b. Bailly.....	14
Hall c. Coffin b. Randolph.....	7	b. Bailly.....	17
Tilghman c. Winston b. Craig.....	6	c. Winston b. Craig.....	16
Hallowell b. Randolph.....	3	run out.....	1
Lane c. Winston b. Randolph.....	0	c. Rhodes b. Bailly.....	0
Hunter b. Bailly.....	1	b. Whitney.....	3
Hutchinson c. Craig b. Randolph.....	3	not out.....	6
Smith not out.....	9	c. and b. Randolph.....	1
Fuller c. and b. Craig.....	0	c. Craig b. Butler.....	13
Byes 3, wide 1.....	4	b. Byes 10, wides 2.....	12
Total.....	39	Total.....	85
Second Innings.		Second Innings.	
c. Coffin b. Whitney.....	1	not out.....	0
b. Craig.....	0	c. Page b. Tilghman.....	4
c. Coffin b. Bailly.....	14	b. Hall.....	7
b. Bailly.....	17	not out.....	2
c. Winston b. Craig.....	16		
run out.....	1		
c. Rhodes b. Bailly.....	0		
b. Whitney.....	3		
not out.....	6		
c. and b. Randolph.....	1		
c. Craig b. Butler.....	13		
b. Byes 10, wides 2.....	12		
Total.....	85	Total.....	18

An engagement was made between the first elevens of the old Haverfordians and the Dorian to play a game of cricket October 22d, on the grounds at Haverford. Careful preparation was made for the match, as it was expected that Mr. Hughes would be present to witness it, and it was desirable to give him a good impression of cricket as played in American colleges. Every one would have put forth his best efforts, and it is probable that the game would have been one of the best this season. That our hopes were to be disappointed became evident early in the morning of the appointed day; for the rain fell heavily, and continued to fall at intervals throughout the day, so that the game had to be put off till a future day, or given up all together.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE TEARS OF SCIENCE.

At this seat of instruction, where once she was blest,
Fair Science sat mourning, with sadness oppressed;
Her maps and her volumes lay scattered around,
Her globe, all in fragments, was strewn on the ground;
There lay in rude tatters the relics of sense,
The waste and instruction of genius immense.
She sighed, shook her head, and with anguish began:
"Alas for the boy that believes he's a man;
When his stature grows tall, and his fingers begin
To stroke the soft down that comes over his chin,
When he talks of assemblies, assumes the fine air,
Falls in love (as he calls it, and dreams of the fair!

"This college and statues I claim as my own;
Here my precepts were uttered, my maxims made known,
I displayed the fair honors for Wisdom designed,
And the lasting content she bestows on the mind.
I opened my treasures; around me they came,
And I roused their ambition for glory and fame.
They heard me with rapture; I saw in their eyes
Fair hope, emulation, and genius arise.
I hailed the glad omen. 'My children,' I cried,
'Let no pleasing objects your bosoms divide,
Till crowned with fair virtue, with learning refined,
I restore you, a blessing and joy to mankind.'

"Ah, fond expectation! I saw with despair,
How soon they forsook me to wait on the fair;
While I talked of the planets that rolled through the skies,
Their minds were on dimples and beautiful eyes;
I laid down positions and strove to explain,
They thought of Eliza, Louisa and Jane.
I saw a fond youth, as apart he retired;
He seemed with the ardor of science inspired,
His books and his pens were disposed in due place,
And deep lines of thinking were marked in his face.
Sweet hope in my breast was beginning to swell,
And I loved the dear lad who could study so well.
'Nur shall my assistance be wanting,' I cried,
'I'll crown thy exertions,'—and sprang to his side.

"Alas, an acrostic! The verses were planned,
The names were all written, the letters were scanned,
The initials arranged to promote the design,
And his genius was working—to get the first line.
I shut up my Loomis,—I blushed for myself,
I laid Peek and Berkeley again on the shelf;
Disappointed, ashamed, and o'ercome with regret,
I uttered a wish I shall never forget:—
That all the fair maidens my counsel would prize,
And shun every lad, till he's learned and wise."

The managers and friends of the college are most ready to anticipate our needs and most prompt in supplying them. We are often at a loss to know what will be the next manifestation of their interest in our welfare. Barclay Hall, Alumni Hall, the museum, cricket field and lawns, are so many monuments of their munificence. The latest that we have heard from this almost to us unseen power, is, that it will raise a thousand dollars to refit the gymnasium and furnish competent instruction, provided that the students will give the management of it entirely into its hands. Of course we gladly acquiesce in a plan so much to our taste and advantage. Hereafter "physical culture" and mental culture are to go hand in hand at Haverford.

The accident which lately occurred in the laboratory in consequence of which one of the Juniors will partially lose the use of one eye, is the first which has been serious in its results since the laboratory was remodeled and thrown open to the students. This speaks well for the care that has been exercised hitherto in the use of the apparatus, and will serve as a reminder for the future that we cannot take too great precautions against accidents, be they by explosions, as in this case, or otherwise, which may injure our neighbors as well as ourselves. It behooves the students in the laboratory to carry out in the minutest detail the suggestions of the text-books and of the professor in charge, so that all danger may be avoided. The circumstances of this accident were peculiarly trying; its results are most unfortunate.

The work of leveling the platform of the cricket field, which will be completed soon, if the early frosts do not prevent, if supplemented by the prompt action of the ground committee in the spring, will add a new interest to cricket next season. The improvements in the platform will save the committee much trouble in picking out creases suitable for our matches, and will disarm our unsuccessful opponents of the excuse that they were beaten because we were used to the peculiarities of our grounds, while they were not. Our successful opponents will enjoy the games much more when they play on a good crease.

One of the new regulations of the college which go into effect this year for the first is, that we receive our reports of recitations quarterly instead of monthly, as heretofore, and the first ones for this year have just been issued. We are not able to interpret exactly, as yet, the significance of this, but it may be a step toward what is considered by some a more satisfactory means of testing one's knowledge of the work gone over. In fact, the system of grading every recitation in the four years' course, so universal in our American colleges at the present time, is evidently not sustaining the favor among educators that it once did. Columbia some time ago abolished it altogether. At the Educational Conference held here in July, as we see from the proceedings just issued, the subject was discussed by that body, and only one voice was raised in its favor. And one of our Professors has substituted for it a system of examinations.

Without attempting to discuss the merits or demerits of the marking system, or of the system as it affects us at present, we must say that the favor with which the change, where it has been effected, is received, and the seemingly increasing feeling toward the system, would indicate that its abolition is an improvement.

The adoption in the Logonian Society, on the 15th ult., of the constitutional amendment making the representation of the private societies twelve each instead of ten, was one of the few measures which have received a unanimous vote and no discussion in the meeting. Under some circumstances it might seem needful to add a caution against passing constitutional amendments without some discussion of the merits and demerits of the case, but as the other extreme so often prevails in the Logonian, we think such caution unnecessary.

Apparently, it was not foreseen during the reorganization, two years ago, that the exit of '81 would leave not enough undergraduate members in the Society to take care of the offices. Yet, without some precaution, such would have been the case, as there were but eight of the members below the senior class. Again, as the number in the college now is larger than ever before, and is likely still to increase in the future, the existing representation did not seem proportionately as large as it ought to be, and we think the provision was timely made.

With this exception the representative plan has for the most part worked well; but there is one thing which, in order to ensure its continued success, should be kept constantly in view, and that is, that these representatives should be chosen entirely on the merits of the work they have done in their private society, and their known

ability. We believe this alone will give permanence and strength to the plan; and when this is known to be the basis on which the selections are made, the position will be more appreciated and more valuable.

Did it ever occur to any of the readers of the Haverfordian how useful they might be by reporting to the local editor scraps of college news or any other matter that would be of interest to outside readers? Well you know what is expected of the editor,—how he is to get all the news, and present it in the most vivid manner, not one jot or tittle failing, else he incurs the opprobrium of a very indulgent public. Now *The Haverfordian* does not meet with the hearty support from the students that was expected. No one is inclined to write especially for it, but in the case proposed you need write nothing; just relate the facts, and the editor produces a sparkling item. If you wish to become famous, we will insert the article over your name, and send you a chromo.

We are now fairly started in the college year, and have, no doubt, made many good resolutions concerning our future actions; study, reading and exercise have each been thought of, and some time allotted to each, but there seems to be something lacking in the general plan of work, and that something is the amount of physical exercise which many students think sufficient to keep mind and body together.

There is not enough of outdoor life. This continual bending over the desk cannot fail to spoil those beautiful curves of symmetry which the human body possesses.

We hear of the improvement in the gymnasium, and endorse the movement to the fullest extent, yet have fears for the result, for those automatic movements styled "walks" will be still kept up in which the mind cannot find enough going on in the outside world to withdraw it from the shackles of class-room matters; these motions amount to nothing as exercise for the body. We are here for hard work, yet we venture the assertion that a deep, full chest and compact muscles are to be more highly prized than a year's cramming on Greek and mathematics. Converse with that pale, narrow-chested, round-shouldered student, and nine cases out of ten you will find him a pcevish, conceited fellow, who feels that he is an authority on all subjects, and is not slow to tell you so.

Young man, you are to be pitied. You are a student, but not a good one, for you have purchased your position at a price which far exceeds the transient joy you experience. The world's benefactors are not those

who kill the body that the mind may live, but those who have made a happy blending of all the powers with which they have been endowed.

Those who leave these walls with low marks yet strong bodies will be more useful to the world at large and to themselves than they who have jostled a mountain of knowledge into a head which finds no support beneath it.

We rejoice to say that we have instances in our own college of *whole* men, strong in both mind and body; these are happy coincidences and too fortunate for generality.

If a student is too dignified to kick a football or make ungraceful movements on a tennis crease, his case is a sad one, and almost beyond remedy. But we are not talking to such as these because we feel beneath them, and are willing to remain so, satisfied rather to mingle with those who even play Lacrosse, than to strut among the great *bon ton*.

Discretion is never more needed or better exercised than in selecting the matter we ought to read. It is sometimes perplexing to one just entering upon his college course, when he has access, perhaps for the first time, to a large and well-selected library, to decide just what and how to read. He meets more intimately than ever before the world of great minds; hears others speak of the beauties of certain master-pieces of literature; hears questions involving an extensive knowledge of history, of principles, of the relations of bodies discussed; thinks this is all to be gained by reading, and is amazed at his own ignorance and his immense want of time. But, after all, we believe the solution is not so difficult. It is, in the first place, a mistake to think that everything is to be done in a four years' course. That is only intended to give a small amount of knowledge, to acquaint the mind with principles, and give it such a training as will enable it to think for itself and acquire knowledge.

In the second place, one might be surprised to find how much there is embraced in and connected with the regular course. It is idle to undertake to lay out a course of extra reading, bind himself to it, and thus think to acquire the knowledge he needs. He thus overlooks one important fact, namely, the more he reads and studies *any* branch of knowledge, like the great ocean itself before the face of the approaching traveler, it opens and expands beyond his vision and comprehension. The more authors he reads, the larger the circle to which he is introduced, until the course marked out conveys scarcely an idea of what his needs, when he sees them, are. But the aver-

age college course is admirably adapted to meet this want. Embraced in and connected with the studies of each succeeding year, of history, of science in its many branches, of literature, of biography, and of philosophy, he finds all he can do in his apportioned and extra time; and what is more, if he takes up each branch just as he comes to it, while in the class he is studying the subject-matter, he does it when he has the suggestions of some one who understands it, and each advance prepares him for the next. Thus the course becomes, instead of toil, a pleasure.

Another thing, it takes a long time, practically, to learn is, that all the books in the library are not to be read through. It is said that Edison determined to read them *all*, and so he began at one end of the lowest shelf, which was filled with dictionaries and encyclopædias, but when he had thoroughly done four or five of them he found it didn't pay. A large majority of the books, in almost any college library, are valuable only for reference; and undertaking to read all of every one you take up, simply because it is true, or valuable knowledge, is like the man who determines to purchase every piece of property, valuable in itself, that he sees offered for sale, simply because it is cheap. Read carefully the subjects as they are presented to you, and your course, when finished, will be a completed structure.

JOSEPH COOK.

We make no apology for holding up to view the man who is so happy as to have made this his motto:

"Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease
Forge the godlike power to do, the
Godlike aim to know;"

And who has shown by his life it was supplemented with—

"The prayer of Plato old,
God make me beautiful within,
And let mine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin."

We have hundreds of amateur poets, but few masters of song. We have multitudes of deep thinkers, but few leaders in thought. It is only the rarest genius whose horoscope is so happily cast that he can follow with syllogistic certainty the path of stubborn reason and at the same time hold himself subject to the slightest beck of conscience. Supposing such a man did exist,—a man who could lay hold of the Ariadne clew, that every change must have an adequate cause, and could follow it to the border line of human thought, supported, as he goes, by axiomatic truth, consistent alike with sound reason and enlightened judgment,—supposing such an individual did now exist, could we look upon him otherwise than as a Heaven-ordained man? Such a man is

Joseph Cook, of whom it has been aptly spoken,—He comes at the fit time, *i. e.*, at the time he is needed. He starts in the appropriate place, *i. e.*, in New England.

To appreciate a man, we must know not only the work he is called to do, but the preparation he has had for that work. If the two agree, if the one is found to be the natural outgrowth of the other, we will expect to see harmony and consistency in the life they develop. This harmony let us now trace in that which burst into conscious existence on the shores of Lake Champlain, and which now in its completeness sends its pulsations through the scientific and religious world of Europe and America.

Joseph Cook is not yet fifty years old. He was no prodigy in his youth. He presents in himself a most conclusive argument in favor of not making haste to become famous. He passed a long and severe academic training in a preparatory college; spent two years at Yale; then entered Harvard University, where he took the honors of his class in philosophy and rhetoric at the mature age of twenty-seven years. At thirty we find him through "Andover Theological Seminary," where he calmly settles himself yet another year to ponder more deeply his favorite theme,—the relations of science and religion.

Indeed, for the next eight years he concentrates the whole force of his well-disciplined mind on the most abstruse questions of philosophy and psychology. But he is still silent. He seeks no settlement. A severe schooling is needed. He goes abroad, enters Prussia, and there for two years draws from the rich mines of German culture that knowledge of materialism, of spiritualism, of theism, which has so eminently fitted him to enter as a champion for the truth into that field of controversy into which, to all human appearance, an overruling guidance has led him.

Thus we find him in 1874,—a man of goodly presence, temperate habits, great personal magnetism; a poetic temperament; a wonderful power of analysis, and underlying and controlling all, a deep sense of duty, coupled with the moral courage to put into execution his strong convictions. He is fully equipped for his great work, and is but abiding the fullness of his time. In 9 mo., 1875, he is invited by the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston to the modest post of leading in their services daily for one week, and making upon each occasion a half-hour address. At the end of this engagement he is requested to continue his addresses another week.

His first lecture of this week is "The Final Permanency of Moral Character," and a hundred ministers are noticed among his auditors.

From this unpretentious beginning he burst above the literary horizon almost at a bound, a star full orb'd. And he shines on to-day with equal brightness, but with a calmer, steadier light.

In the 5th mo. following his first appearance "The Boston Monday Lectureship" was founded; and for nearly two years, at high noon, on the second day of the week, without any previously established reputation, in the midst of a great city and in the pressure of business, he was able to gather around him an audience of more than fifteen hundred hearers, composed in great part of the *elite* of Boston's educated circles, men whose profound learning and accurate judgment arm them against every assault of sophistry and empty declamation. He brought on to the lecture platform subjects before only handled by specialists. There met and mingled in perfect harmony in his discourses, the two great living issues of to-day, —science and religion.

No other man in the last quarter-century has done more towards dissipating the intellectual baubles of materialistic philosophers, and toward placing evolution on its legitimate basis in complete harmony with the Mosaic account of the creation.

Emotion, clearness and sound sense are the weapons with which he produces conviction. He is clear, axiomatic, and on the printed page, where his paragraphs are all numbered, they seem to stare at us defiantly; but when we read them we are captivated, and they have well been termed prose poems.

When Joseph Cook entered Boston, an unknown man not yet in the prime of life, thoughtful parents everywhere were anxiously watching the attitude of hostility to evangelical religion toward which science was every day hastening. They were looking inquiringly for some place of escape for their sons. They themselves could stem the torrent, but they saw the inevitable bewilderment into which their children would be plunged, and therefore when the trumpet sounded the alarm, and our intellectual athlete stepped forth alone into the circle of fire, a thrill of mingled joy and fear trembled along the heart-strings of hundreds. Will he stand or fall? Can a D.D. cope with any probability of success with the vigorous assaults of scientific adepts? They have not long to wait. His penetrating and subtle mind feared no antagonist. He delighted in argument. He was able to meet on their own ground every form of speculation and skepticism. He cleared the field of all opponents.

At least a hundred thousand copies of his lectures appeared weekly in this country; they were reprinted in England, and a voice from that country says: For searching philosophical analysis, for keen and merciless

logic, for dogmatic assertion of eternal truth in the august name of science such as thrills the soul to its foundations, for a true poetic feeling, for a pathos without any mixture of sentimentality, for candor, for moral elevation, and for noble loyalty to those great Christian verities which the author affirms and vindicates, these wonderful lectures stand forth alone amidst the contemporary literature of the class to which they belong."

We do well to study the characters of our illustrious contemporaries. Were Joseph Cook dead, his biography might be written, but he is living; we salute him, and ask that the good star which presided over his nativity may still lead him upward.

MY SISTER'S "SILVER WEDDING."

I'm thinking of thy wedding-day,
And how the years are going;
The dear old home beside the shore,—
Methinks I hear the billows roar,
The endless ebb and flowing.

The childish rhymes I wrote for thee
Upon thy bridal evening,
Perhaps I'm just as childish now,
But somehow rhymes will come and go,
Like ocean pulses beating.

The hands we clasped in other years,
Our youthful steps directing,
No more they heed our daily care,
No more our hopes and blessings share,
So calmly they are resting.

The friends who met us as we toiled,
And walked awhile beside us,
Though now we tread diverging ways,
Their memory brightens all our days,
Whatever may betide us.

The treasures that have filled your home,—
Your noble sons and daughters,—
So busy with their smiles and tears;
And all the while the spinning years
Were weaving century quarters.

We rarely note how centuries grow,
A quarter, then a half-way;
Ere long our lives will reach the time
When shadows fall across the line
Along the century's pathway.

Dear sister, look just o'er the hill;
The sun begins declining;
His rays grow soft, the winds are still,
The path winds gently like a rill
For feet so weary climb along.

And softer now our pulses beat,
Just cooling from youth's fever;
More calmly now we watch and wait
The strange, slow-turning wheel of fate,
A while ago so eager.

'Tis well to sing the hope of spring,
And summer's bounteous giving;
In autumn's told what wins the gold—
There is a charm in growing old
A harvest in right living.

And it is well to set apart
Some landmarks on life's journey;
To count the blessings we have known,
Perhaps to turn aside and moan,
Then gird our armor firmly.

But most of all, through weal and woe,
We need both love and loving;
Such tenderness has filled your home,
And soothes and cheers the suffering one,
So gently helping, hoping.

How wedding bells grow soft and sweet
That dawn the years keep ringing.
As love more tender grows with time,
A silver then a golden chime,
To tell how hearts are clinging.

If I might crave a blessing rare,
That for the few is holden,
'T would be, that in the flight of time,
You, who now hear the silver chime,
May listen to the golden.

L. T. H.

THE COCKNEY POETS.

It shall be my object, in a series of articles which I hope to furnish to the present volume of *The Haverfordian*, to portray the character of the poets who lived during the latter part of last and the early part of this century, and who were dubbed by the Edinburgh Reviewers the "Cockneys," as they had formerly stamped Wordsworth and his school as the "Lakists." I will endeavor to draw out the most striking characteristics of their style; the most prominent successes, and the most glaring failures in their literary work; and their home life, so far as we are able to judge fairly of it.

There have been but three marked periods in English poetical literature since the days of Dan Chaucer, "well of English undefiled." The first embraces a group of artists, comprising Spencer, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Milton, and many others of less fame. This school has been vulgarly styled the "Pre-dryden," as preceding that class which Dryden and Pope ushered in, whom we may style the imitators in poetry. The third and last class, that to which our "Cockney poets" belong, and which the present Laureate graces, differs essentially from the other classes. It contrasts strongly with the "Dryden School," in that metre gives place to meaning; and it differs from the first class from the fact that nature is made to speak more plainly and more beautifully than ever before. But we must explain more fully the tenets held by our modern poets. Wordsworth, from his beautiful home at Rydal Mount, was the first to touch that poetic harp whose strings still vibrate in unison with the same note he then struck. Bryant, here in America, amid the rural haunts of his boyhood home in New Hampshire; Irving among the noble hills of the yet nobler Hudson; Longfellow, following Evangeline through the wildernesses of the West; and Whittier surrounded by the plainest of New England landscapes, have drunk from the same poetic fountain that flowed years ago from Rydal Mount. If you have an appreciation for the solemn, for the pathetic, for the vigorous, for the domestic in English verse; if you love Bryant, Irving, Longfellow and Whittier in their best of moods,—then I believe you have some appreciation for the reform which they are working, and which Wordsworth was the first to start. The "Cockney poets," as living in close proximity of time to the "Lakists," of course imbibed to a large extent their views and their systems. The "heroic verse" of Pope had grown dead to men of poetic natures, and so, though our "Cockney poets" were imitators, it is a mark of advancement that they cultivated the "new" in preference to the "old school." They were poets of nature,—not of nature as seen in our American forests, nor yet such as

surrounded the rural homes of the poets of Westmoreland, but such rural life, such rusticity, as eighty or a hundred years ago was to be found in a London suburb, which has already been swallowed up in the noise and dust of the great metropolis. The ancient houses with their still more ancient looking gables, the clustering ivy festooning the rugged walls, the by-paths and unpaved streets, the coaches rolling by on their way to London,—all these, and everything which tended to give Hamstead Heath an existence, were so many tokens of nature, though it must be confessed under a very artificial garb at times; tokens which excited the love of beauty and of goodness in these men. We include, under the "Cockney poets," Leigh Hunt, Shelley and Keats, also Haydon, Dilke, Hazlitt, Godwin, Ollier and Charles Armitage Brown, the latter the Mæcenas of the company; and though all were not strictly poets, they were a band of poetry lovers. Having thus given in meagre outline the general characteristics of this school, we will select one and delineate his special traits. The name of John Keats suggests as well suited. Pope said "that though his body was crooked, his verses should be straight." Pope physically was far below an average standard; constitutional weakness stunted his growth, so that it is well for him that there was an intellect to work. So was it with Keats; born of consumptive parents, he was only spared twenty-five years till he too fell a prey to their malady; yet, though these years were often overcast with gloom at the sure prospect which lay before him, we still have glimpses at a character as aspiring, as noble, as true, as man may ever covet. We find him at times, during the recesses from these fits of despondency, happy and even jovial. His early education was conducted under the supervision of his mother, a woman of strong and generous conviction; but in early boyhood he was left an orphan, and soon after took up the study of surgery. Spencer was first and last his favorite. The easy flow of metre, and the "soft Lydian airs" fascinated him. He worshiped at his shrine, yet not at his alone, for the stern seer of Rydal Mount found no more devoted an admirer than in Keats. At the age of twenty he had decided to abandon a profession, and with the prospect of certain death not far distant prayed earnestly for "ten years to devote to poetry." But the ten years numbered scarcely five, yet were they fraught with fruits. "Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and some few other productions, are his last. They are defective, but they contain a sure promise for the future. Blackwood and the Review were cold, but critics have outlived this apathy, and are all united in foretelling a brilliant career for one who in mere boyhood wrote so well.

(To be continued.)

MONEY IN POLITICS.

The constitution of our government is unique, and its dangers are characteristic and peculiar. We have a government whose authority confessedly rests upon the expressed will of its citizens. But this is a sovereignty which no one is willing to lightly offend directly, and, while the means are open for the adequate expression of this will, will be found sufficient to meet the ordinary exigencies of our political existence. But if by any means the channels by which this public voice is accustomed to be heard, become obstructed or vitiated, so that the responses of the great *demos* are not clearly distinguishable and emphatic in their responses, our hope is gone.

We have the form of a government, but the authoritative power behind the sceptre is silent, the voice of sovereignty is stifled, and we no longer have that to which we may appeal to save us from ourselves. When it becomes generally understood that the records of the ballot-box denote nothing, the road of our present prosperity comes to an abrupt termination, and we have but the two by-paths from which to choose, each crooked, difficult, and fraught with perils: the one leading to monarchy, the other to anarchy.

The causes which may combine to produce this result may be many, but surely none more certain or more disastrous in its results than the one with which our present elections show that we are already threatened,—*venality*.

That this spirit is already at the polls, and is the absorbing motive of many voters, hardly needs proof for any one who is watching the tendencies of our political tergiversations. Already after every election the air is murky with crimination and recrimination of fraud. There is doubtless ground for much of this accusation, but, whether this is so or not, the effects on the masses will be much the same. The Republicans lose the Maine election, and immediately spread the report that it was Democratic money that beat them. Indiana changes her masters and Voorhees says that \$100,000 have been poured into the State by the Republican committee. Either there is ground for such accusations or the party leaders presume immensely on the credulity of the average voter.

But, in fact, the parties do not deny the use of large sums of money as election capital; they only disagree as to the manner of its use. But it is notorious that much of this is spent to influence votes directly, not by appealing to the reason and intelligence of the voter, but to his selfishness and greed. To call attention to the tendencies of this traffic, and the dangers awaiting the country through its unrestrained agency, is the purpose of this article.

First, then, the collection of these funds; second, their use; third, their influence. A large portion of what is known as campaign funds is derived from office-holders by a system of *assessments*,—a euphemism for systematic extortion. Either the salaries of our officers are small enough, or they should be reduced. If the former is true, then it is rank injustice to extort a portion of an earned salary to bolster up a party; I use the word *extort* consciously, for this it is: "either pay your assessments or resign your positions." If the salary is greater than a fair remuneration for the labor and responsibility required, then it should be reduced, and thus save the people's money, or let them know for what they are paying. With the portion raised by voluntary contributions I have nothing to say in this connection. A man's money is his own to use on his own responsibility.

The use made of these campaign funds may or may not be justifiable. When the money is used to defray the expenses of speakers, and the publishing and circulating of what are known as campaign documents, there is nothing essentially wrong. In fact, it is the duty of a great party to seek to extend a knowledge of its principles, and to arouse the people to an interest in matters beyond their immediate neighborhood. Our campaigns are powerful educators of the masses, and tend to prevent them from settling down into local selfishness. This is important. But when these funds are used for transporting roughs and repeaters, for forging letters and suborning witnesses, for buying votes, for keeping liquor on tap in the interests of certain candidates, for stuffing the ballot-box, and for organizing intimidation, then it is essentially bad, and thence we should look for influences jeopardizing our peace and disastrous to our country.

And what are the tendencies of these influences? One obvious result will be that the voter will come to regard his vote as a mere article of merchandise, valued only by what it will bring in open market. His patriotism as such is destroyed, and is replaced by a narrow, selfish, mercenary spirit, grasping after the present personal advantage, and caring nothing for principle, integrity or country. Here then is a fallow field for every demagogue who can command a "barrel." Integrity, character, talents,—unless they be ponderable,—are of no account in the candidate. How long will it be before election judges will learn the new system of suffrage; how long till the candidate will find it cheaper to buy his votes of the Returning Board, and in a bunch, than to palter and bargain with the individual voter; and how till honest men will refuse to fraternize with such a crew even enough to deposit a vote which they know will be neutralized by fraud and corruption, and can have no

effect on the general result? All these will follow. Nay, already they are upon us in a degree, and it is but a question of time when they shall become general, the cause remaining unrestricted. Good men will not long consent to be used as mere figure-heads of respectability. Either they will abandon the government to the hands of inferior men, as is now the tendency, or they will resort to violent means to enforce their wishes, and thus inaugurate a system of Mexican politics.

With eight and a half millions of men, each of whom has the right to record his opinion at the polls on all great questions of government, intelligence and integrity, it has been well said, are our only safeguards; but money at the polls destroys the one and neutralizes the other. Honest men feeling themselves robbed of their proper influence in the government, will in time attempt to assert their rights by physical force. We have seen this principle tried for other causes in our own country; we see it frequently in neighboring republics. Are we prepared for the establishment of this principle in our politics? Be assured that this is what awaits us when it becomes generally understood that the ballot reported does not represent the greater number of votes, but the greater amount of money. The love of justice is not dead in our country yet. A fair vote and a true count is demanded. And if the wishes of the majority cannot be determined by counting ballots, it will be determined by counting bayonets.

E. O. K.

LOCALS.

Colds and mud.

Cricket is defunct.

Lacrosse is fighting for a foothold.

Snow storm on the 13th—no snow-balls.

Bury your torches and hang up your uniforms.

Walkumfast is now our carpenter—steady Billy.

Alarm-clocks are in demand by the astronomy class.

A Senior says that, in Hebrew, "she is he," but "he is who."

A little Fresh. on smoking bent,

Against ma's wishes and consent.

The new pictures of Barclay Hall are well worth the small amount asked for them.

The meteor showers of the last month have been well studied by Haverford students.

If you want to hear the melody of the Italian language, just upset Dominique's banana basket.

Smith ('84) is a nominee for the first eleven football team, subject to the approval of ground committee.

Are we to have an addition to the observatory of a \$3,000 instrument? and is it for students or visitors?

The observatory is now inhabited by an owl. He can be seen flitting about among the trees at all hours of the night.

PROFESSOR.—"How dare you swear before me?"

STUDENT.—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"
—*Ex.*

Professor Fiske, librarian of Cambridge, is to give a course of lectures at Haverford during the latter part of January on "Colonial History."

Judge is collecting a fund for charitable purposes. The best time to donate is when you are late for supper; at least, that is the time you are expected to.

The Seniors have finished Haven, and are now turning their metaphysical abilities to the unraveling of the intricacies of Porter's intellectual science.

What do you think of the thousand dollars' improvement in the gymnasium, and of that Professor who is to develop our physical organisms? Millenium!

The lectures on the "Harmony of the Spheres" and "Crook's Fourth Form of Matter" were well appreciated by the students and visitors from the neighborhood.

The match game of football between Haverford and the University was a very exciting one, and put Haverford once more on the triumphal march. See another column.

Wilbur ('83) returned to our midst on the 10th ult. It has been suggested that some of his class be appointed to have the general oversight of him during the cold weather.

The proceedings of the educational conference held at Haverford last summer are now in print, and the pamphlet is well worth the perusal of those interested in educational projects.

A five minutes' walk before breakfast will give an excellent appetite and exhilarate the spirits generally; but don't get so much exhilarated that you will laugh in silence, even at the most trying moments.

The Freshie who endeavored to explain the meaning of a *touch-down* to his lady friend, was somewhat embarrassed when she cast a significant look at his upper lip, saying, "Can you touch down?"

The amendment to the constitution of the Loganian Society for the election of two more members from each of the private societies was carried unanimously, and it is to be hoped that the provision will meet the needs of the case.

The improvements on the cricket field are being pushed on rapidly, and it is to be hoped that, in the future, the University boys will have no cause to show their weakness by saying they cannot play us on account of the "condition of the ground," etc.

Illustrations by Pictures.—One of the great contrasts between the school books used by the fathers and mothers of the land, when young, and those now used by the children, is the use of pictures. As a curious instance of illustrating the meaning of words by pictorial illustrations, the pictures in the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in connection with the following twelve words: Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, Steam Engine, Timbers, illustrate and define the meaning of more than 340 words and terms, as may be seen by examining the Dictionary.

Jones ('82) is the happy possessor of a herd of swine amounting to a hundred. They are the result of a wager made on the recent election. The two specimens that we saw were of the *New Jersey yellow tribe*, and looked as if they were enjoying life.

The change of postmasters at Haverford was highly gratifying to those who were acquainted with the workings of the old system. The telegraph and express offices had long been badly needed. May the new occupant give satisfaction in every respect!

The political enthusiasm at Haverford subsided in the ratification meeting, which was held shortly after the election. The Freshmen must remember the good times of 1880, and stir up once more the political atmosphere at Haverford, when Garfield is nominated for a second term in 1884.

The apparatus which was used to illustrate "Crook's Fourth Form of Matter" was kindly loaned to the college by James W. Queen & Co. It was made in Germany, and is the same that was exhibited to the American Scientific Society at its recent meeting in Boston. It was valued at two hundred dollars, and was very beautiful in workmanship.

PERSONAL.

'58.—Thomas H. Burgess, we learn, is doing an excellent business as a nurseryman at Highland, N. Y.

'70.—We learn that John E. Carey has been in Europe for some weeks for the benefit of his health, and has just sailed for home as we go to press.

'78.—H. M. Stokes has taken a graduate scholarship, the next degree below a fellowship, in Johns Hopkins University, and is giving his attention exclusively to chemistry. He has given up the prospect of studying medicine.

'79.—Edward Gibbons made us a hasty call on the 12th ult., and expressed his best wishes for *The Haverfordian*, accompanied by his subscription. Let others come and do likewise.

'81.—G. F. Hussey is still sitting at the feet of Blackstone in Baltimore, and takes recreation on the wheel.

MARRIAGES.

LONGSTRETH—BRANSON.—In Philadelphia, October 27, 1880, T. K. Longstreth ('70) to Miss Lucy Branson, daughter of the late Thomas Branson.

HOBBS—MENDENHALL.—At Deep River, N. C., November 4, 1880, L. L. Hobbs ('76) to Miss Mary Mendenhall, daughter of Dr. Nereus Mendenhall.

HILLES—TATUM.—In Cincinnati, O., October 28, 1880, S. E. Hilles ('74) to Miss Amy Tatum, daughter of Samuel C. Tatum.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I was very much surprised by the editorial in your last issue on the game of Lacrosse, and beg leave to say that I think you are either mistaken or are not sufficiently acquainted with the game. I am not surprised at any one for not having a good opinion of Lacrosse, after seeing it played by no others than a lot of beginners; for, under these circumstances, I think it would be difficult to imagine anything more ungraceful. But when it comes to taking part in, or watching, a match in which the ball is

kept in the air an hour or two, the amount of skill exhibited in bearing the ball safely by six or eight opponents, or making a beautiful throw between the flags, is remarkable; and Lacrosse is pronounced by every one that has seen a good match to be a most manly and graceful sport. The principal objection to Lacrosse being introduced at Haverford seems to be the fear of its interfering with football and cricket. Suppose it does draw a few persons from the cricket field, is it not because they prefer Lacrosse to cricket? During the cricket season a great many men may be seen wasting their afternoon moping about the grounds, because they do not like cricket, and there is no other game to play; these are the ones we want to play Lacrosse.

Since football is scarcely ever played more than three times a week, and as we only arranged to play Lacrosse two days out of the six, I cannot exactly see how it can interfere with football.

As for not being able to play matches with other clubs, I know of two or three that will be glad to play us whenever we are ready. So many Lacrosse clubs are being gotten up, that I have not a doubt that in a few years it will be the most popular game among our colleges. Both Harvard and the University of New York have taken it up successfully, therefore why should not we be successful with it? It is true we have not so large a number to choose our players from, but we have a good quality, as has been shown by our success at other games. It has therefore been moved and seconded that Lacrosse be played at Haverford College. All those in favor of that motion please signify it by joining with us in the game. Respectfully,

ATHLETE.

[There are a few points in the above to which we would like to call Athlete's attention. First: We did not object to Lacrosse as a game in itself considered; we granted that it might have its beauties, but we say now, while agreeing with him and the general public who have witnessed a match game that it is a "manly and graceful sport," as we said in our last issue, that we are not inclined to encourage it in preference to football and cricket.

The best answer to the whole argument in Athlete's letter taken as a whole, will be found in the answer to this particular argument: "Both Harvard and the University of New York have taken it (Lacrosse) up successfully, therefore why should not we be successful with it?" Here is the old difficulty; we are few, but we are ambitious. Harvard and the University of New York have many times more to support games than we have. Less than half of our students are ready with their purses and physical energy to support cricket and football but it will be noticed that the same class, numbering thirty-five at most, with but few exceptions (five or six, perhaps), support both of these games, and, from what we have already seen and would naturally expect, if Lacrosse is supported at all it will be supported by this same class. This class, however, is already overburdened; Lacrosse will only make the burden heavier; cricket and football must suffer in consequence. If the three games are ever on the same plane at Haverford, it will be because cricket and football came down two-thirds of the way to meet Lacrosse. The majority of the class of which we speak will never consent to give up either cricket or football; this for reasons that we have all heard repeatedly. Now we think that Athlete must agree with us that there is but this alternative: to give cricket and football in their respective seasons a whole-hearted support, or give Lacrosse, cricket, and football each a half-hearted support trying our hand at all, and meeting with only mediocre success in any. We may have omitted some points which it was not necessary to notice. We are sorry to have trespassed so much on the patience of our readers.—ED.]

COLLEGE NEWS.

HARVARD.

In the revised "Regulations of the Faculty" are some important changes. Hitherto attendance has been voluntary for the Senior and Junior classes; but by the new rule all classes are on equal footing. *The Advocate* says: "By the wording of this rule we judge that those students who have acquired a reputation for scholarship may use freely the privilege of voluntary attendance; while all others, if they would escape censure, must use prudently their privilege."

Dr. Sargeant has introduced a system for gymnasium exercise, by which all who wish to use the gymnasium will be divided into classes, the classes into divisions, and the divisions into squads, each squad being placed under the most efficient leader obtainable. The squad will consist of from eight to ten members, and exercise regularly and systematically.

The match between the Harvard and Ottawa football teams was played at Ottawa, on the grounds adjoining the residence of the Governor-General, November 1, and resulted in favor of Harvard.

It is stated that President Eliot has sent confidential letters to the parents of Harvard students requesting information as to whether the students have been accustomed to attend prayers at home, and asking the parents' opinion on the subject of compulsory attendance at morning chapel. It is expected that if the answers to these interrogations be favorable, attendance at prayers will hereafter be voluntary.

COLUMBIA.

The shell which was offered at the Hahnemann Hospital Fair, last spring, has been given to Columbia by the decision of the committee to which the dispute was referred regarding the ownership. The score was found to be unreliable,—showing some three hundred more votes for Yale and sixty to eighty less for Columbia than there was money in the boxes.—*Spectator*.

The *Spectator* also claims to be the father of the suggestion to form an Inter-collegiate Press Association, and is now encouraging its formation.

YALE.

The President and Fellows have filled the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Rev. O. E. Dagget, D.D., by electing the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, of Bridgeport, to fill the position.

The Lenonia, Yale's oldest literary society, died, and the funeral services were such as become a time-honored institution.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Garfield Club took an active part in the campaign, and shared the joy of the party in the jubilee parades at Chester, and at B——, N. J.

The Gymnasium is sustained and used by members who contribute one dollar for its use and to keep the apparatus in order. There are now 160 members.

The Chess Club consists of 30 members. A game with Columbia has been on the board more than a year, and is expected soon to be brought to a close; but it is still doubtful who will come out best.

The *University Magazine* has a circulation of 457 at present.

In the early part of the season tennis was the morning game, but old style foot-ball now seems to have taken its place.

The regular team of the 'Varsity has played three games of football lately, all of which have been well played and exciting. One with Princeton, November 6, which resulted in favor of Princeton, one goal and one touch-down. The second took place at Hoboken, between the University team and the Stevens men. In this battle of the ball the University men were the victors by two goals and four touch-downs. The third was with Yale, November 17, in which the University lost by eight goals. The University regular team is composed of some splendid metal, but the result shows that the Yale men are a powerful team, or else that the University did its very worst,—which can hardly be expected.

PRINCETON.

The Bicycle Club numbers 25 members.

The student vote on October 29, for their own Presidential candidate, resulted in the election of Mr. Haynes ('81) the Republican candidate, by a majority of 268 to 115.

The Civil Engineers have twenty-four hours of recitation per week.

"Hare and Hounds" is the popular sport; between 40 and 50 members are enrolled in the club.

An elective course in Anglo Saxon has just been established.

Only two secret societies are allowed at Princeton; one of these, the *Cliosophic*, was founded in 1765; the other, the *American Whig*, in 1768.

November 13, Princeton beat Harvard at football on the Polo Grounds in New York City, with a score of two goals to one. Yale and Princeton play on the same grounds on Thanksgiving. The total score of the three other games which Princeton has played this fall is 14 goals and 11 touch downs to nothing.

'82 published their "Bric-a-Brac" on the 16th.

The Glee Club and Instrumental Club gave a concert on the 18th.

It is said that Cornell's campus is now lighted by electricity.

The *University Herald* gives the following interesting note: "William and Mary College was the *Alma Mater* of Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler; Harvard, of John Adams and John Q. Adams; Princeton, of Madison; Hampton Sidney, Harrison; University of North Carolina, Polk; Bowdoin, Pierce; Dickinson, Buchanan; Kenyon, Hayes; Williams, Garfield. Grant's education at West Point must also, in many respects, be considered equivalent to a college education. Including him and the President elect, it will be seen that thirteen of the twenty have received a college education. This is a good showing. It is certainly to be hoped that all our future Chief Magistrates will be men of thorough education, whether acquired at college or elsewhere."

EXCHANGES.

In a late number of the *Princetonian* we find an article entitled "A suggestion to readers." We believe that the method which the writer advocates is an excellent one, and would therefore quote the following, prefacing it, as he does, with the remark that though the idea of which he would speak is perhaps not new to all, it may be to some. The writer gets his idea from a book he once read.

"Instead of taking, for instance, 'Hume's History of England,' and forgetting the beginning of the first volume as the second is begun, the author advised taking a school history and reading it through. Then read up those portions of the history in which interest was awakened, in some larger history, perhaps not yet as large as Hume's. Afterwards read up the parts having interest for you in Hume. This round of the ladder, though far down, does not reach the bottom of the mine of knowledge. Trust not Hume, or any other historian, entirely. Draw your own conclusions, go to the works from which the historian draws his materials. Further, whenever you take up a new topic, refresh your memory by glancing over the subject in your small history."

It will be noticed that this method is somewhat analogous to our school and college courses, in which we get an outline—a foundation, as it were—of all knowledge; when we leave college we may take any branch we are interested in, and by study expand our knowledge indefinitely. This is not the first time we have found good ideas in the *Princetonian*; they abound both in the editorials and contributions.

To the *Philosophian Review* we would say that, inasmuch as our cricket matches are over for the season, we shall probably devote more space to exchanges than in the last two issues. For the *Philosophian* we would say that it is evidently prepared with the care we should expect from five editors who publish their paper only once in six weeks. The articles however lack interest. The subjects are too general, and in many instances lack the stamp of originality.

The *Bowdoin Orient* is pre-eminently a college newspaper. It is filled with such matter as will render a paper most valuable to its subscribers. The editorials discuss practical questions in a practical manner. It is most free from that disagreeable element of school-boy eloquence which hurts many of our other exchanges.

We wish the *Howard College Index and Chronicle* a successful career. We suggest a more careful arrangement of matter in the issues to come. Central College, which must be in the neighborhood of the young ladies' college, takes up a good deal of their attention.

Our friend from Henderson, Tenn., is laboring under a misapprehension. It is not customary in the North for editors of college papers to hold themselves responsible for the opinions of their contributors.

The *Philadelphia Evening News* has visited us regularly for some weeks past. It is welcome; for we find the items in the column headed "Our Colleges" most interesting.

The *Roanoke Collegian* comes overflowing with poetry and good resolutions.

The Album, also a young ladies' paper, came to hand in due time. We would refrain from expressing our opinion of its merits till we have seen more of it.

SPORTS.

TENNIS.

A match game of tennis was played at Ardmore on the 20th of October, between representatives of the University and Haverford. The game resulted in an easy victory for the 'Varsities, the college boys not winning a single set. Messrs. Clarke and Thayer, of the University, showed the effects of constant practice, —Clarke especially distinguishing himself by his accurate return. It must in justice be said that Messrs. Thomas and Shoemaker, representatives of Haverford, play a better game than their record would seem to indicate.

FOOTBALL.

On November 13th, elevens selected from the Sophomore classes of the University and Haverford met on the grounds of the latter to engage in a match game of football. In spite of the bleak weather many spectators (among whom were ladies) were present to encourage the players. Haverford had the kick off, and when, after forty-five minutes, time was called, the ball was in the centre of the field very near the place from which it was started. Each side had made a safety touch. Thirty minutes after the game was resumed, Haverford made a touch-down and the goal was won by a place kick. In the few minutes that remained, Haverford succeeded in making a second touch-down. The victory was complete, for the University had scored nothing. Mr. Townsend, of the University, acted as referee, and his valuable services were appreciated by all. The runs made by Thomas and Rhodes, of Haverford, were the prominent feature of the game. The match was a very lively one, and all were well pleased.

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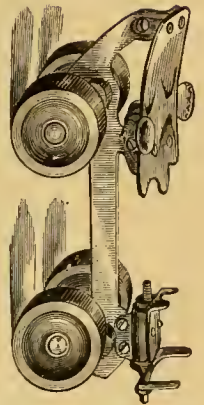
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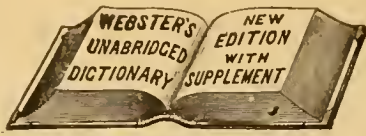
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 2.

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Having made arrangements with the editors of the "Student" and "Earlhamite," we are enabled to send those two papers, with the "Haverfordian," to one address, for \$2.50 per year.

In this issue will be found an interesting reminiscence of the organization and early days of the Everett Society by its first president. In succeeding numbers we expect to give articles of a similar character on the Athenæum and Loganian. We purpose giving accounts by old members, from time to time, of the most interesting periods in their history. Others have flourished in the college at different times, but now are little known, if at all, to the present members of the college, and, through the kindness of some of our Alumni friends, we hope to give, during the year, some account of all that ever attained any importance. A member of the Grasshopper has promised us a history of that; and then there was the Henry, and we do not know how many more. We ask the older graduates to forward us anything of this nature which they think may be of interest.

The prizes recently offered by the Loganian for declaiming, extempore debating and English composition, though not large, indicate a desire for improvement, and a growing interest in society work. For the first two the society is indebted to individuals,—members and friends of the Loganian,—several of whom expressed a willingness to contribute for that object annually. Such expressions, coming from the ones they do, seem ominous, and, with sufficient encouragement, may lead to the establishment of a permanent fund for this purpose, as

was hinted by one whose judgment is seldom in error. The one for debating introduces a novel mode in that department, but a mode that is none the less worthy of encouragement. To be able to express an idea is important, but to be able to do it with readiness is often equally as valuable. That for English composition is timely made, but the propriety of dividing so small a sum for a first and second is questionable. It is an experiment, however, and the success with which it meets will doubtless influence future action. We hope those who intend to write will not put it off for the last term, but will begin at once, that they may have all the advantages of time.

James Hack Tuke's appeal to young men, in his lecture here, December 1, to cherish an honorable love for the government, and not to neglect politics because it is in bad hands, deserves more than a passing notice. It is true the strife, the malice, the corruption with which American politics has been fought for many years offer little inducement to men filled with high and noble aspirations. But the government in none of its branches is likely to be purified by good men standing aloof and leaving it to the vile; and all honor to him who braves the storm and triumphs! England to-day points the world to her civil service as an example of political honesty. But English politics has not always shone so fair; in other days it has been as worthy of scorn as it is now of patronage. Its present status is the far-off fruits of the labors of such men as More, Pitt, Peel, Gladstone, Cobden and Bright, who, though they entered the field in trying times, would not allow their sense of right to be extinguished by a blast of party strife. It is such men that we need to manage our politics to-day,—men who will act upon that oft-quoted maxim: "I would rather be right than president." Such men have always been in demand, and have found a cause to propagate; and, if they have failed to find favor with their contemporaries, posterity has refused to pass lightly over their self-sacrificing deeds. But we are not inclined to feel discouraged; in fact, some notable signs of the improvement and elevation of our politics have appeared, and we cannot look with indifference upon the services of some who are now devoting themselves to the great questions of the day.

To those who wish to live for high and lasting purposes, no sphere of action is more ennobling than the service of the state, when good government is the object and advancement is the reward of merit. True republican governments are, however, attended with an evil of which others are relieved, in consequence of all offices being open to the ambition of any who can sway their comrades, however mean or uncultivated; yet they afford a fine field for the display of the nobler powers, and for the triumph of the good over the base. If the wretch who can sway his ignorant peers can employ means which a noble man would not, and thus bear himself onward, he must fall when his constituents are enlightened.

It has been rumored abroad that we are to have a new telescope. The instrument was made originally for the Brazilian Government, but the order was countermanded, and it is now in the hands of the Clark Manufacturing Company. Every one who is acquainted with the Observatory, or has had any practical work with the instruments, can well appreciate any movement in this direction. Four thousand dollars is the price asked for the new instrument, and though seemingly a large expenditure, the increasing interest manifested by Haverford patrons in astronomical fields, and the attention which our college has received from the best observatories in the land, bespeak a growing confidence which an outlay of the above amount could not fail to strengthen. The students are not slow in appreciating the privileges which they have in the Observatory,—the free and almost exclusive use of both equatorial and transit instruments by hands which become skillful only by practice, and which are changed every year, must necessarily interfere with the exactness of any real work of importance. Then after fifteen or sixteen young aspirants have completely quenched their astronomical zeal during the three or four favorable evenings of the week, there is very little time left to other hands whose work is of vastly more importance. This, then, is our ideal,—to build another wing to the Observatory and mount the new instrument; this shall be the sanctum sanctorum, while the old instrument, though in no way discarded, may still be used by the inexperienced.

We hail with joy that proposition which was made in Loganian a few nights since, relative to a professor of elocution being employed to drill us in declaiming. If there is anything in which we are behindhand, it is certainly the general tone of our public exhibitions, where the students are left entirely to their own resources.

The subject-matter of exercises admits of no criticism in *The Haverfordian*; but it is the lack of grace in gesticulation, and ignorance in first principles of elocution, that we particularly notice. We hope that the proposition made will not be merely ideal, but result in the appointment of a competent professor in elocution, thus removing a want which we have keenly felt.

Much has been said about the free access to the library granted to the students. Those who are acquainted with it consider it one of the most valuable institutions of its kind. We are encouraged to use it; it is open at all reasonable hours; and we appreciate our advantages in this direction. But is it not unfortunate that at the time of year when we have most leisure to devote to its use, the temperature of the hall is such that we cannot stay in it with any degree of comfort? and this is notably the case on those days of the week when it is thrown open during the most hours. The furnaces are large, and seem to us adequate to contribute more to our comfort than they do at present. One pleasant feature of the library hall in past years has been the great open fire at one end. It was suggestive of other scenes to sit reading and toasting our feet about it. We only notice the fact to call the attention of the authorities to an evil so easily remedied.

The "new" lecture-room, which has been in existence over two years, despite its many advantages to lecturer and audience, remains unused, except as a thoroughfare for classes passing to and from the laboratory. We remember the success of lectures delivered in it last year, and we hope that some of the professors having an equally vivid remembrance will be prompted to volunteer their services. That the apparatus of the physical and chemical laboratories should remain inactive in its cases is to be lamented, since by a judicious use of it so much instruction might be given.

THE PERGAMON MARBLES.

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice?"

*** What little town by mountain or sea-shore,
Or mountain built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?"

With some such feelings does one stand before the marvelous fragments of the Pergamon Marbles in the busy capital of the German Empire. Around him the hands of skilled workmen, under the superintendence of learned professors, are busied in restoring these fragments to their normal relation to one another. But he finds himself wondering, questioning, about the people who brought sacrifice to this great altar, and a half-mur-

mured *ubi sunt* escapes him. His eye feasts upon the beauty of their handiwork; their theology is mellowed by distance; and he is just now ready enough to think of them as a sunny, pious folk, worshiping their own gods beneath their own sky.

The sculptures of ancient Greece, as they now rest in London, Munich, Paris, Berlin, and, indeed, scattered throughout Europe, have become, either directly or indirectly, as integral a part of our own education as are the remains of the literatures of Greece and Rome.

The excavations at Mycenae and in the Troad, which Schliemann's books have rendered familiar to all who cared to read them, have removed the obstruction of centuries, and given us, comparatively speaking, a near look at the bygone life of this *juventus mundi*.

With the result of the excavations at Olympia, carried on at intervals from 1875 to 1880, we are perhaps less familiar; but the student of art can now, in Berlin, embrace, in his round of study, the excellent casts of these remains.

The story of the Pergamon "find" was told by Professor Alexander Conze nearly a year ago, and found its way to the *New York Tribune* before the close of last winter in a letter from an American temporarily resident in Berlin. Pergamon—the modern Bergama—is situated in Asia Minor, near the coast, and directly in a line with Mytilene in Lesbos, or just north of the thirty-ninth parallel. The nature of the city is best gathered from a picture taken on the spot, which may be seen in the Berlin Museum, along with the marbles themselves. The ancient city, like Athens, like Corinth, like Ithome in Messenia, possessed an acropolis where were erected the various temples, altars, votive offerings, etc., with which the city was enriched. To-day this hill stands forth, barren and overgrown with brambles, between the beds of the Selinus and Ketios rivers. In 1865 Karl Humann, a German engineer, while making survey for a road, noticed some fragments of sculpture imbedded in an old wall which had been built around the acropolis for the sake of defense. This led to a more careful investigation; but not until 1872, after Professor Ernst Curtius had visited the spot, was the support of the German Government energetically enlisted in the cause. To prevent interference from other sources or any sudden veering of the Turkish weathercock, the work was begun with some secrecy. On September 9, 1878, Humann finally commenced work. Imbedded in the old walls he found huge blocks of sculptured marble and large sections of pillars built in lengthwise. Rightly concluding that such enormous fragments would not have been laboriously brought up from the plain below, he examined the ground carefully and

noticed a slight swelling on the hill. Here he forthwith commenced excavations. His labors were quickly and richly rewarded. In three days the dispatch went forth: "Eleven great reliefs, with the figures in the main intact, thirty fragments, and *the altar* itself have been found." By *the altar* he has reference to certain scattered notices among the Greek and Roman writers which had been called forth from obscurity on the first mention of the probability of a discovery of antiques in this spot. Pausanias (V. 13, 8), in describing the altar of Zeus at Olympia, makes a comparison with the altar at Pergamon; and Ampelius, an obscure writer of the second or third century of our era, mentions, among the *mirabilia mundi*, a great marble altar at Pergamon.

The work went on with vigor until, with the expenditure of only thirty or forty thousand dollars of our money, there has arrived in the German capital this collection so important for Greek art that Conze, in his address last January, declared: "I do not hesitate to ascribe to this [*i. e.* the altar], as a standard in its time, an importance equal with the Parthenon and Mausoleum as standards in the fifth and fourth centuries."*

Besides the altar, a temple was discovered, undoubtedly the same as the one alluded to by Tacitus (*Annales* IV., 37, 55) under the title *templum Augusti et urbis Romae*. Other remains are clustered about, partly Roman, partly Hellenic. The grand altar, however, is by far the most important for our knowledge of art. Besides numerous smaller fragments, ninety-six larger pieces of the altar have been secured; and although it will still be some time before the fragments can be classified and arranged in their proper relations to one another, yet a stranger may gain admission to the workshop of the Museum where the blocks are undergoing a careful supervision and cleaning. This latter is a task requiring no little delicacy and judgment, as the marbles were built directly into the old wall, bound together with metal and cement. The great slabs, $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 to 4 feet, are spread along the floor, and as the spectator walks among them he already begins to trace out for himself the general idea of the representation. It is a gigantomachy, and the idea is not belittled by any defect in the execution.

The huge forms, the writhing limbs, the straining muscles, the shaggy beards, the calm, beautiful power on the faces of the gods as they conquer, and the crushed but mighty despair of the giants, impress the beholder with the sense of a great unified master-piece, despite the defacements of time and ruin. In the inner workshop may be seen the fragments of the rim which prob-

* "Ich stehe nicht an, ihm für diese Periode eine gleiche Wichtigkeit beizumessen, wie Parthenon und Mausoleum sie für die Kenntniss der Kunst des fünften und vierten Jahrhunderts anerkannter Maassen behaupten."

ably ran along above the slabs. Here we can still read the names of many of the gods, which the sculptor, following the practice prevalent with many of the old vase-makers, has carved beside the respective figures. Thus we find Athena, Heracles, Poseidon, Amphitrite, Triton, and others among the gods; and from another rim or ledge, probably running beneath, we find fragments bearing the names of Erysichthon, Palleneus, Chthonophylos, and other names of giants. Other figures are recognized without this help. Helios, with his chariot and four, follows close after Eos, the rosy-fingered child of dawn. Apollo and Dionysus are readily distinguished. On another tablet Zeus, represented with his thunderbolt, deals disaster upon a giant "huge ending in snaky twine;" on still another, Pallas Athena has seized a Titan, and the serpents from the Medusa-shield of the goddess entwine themselves in his hair, while from below Gaea, the All-mother, and especially the mother of the Giants,—earth-born children of the productive soil, as the Greeks called them,—looks up to implore pity for her children. Everywhere action, powerful, vigorous, sometimes even violent. But withal there is the most elaborate and conscientious care of detail, seen in each scale on the fish-like extremities that characterize the giants, the feet of the lions, and the portions of the work more or less hidden from view.

The altar, as a whole, must have been very impressive. The sides of the foundation, as laid bare, measure over a hundred feet each way. The great sculptures which have been alluded to, formed merely the frieze of the altar, and when we think of their size—nearly eight feet high—we infer that the whole must have been immense. Above this broad frieze ran a colonnade adorned with statues, and above this still another frieze, four and a half feet high, some fragments of which have also been recovered. Above this must have been some architectural device to complete the whole. Thus we may picture to ourselves this temple-like altar towering up toward heaven on this high, free acropolis. And if we bear in mind the fact that even the *temples* of the Greeks were not temples in our modern sense of the term, but vast *anathemata*, or votive offerings, we shall be better prepared to see in this great altar under the open sky a still nearer approach to the truly spiritual conception of the Persians, who refused to believe that the godhead could find a dwelling-place in temples made with hands.

The idea to be conveyed by the vast gigantomachy on the larger frieze, was the triumph of civilization over barbaric force. Just as so often among the earlier Grecian sculptures (*e. g.*, in the Zeus temple at Olympia) we find the contest between the Lapithae and Centaurs symbolizing the great turning point in the world's history when the

Greeks hurled back the barbarians from Marathon and Salamis, so here the victory of Attalus I. over the barbaric hordes of the Galatians is symbolized. Critics are still divided about the date of the erection of this altar. They assign it either to the reign of King Attalus, 241-197, or to that of his successor, Eumenes II., 197-159. Either prince is worthy of the work. Attalus drove back the Galatians; Eumenes, too, was powerful in war. Attalus founded the great Pergamon library,* second only to the Alexandrian; Eumenes increased it and fostered learning, art and oratory. Hence it was scarce presumption for either of them to symbolize thus their endeavor to cherish the good and the beautiful, to cope with and to conquer the brutal and barbarian.

Before closing even this hasty sketch a few words are in place as to the importance of this discovery in the history of art. The well-established canon that nothing truly Hellenic, in the highest sense, can be referred to the post-classic period must be remodelled. True, in the Pergamon marbles, we have no longer the old grand severity, and the name rather of Michel Angelo than of Phidias is upon our lips as we behold them; the luxurious tendencies of the Orient and time have had their effect; but just as the Aegina marbles made way for the Parthenon, so still another step was taken, not necessarily downward, but, in a certain sense, forward. Men were compelled to combine the human with the divine. The double comparison of the dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles with the marbles of Aegina and the Parthenon, is threadbare; but it may be instructive to press it once more in the light of this third element in the development of sculpture. If we return to literature we can scarcely find there a third factor to correspond. Euripides will not fully answer our demand. He is far enough in characteristic from Sophocles, it is true, and, although a contemporary, represents a public breathing an atmosphere far removed from that of the author of Oedipus Rex. But the petty quibblings of Euripides and his *deus ex machina*, transgressing with a truly Olympian effrontery all laws of the drama, form no true development of the art as handed down from Phrynichus and Aeschylus. A little later, and the conditions necessary for dramatic worth had passed away. But with the Pergamon marbles the case is different. We may regret the displacement of child-like purity and freshness by the rounded maturity of a more advanced age; it is, however, the desired development. As Professor Willard Fiske has said: "It is all a marvelous after-bloom of the

* "Zuletzt," says Bernhardt, (*Gesch. Gr. Lit.* I. 513.) "versehenkte Antonius diesen Bücherschatz (200,000 Bände, nach Alexandria."

springtime of Hellenic genius, a late-lingering flower of Hellenic art."

Both for the history of art, therefore, and in themselves as things of beauty, these marbles are of worth. This lesson of beauty we must neither over-strain nor misapply. The Pseudo-Hellenism which would foist in upon our day of larger aims and fuller purpose all that is undesirable, together with the true lessons, in Greek life, cannot be too carefully avoided. But without shuddering at the demoralizing influence of tall factory chimneys or "cotton-spinning plutocrats who bring in luxury and vulgarity," we may at least preserve the retina of the body, of the mind and of the spirit sensitive to all the impacts of true beauty and beautiful truth.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EVERETT SOCIETY.

When the infant "Everett Society" first breathed, one Seventh-day afternoon, more than twenty-two years ago, those who smiled around its cradle little dreamed that its future career would be so full of interest, its efforts so successful, its work so useful and glorious. I must leave these, however, to its biographers, and doubt not that its epitaph, if ever written, will be some quotation from Horace about executing a monument of influence more lasting than brass. The hours of earnest work under its cheering stimulus will remain as growths in power to individual character, as the rain and sunshine of the summer give growth to the oak and the chestnut. But why think of an epitaph? We will not—there shall be none! Let it live to yet nobler work, as the time ripens and better days are dawning, the silver changing to the golden age. (I trust this will not be understood to have any reference to the recoinage of our cheap silver dollars.)

Twenty-two years is a long while to remember anything. I could scarcely believe it has been so long, did not the Haverford Catalogue and a glance in the mirror make a strong case of circumstantial evidence. Youth never grows old—there is said to be no immortality for old men. If, however, I make some errors, and tell what was not precisely so, I hope it will not be considered a question of veracity (for I would not care to be more accurate than other historians), but let it go to prove that imagination is, in an emergency, more reliable than memory.

All the older students in 1858, except two of the seniors, belonged to the "Henry" or to the "Athenæum" societies. There had been, with the new term, an accession of more than a dozen "little fellows"—"short coats"—and there was no "home" for them except the gymnasium, or out among the butterflies and beetles.

True, Professor Chase—then enjoying those halcyon days of bachelorship when he was contemplating sundry editions of "Chase & Stewart's Classics," which became so terrible during the war, and since—did frequently call together a flock of these lonely and homesick for an afternoon's ramble to some spot of particular interest, where the waters were in the darkest shadows, or the distance most enchanting. The (Patrick) "Henry" fellows were generally considered somewhat "hifalutin," sporting long-tailed (Shanghai) coats, tight pantaloons, extra short-toed boots, and were exceedingly fond of Virginia oysters. It was whispered that the superintendents even used to wink at these treasonable sumptuous, and, since Cæsar had his Brutus and John Bull his Patrick (got 'im yet), actually, on divers occasions, brought from the city certain bushels of bivalves, etc., "without letting his right hand know nothing about it." As that was the age when Know-nothingism was ripening its fruit, all this, of course, was excusable.

The Athenæum, although it had begun humble enough, and had been glad enough to get any accessions a short time previous, had grown quite aristocratic, very old, intellectual and select.

Neither of these societies wished any small boys within borders.

There had been another society disbanded a short time before. It was still more select; in fact, was limited constitutionally to ten members, and, of course, each new term took the choice of the recruits.

It had died! The few members (it was supposed), despairing on a certain occasion of getting their complement of ten of the required quality, had voted themselves honorary membership, and shared the estate, whether pecunious or bankrupt, it does not now signify.

On that particular Seventh-day there were about twenty boys, mostly "new," enjoying their early teens, and tired of too much play; some of them disappointed that neither society had invited their initiation fees, nor bid them welcome to the bosom of its fraternity. All except two of the Seniors of the Class of '58 were engaged in those societies, and these two were working hard for numbers they hoped to win at final examination, and, but for the relaxation, might not have undertaken even the little they did in assisting to rock the cradle of the young society. Their conversation once turned on the situation of these "new" boys, their not being chosen into the societies, their inability to do much in the Loganian from want of private practice and encouragement, and, should this continue, the loss to them would soon be irreparable; the noise, disorder, wrong employment of leisure, and a future of not "what

it might have been," etc. About the same time an idea had struck some of the boys themselves, and a new society was softly whispered of. No one knew anything, how, or when, or where; but the boys were to have a society of their own.

Silently as the fall of the first snow, coy as the coming of the first orioles, no one outside knew it was to be until it was ready for business.

An impromptu committee was sent to see the boys, and invite them to an informal meeting in Chase's classroom, north-west corner of Founders' Hall. That very evening seventeen responded as promptly as volunteers ever rallied to any colors, and from that moment there were no fears nor delay. We had a society on the spot, fully armed, like Minerva; it sprang to life, and although I have said something about smiling over its cradle, it was a jolly stout fellow for an infant, able to rock its own cradle, and do its own smiling.

Then came the committee to draw up a constitution and laws, temporary executive committee to arrange exercises for the next meeting, when the infant had become a real Hercules! Every member was pleased beyond expression, prouder than any of the Henry or Athenæum fellows; and the way the little men went to work on essays, declamations, readings, dialogues, reports, etc., made very light work and pleasant recreation for the two seniors who privately drilled or advised them about their exercises before the hour of meeting; and when we met there was excellent order! Every man felt the honor, and kept the dignity of a senator! Professor Chase was consulted, and either suggested or approved of the name of "The Everett." (When that name was first spelled with "e" at both ends I don't know.) The Hon. Edward was duly informed of his hopeful namesake, and the additional honor to his name conferred by an honorary membership; and he gracefully replied in terms that gave both fuel and flame to our pride. We invited lecturers to evaporate before us, and boil over with wisdom and knowledge and fancy.

Pegasus flew heavy laden, carrying double, and cavorted in our skies! The "sacred Nine," increased to a dozen or sixteen, taught us the magic of taste and elegance in literature, and tipped our pens with fire.

The influence of the "Everett" was felt at once in the atmosphere of the college. There was more study, more purpose, less noise and nonsense; a sort of manliness enthused the younger classes: every one of the seventeen (which number had increased to twenty-three) delighted to hear some new story of the boyhood, the manhood, the classical scholarship or the eloquence of Edward Everett, and some, at least, hid in their hearts

the intention to profit by his labors and studious example.

The professors, little used to such demonstrations, were pleased. The venerable Doctor rested somewhat easier in regard to experiments with "taffy," and the too frequent manufacture of gunpowder in the laboratory, and had more quiet time to fructify the cucumber blossoms in his windows.

The big boys, at first amused, then puzzled, were at last confused when the "Everett" voted "solid" in the Loganian. They found that they had the balance of power to say who should have the coveted offices of the mother society; and they very properly had their say. When the writer took leave of the young society, and of Haverford, to go out into the wide, uncertain world, sad that nevermore could he return as a student to those halls so endeared, the "Everett" held, and has held, a warm place in his heart, and its continued success increases the pleasure of memories of its first victories.

The first honorary certificate granted was "done up" in "good English," and reads as follows: "The Everett Literary Society, established by seventeen students of Haverford College, third month, 1858, for their improvement in moral and intellectual pursuits," etc., and is signed by Thomas Wistar and Henry Bettie, as president and secretary. Another certificate, much more pretentious, done up in Latin, with a very young portrait of Everett under a canopy of "Societas Everettica,"—my name in profuse old English, preceded very appropriately with "virum ornatum," signed by Jacobus Tyson and Horace G. Lippincott, præsis et scriba, and dated ante diem VIII. Kallendas Februarias, MDCCCLX, was duly received.

I have kept track of but few of the first "Everett" boys, but then I have never felt uneasy about them.

HIGHLAND-ON-HUDSON, 12th month 2d, 1880.

THE COCKNEY POETS.

PAPER II.

In the last paper I pointed out the relationship existing between the poetry of John Keats and that of Wordsworth; in this I shall refer to the dry details of biography, and endeavor to portray the social relations of Keats, which must of necessity bring us in connection with the other characters of the same school. It was a happy circumstance of the boyhood life of Keats that he was sent to a boarding-school of high repute; as a playmate he was not a little conspicuous in the romping sports; his physical deformities debarred him from the most

athletic games, but his interest was with them. He was a favorite with teachers and fellows alike. A highly pugnacious spirit often brought him into temporary disrepute, but a native tenderness of affection and readiness to ask one's pardon quickly removed the ill-feeling. As a student he was no less remarkable. The first years of his school life gave few indications of future greatness, though even here could be seen a strong, impulsive will, generally guided by healthy motives; and, no doubt, the seeds of that noble genius which were afterward to blossom and shed their transient lustre on the poet's life, were then germinating. The latter years of his school life were differently employed. All his spare time was passed in reading; while others were at play, he read; spare moments at his meals, and odd times snatched during recitations, were devoted by him to reading. His favorite—for all great men have their favorite volumes—was the “Æneid,” though his favorite poet in those early days was Spencer. The boyhood of Keats thus passed in obscurity; his youth apparently squandered in an aimless endeavor after that which he could not reach; poor in purse, weak in constitution, a stranger to friends, it is uttering a bold prophecy to say that he shall emerge into a poet at once the rival and the friend of Hunt and Shelley, and the guest of Brown; yet it is uttering no less daring prophecy to place the author of “Endymion” in the same rank as Spencer. We have not only in his early poems a *proof* of his genius, but a *promise* of the fruit of genius which time and culture alone could perfect. The mould of John Keats' mind was more that of Milton's than of Shakespeare's. Had he written his masterpiece, it would have been accomplished, I judge, after years of most ardent study; he would have combined in its production native talent with exhaustive thought. This may seem chimerical. Keats is sometimes pictured as flip-pant in his writings, wanting condensation, saying much and meaning little. This is just so far as it goes. His longer poems would not suffer from abridgments, but his choicest thoughts are found in a single line, which to alter would be but to destroy. It is these short poems, sometimes amounting scarcely to a line, which, to my mind, stamp Keats as a true poet and a great poet. Shelley's poetry is personal, Keats' has been called impersonal; Shakespeare's personal, Spencer's impersonal. Critics need not all agree. There are peculiarities in Spencer's poetry, in the subjects, in the treatment, but most of all in the metre and verse, which a thorough student of Spencer will never mistake; just so I believe that Keats, along with Spencer, has a claim, it may be but shallow, to personality, for I believe that the student of Keats knows him when he meets him. Again, to

view another side of Keats' nature, we find him the poet of sense, not of reflection; this apparently conflicts with our former theory, but remember his later poems differed most from his earlier ones by the addition of this reflective element. To return to our biography. Keats as a student at the hospital we have nothing to do with; a short apprenticeship sufficed to give him a distaste for it, and he turned himself to literature, that field for which nature had best fitted him. Thus far he is an inconspicuous lodger in London; his friends are few, and his relations in high life fewer. He has published a few poems, which meet with just such success as would make an uncourageous spirit abandon the step in disappointment. But here a circumstance occurs, as fortunate for the poet as it was unforeseen. A friend of Keats called upon Leigh Hunt, and presented him with the first two or three of his poems. Hunt's admiration was genuine; the poems were read and reread, praised and praised again. Keats, a youth, not yet of age, self-educated, of humble birth, his friend wished only a kindly recognition of his powers by the happy owner of the “Vale of Health;” he wished only this, he expected even less. From that day to the day of his departure to Rome, Keats knew few better friends than Leigh Hunt, and few firesides where he was more welcome. One evening, as the two poets sat by the cosy fire-place, the one challenged the other to write then, on the spur of the moment, a sonnet on the “Grasshopper and the Cricket.” You will find the result in their respective works. Thus was Keats' kindly introduction to Hunt, the greatest of the “Cockney poets.” What a contrast to the cold reception of the critics!

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES, CHAP. I.

Now it came to pass in these latter days that a great trouble grew and waxed strong among the Loganits, who dwell on this side the river. And every man's hand was raised against his brother, so that he knew not whereof he spake. And much wrath grew in the house of Jesse against Billdad the Shoeheight and the rest of his house, and there was sore distress and gnashing of teeth among the Loganits, for they were mighty in words and in deeds. And the stem of Jesse waxed exceeding wroth, and strove with the Shoeheights and nigh overthrew them, so that they were sore oppressed. Now there arose three valiant men from among the Loganits, who were skilled in the law and possessed much wisdom. And they called unto the house of Jesse, saying, Why are ye thus cast down? Tell unto us this trouble that possesseth you, for we are most upright in judgment. And the children of Jesse told unto the wise men all

their vexations of spirit; and sleep went from them for the space of twenty and four hours, yet they grew not faint. Now when the morning was come, the wise men said among themselves, What manner of men are these? Would that they had rushed down a steep hill with their brethren into the sea, for their grievances are most hard to interpret. And the Shoeheights became stiff-necked, saying, Who set you to be rulers over us? And there grew much schism in the council of the Loganits, and the Shoeheights became obdurate of heart, saying, We will have nothing to do with this evil people. So the schism ceased, and no man knoweth until this day why they should thus raise Cain. ANN I WITNESS.

ADDRESS AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE ON THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

We take the following from the *Friends' Review*:

"James Hack Tuke having very kindly consented to give an informal address on 'The Irish Distress, and its Causes and Remedies,' before the students of Haverford College, on the evening of the 1st inst., a goodly number of the Managers and other friends assembled to share in the pleasure of hearing him. Beginning with a graceful allusion to the recent visit of Thomas Hughes, 'the echoes of whose voice had not yet died away in that hall,' the speaker proceeded in a lively and very attractive manner to describe the condition of the people in the recent suffering from lack of food. Pointing out the localities referred to on a map of Ireland, he brought the most vivid pictures before the minds of his audience, of the afflictions endured last winter, while an occasional effective touch revealed the horrors of the dreadful famine of 1846-47. Among the causes of the distress referred to was the inadequacy of the boggy soil, drenched often by the spray of the Atlantic, to support a large population. Among the remedies suggested, besides the extension of the Ulster tenant-right over the whole island, was a vigorous system of organized emigration.

"The speaker concluded with a very earnest appeal to the young men before him to cherish an interest in public questions, and to fit themselves to discharge wisely and nobly all their duties as citizens of a great nation. He impressed upon them the importance of following all their convictions of duty, and illustrated by eminent examples in his own country the triumphs granted in the end to good causes which have been manfully asserted through obloquy and persecution. No one can tell the great and far-reaching consequences which may flow from some simple act of faithfulness. An instructive connection was traced between the faithful attention to the promptings of his heavenly Guide which led a humble-minded and devoted Friend, more than thirty years ago, to journey in Ireland for the relief of the famine-stricken people, and the acceptance by his own son of the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland in the present Cabinet, where, in the spirit of his father and in dutiful remembrance of his precepts, he is striving to settle the very difficult problems presented in that unhappy island, by measures of wise philanthropy and true Christian statesmanship.

"The speaker held the closest attention of the students and all his hearers to the close; and it is seldom that an hour is passed so full of interest and instruction."

THOMAS ELLIS.

From Dr. J. J. Levick's lecture on "The Early Welsh Settlements in Pennsylvania," we extract the following interesting notice of the first man who courted the Muses in Pennsylvania's forests, and who lived near the present site of the college:

Thomas Ellis was a prominent Friend in Wales, where he had suffered much persecution for his religion. He came from Pembrokeshire in 1683, and settled on a tract of land of which it is believed the Haverford College property is a part. His certificate from Redstone Meeting (Wales) speaks of him as "a man of tender spirit, often broken before the Lord with the sense of the power of an endless being upon him." "His testimony for the Lord and his truth hath been weighty to the reaching of the consciences of many, and he hath an excellent gift in opening Divine Mysteries." "His imprisonments have been many and difficult with the spoiling of goods on truth's account." Soon after he arrived here, so impressed was he with the natural beauty of the place, and with a grateful sense of religious liberty at last obtained, that he gave vent to his feelings in the subjoined "Song of Rejoicing," which was translated from the British language (in which it was originally written) by "his friend John Humphrey." Though a resident of Haverford, Thomas Ellis spent much of his time in Philadelphia, where he held public trusts under the government. He also, as a Friend, traveled in the ministry. At the time of his death, 1688, he held the office of Register-General in Pennsylvania. He addresses his home in the forests, in his "Song of Rejoicing," as

" . . . a habitation
With certain, sure, and clear foundation,
Where the dawning of the day
Expels the thick, dark night away.
" Lord, give us here a place to feed,
And pass our life among thy seed;
That in our bounds, true love and peace
From age to age may never cease.
" Then shall the trees and fields increase—
Heaven and earth proclaim the peace,
And we and they,—forever, Lord,
Show forth thy praise—with one accord."

LOCALS.

When I flounder on the Greek,
Or Faust or Loomis make me reek,
Who braces up my failing cheek?
My pony.

When my winks in vain are wunk,
And my last stray thoughts are thunk,
Who saves me from a shameful flunk?
My pony.

What friend is this that stands near by,
Concealed alike from every eye,
And only looked at on the sly?
My pony.

Some envious eye has on me looked,
Some wicked hand my friend has took,
'Tis the spiteful Senior that has hooked
My pony.

I should snicker!!

So you've been to Chester?

The lawn is receiving a coating of lime.

The glee club is thriving, and is very *musical*.

Three Seniors were lately seen fishing on the Sabbath.

Striped stockings cover a multitude of shins—(Ex)cellent.

Only one plug hat in the Senior Class, and it is hibernating.

The Juniors are enjoying all the delights of theme writing.

Students are requested not to read papers in the class-room.

The Haverford Civil Engineer Corps has been having some practical work of late.

The large quantities of ice taken from the pond have put a stop to all enjoyment in the skating line.

The majority of the students have as yet failed to see the advantages of the new marking system.

The question which is now agitating the Senior is his elective for the next term. There is a general rush for snaps.

The balloting for representatives to the Loganian resulted in the election of Gamble ('82), Palmer ('82), Blanchard ('83), Estes ('84).

A Senior says the game of base ball is of antique origin. Even Noah practiced it in the mornings when he got the dove out on the fly.

Talking about mean time reminds us of the time the old clock in Founders' Hall attempts to keep. We think it is the meanest time we know of.

The scientific Seniors are determining the latitude and longitude of the Observatory by triangulation from a United States survey station some miles distant.

Johnson, '81, is about to publish a short history of the human race from Adam down to the present time. Sealed proposals for dedication received at room No. 11.

Nothing takes the starch out of a dignified Senior so effectually as a bath in a little H_2O , which is hugging the zero point. It does not make any difference what the Senior is hugging.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, in regard to the course of lectures to be given weekly at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, commencing 2d mo. 1st, 1881.

The new cook knows how to soothe the hungry palate, as well as wield the dish-cloth sceptre over Judge. Two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois is no mean handful for a puny little mite like Judge. Where's his mush boy?

We are glad to hear that one Senior at least has broken his joke-mill, even beyond the hope of repair. Why not have a universal demolition of these heterochtical manufactories of palpable equivocations of the middleterm? So say we all of us!

Best book for everybody.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well regulated home, reading-room, library and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

We take the following from the *Science Observer* published by the Boston Scientific Society: "Between 3h. 15m. and 4h. 15m. 11 mo. 13th, Philadelphia mean time, fifty-two meteors were

observed and mapped at the Haverford College Observatory, twenty-eight of these being leonids. Four of them were as bright as first magnitude stars, the others being mostly quite faint, and many left streaks behind them." A request also comes that we keep a watch on New Year's night and on the morning of the 2d.

The following statistics have been carefully ascertained from exact measurements:

The average age of the Senior Class,	. . .	21.
" " height of the Senior Class,	. . .	5 ft. 8 in.
" " age of Junior Class,	. . .	20.
" " height of Junior Class,	. . .	5 ft. 9 in.
" " age of Sophomore Class,	. . .	19.
" " height of Sophomore Class,	. . .	5 ft. 9 in.
" " age of Freshman Class,	. . .	18.
" " height of Freshman Class,	. . .	5 ft. 7 in.

The moustache record reveals the following wonders:

Senior,	. . . 4	Sophomore,	. . . 9
Junior,3	Freshman,	. . . 1.635

MARRIED.

CAREY-MURDOCH.—At the First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, December 21, 1880, J. E. Carey ('70) to Miss S. H. Murdoch.

COLLEGE NEWS.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

By the kindness of the Faculty the students had holiday the day following Thanksgiving.

It was a great disappointment to all concerned that the game between the University team and Columbia did not come off November 27; but the failure was owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the fact that two of the team were sick.

The Philomathean Society held its thirty-third biennial December 10, being then sixty-seven years old. Quite a number of the fair sex were present to admire the way its fifty members marched in and took their seats upon the platform of the chapel, all in cap and gown. The moderator, G. Howard Freedly, '81, made a short address, after which George Furke Bispham delivered the oration, which was very kindly received.

The Glee Club has very much improved; it now numbers twenty-five, and gave its Christmas concert December 21 to an appreciative audience.

December 16, '83 held its cremation. The Medics of the University had not forgotten the way '83 treated their last Commencement, and a fight was rumored. The reserves were on the ground early in the afternoon, and an extra squad of police came on the grounds about 7 P. M. When '83 reached the campus, it was crowded, and, as the Medics guarded the gate, part of the fence was torn down to let in the cremators. The Medics tried to head them off here, but after smelling the flames of the burning torches they mildly withdrew. The reserves formed a ring around the pyre to protect it, but it was not long before the stones within half a square suddenly assumed a curious centripetal force in the direction of the fire. '83 were safe; the police and the other classmen did the fighting, and the exercises were only momentarily interrupted. Eight police were wounded, and a number of students bruised, but not enough to keep them from college on the

following day. One unfortunate was shot in the thigh, and several arrested. Moral: "Let everything be done decently and in order."

It is rumored that we are to have a provost after January 1.

YALE.

The Freshman societies have been abolished.

November 20, the foot-ball team won a game over Harvard, the score standing, Yale 1 goal, 1 touch-down, and 2 safety-touches; Harvard, 9 safety-touches.

November 17, Yale Freshmen won it over Harvard Freshmen, 3 goals and 1 touch-down to 0.

The medal offered by the *Lit.* was awarded to Edward Tomkins McLaughlin for his essay on Shelley.

Nine men of '81 have an average of over 90 per cent. for their college course.

G. B. Rogers, much to the satisfaction of the crew, has reassumed his position in the University eight.

Attendance at chapel on Sunday mornings has been abolished.

Yale will play Harvard at tennis in the spring.

HARVARD.

The first annual report of the Harvard Annex furnishes the following information. Its different courses have been passed during the year by twenty-five young ladies, who have passed the required examinations with credit. The new term opens with an attendance of forty-two, or nearly twice the number of last year. Of these, eighteen take Greek; fifteen, Latin; ten, mathematics, German and English; eight, history and philosophy; four, physics; three, astronomy; two, French, Italian and botany; and one, political economy. There will be twenty-nine classes in all, with a corps of seven professors, four assistants, and twelve instructors. Of the forty-two pupils, ten are pursuing a regular course of four years. A fund of \$16,000 was subscribed at the initiation of the enterprise, of which \$7,500 has been called in. The amount received from the fees of pupils during the year was \$3,725, the expenses amounting to \$5,953, a deficit of about \$2,000. Of those not taking the regular course, twenty-one take one course, seven take two courses, and four take four courses.—*Echo*.

Harvard is third in the foot-ball championship.

The squad drill in the gymnasium is working well.

A new philological society has been formed.

By the will of Edwin M. Barringer, Harvard receives \$25,000 for the establishment of scholarships.

The expenses of the Freshmen crew last year were \$2,300, of which \$1,200 has been paid.

There are now in Harvard University 1,364 students,—eight more than last year. There 158 instructors in all departments. The most noticeable gain is in the scientific department. Last year it had only 116 students; this year it has 137. The post-graduate department is in a flourishing condition. The number now studying for the higher degree is 36. The evening readings from the ancient classics are not to members of the University alone. Of the endowment fund of \$130,000 for the Divinity School, only \$13,146 remains to be raised.

COLUMBIA.

The joint debates of the two literary societies are to be resumed.

The new hall, nearly done, is in want of a name, and a correspondent of the *Spectator* suggests the name "King's College," in honor of Dr. King who was so long president of Columbia.

The Bernard-Peithologian debate took place in the college chapel December 17.

Columbia lost the game of football with Yale, but gained back on Rutgers.

PRINCETON.

'81 has elected her officers for Class Day.

The ball nine will go into regular training in the gymnasium at the beginning of the year.

Fifty men employed in laying the new sewers through the campus have struck for higher wages.

A large cannon used by the Princeton troops during the Revolutionary War still remains on the college campus.

To prevent "shenannygoging" the college authorities have recently issued an *enlarged and revised* edition of the rules which govern examinations.

Princeton has recently purchased the original fossils from which were taken the *Ward Casts*, so well known in this country and in Europe. Three car-loads have already arrived. They cost sixteen thousand dollars. December 20, '80.

EXCHANGES.

We appreciate, in a degree at least, the position taken by the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* in regard to the conduct of the exchange column of college papers. We recognize the fact that in many cases "the exchange column is used for other than its intended purposes," and we would gladly co-operate with those who express a desire to check this abuse. Believing, however, that the *ordinary* method of conducting this department is neither to indulge in unjust criticism and virulent abuse, nor, on the other hand, to confine exchange notes to insipid common-places, we are not prepared to advocate the method's being entirely dropped. Quotations from exchanges are desirable, but not to the conclusion of critical notes; the latter, when judiciously made, are, in our opinion, the best part of the exchange column. The abuse of these notes should not avail to overthrow the whole system; it might be granting too much influence to those who are the authors of the abuse. The most fitting rebuke would be to take no notice of such papers. We approve of the suggestion to request the *New York World* to devote a larger space to college news.

We have lately received the back numbers of the *Free Press* from the College of the City of New York. It purports to be "a journal which shall continue to represent the students of the college, and vigilantly guard their welfare, irrespective of class or connection." Such a journal will receive the support of the students of the college. It has thus far shown itself a valiant champion of the oppressed. Wit is its weapon,—wit exuberant, but

not always of the highest order. It is somewhat on the principle of "slander stoutly, and something will stick."

We take the following lines, inscribed to Whittier, from the *Harvard Advocate*:

I.

The sun that first from chaos rose
Knew not on what remotest star
His beams should bring the long night's close,
And break the morning's prison bar.

II.

Hero in life's embattled ways,
Who strove for truth in freedom's night,
Nor didst thou know on what far days
Thy songs should pour a flood of light.

C. T. D.

The *Bicycling World* has been published during the past year with marked success. We have found it an unfailing source of interest and amusement. Since it is the largest weekly devoted to the subject, and the official organ of the association of American wheelmen, and, moreover, since it comes from the centre of a bicycling district, we are assured that we learn from it all that is worth learning about bicycles and bicyclers, and that whatever we find in it is authoritative. Archery, too, finds a place in its columns, and renders the paper doubly valuable.

THE LEADING CUTLERY HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA.

CHAS. HERDER,

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF

FINE CUTLERY,

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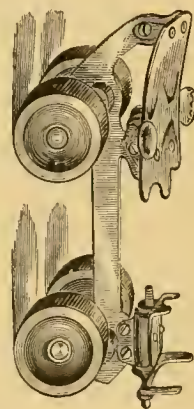
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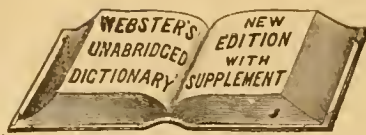
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 2.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 5.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

WALTER BRINTON, J. H. MOORE, WILLIAM E. PAGE.

Manager, WM. A. BLAIR. Asst. Manager, GEO. L. CROSMAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.

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We earnestly request our subscribers who have not yet paid this year's subscription, to forward us the amount as soon as convenient. Our terms are invariably in advance.

Those who have often been wearied by protracted commencements or Junior exhibitions will be glad to hear that action has been taken by one class, and is contemplated by another, to restrict the time allowed to each student for his exercise within such bounds as will ensure a reasonable length for the whole. Tediousness, arising from the length of the exercises, seems so inexcusable that we may wonder classes have not in the past been more careful to guard against it. A rule has been found necessary; for each student, finding it difficult to limit his oration by certain bounds, thinks that in case he transgresses these he will be the only one to do so; the result is, the majority of the orations exceed a good average length. We have everything to hope from the exercises of this year; and, as each obstacle to complete success is removed, we rejoice and hope on.

It has been a fine winter for the societies. They have not flourished so before for years. To be sure, we can only judge from the Loganian; but it purports to be an index of the literary merit of the college, so whatever conclusions we draw concerning it we may predicate with reasonable accuracy of the other societies. The average attendance has been good. The critics have been unusually severe. This is a good sign; for

the merit of an exercise is usually inversely as the severity of the criticism. Then the severity of a criticism indicates that the critic at least must have taken some interest in the meetings; and that one person should have done that years ago we understand to have been a very unusual occurrence. The president of the council has at last succeeded in eliciting original orations from some of the members; has at last succeeded, we say, for within our remembrance no president of the council has before met with such success. The most signal successes, however, were met with on the evenings when the Johnsonian school in English literature and the two great political parties of England were taken up for comment and discussion. Then we thought the golden age of the Loganian had come; and we have had nothing since to make us think differently. How much the exertion necessary for that unparalleled success affected the fulfillment of college duties, each student must decide for himself.

There is sometimes a temptation, when reading an article in a book or review in which one is really interested, to register on the margin any idea suggested to the mind by a striking statement of the author, either favorable or unfavorable, but the habit, when practiced on books which are not the reader's, cannot be too strongly criticised. We know of a professor who once recommended to his class to make marginal notes on their own books, but he told them to do it *neatly*, but we never knew of one recommending the marking of others' books. To take up a number of some valuable review whose contributors are generally authors of some ability, or, for instance, Vol. VIII. of the Pictorial History of England, and find scribbled along its white margins such expressions as "lie," "a great mistake," "only an Englishman's idea," and the like, forcibly reminds one of the favorite couplet applied to writing names, and certainly shows little judgment. It is hardly to be supposed that a reader who knows the truth of the case would be so bold in asserting it, and this manner of asserting it ought to reap the condemnation of any one who will turn over the pages of some of the most valuable books in our library.

There is one arrangement in our course of study the *raison d'être* of which we have never been able to see, but as we have seen a disadvantage in its practical working, we hope in the arrangement for the second half-year it may receive some consideration. We refer to the arrangement by which some studies are allowed but one hour a week. One of the professors has signified his intention to so combine those in his own department as to give, instead of three or four hours a week to as many studies, the whole number to one until that is completed, and then take up another, and we hope the step will be made general. True, in pursuing a course of study it is important to have some variety for the recreation of the mind; but with the variety that we must essentially have here, the one hour a week is certainly not needed for that purpose, and the distraction of the mind, and the small amount of interest created by touching a subject at such long intervals, return scarcely sufficient recompense for the time spent.

President Bascom in his article on "Atheism in Colleges," in the *North American* for January, touches a subject that ought not to be considered lightly by the managers of American educational institutions. If it is true, as he says, that "the skepticism which has somewhat abated its force in Germany, and is at least stationary in France, is passing over England as a tidal wave of great breadth and force," American educators would do well to heed his warning, and try to arrest its progress before it crosses the Atlantic.

These great movements in the progress of thought, impelled by the irresistible force of ideas, are of no small significance, but are the fruits of centuries of intellectual work. Not like an invading army do they come, but deep rooted, and proceeding in a natural channel of evolution, they are established and yet growing before they are fully detected, and are thus all the more important for study in all their steps. Philosophy, which is never cultivated in a new country until the other branches of knowledge have made some progress, has yet had comparatively few disciples in America; we cannot, like England or Germany, trace back through centuries a long list of worthies; they have but little more than learned what others before them have done; but with the encouragement now given by most of our leading colleges, and the stimulus which such influential bodies as the Concord School of Philosophy inspires, its votaries are likely at no distant day to guide the thoughtful classes of the people here as they have done in Europe.

The schools of agnosticism and materialism, of which atheism is but the ripe fruit, have yet found few

devotees in America; but so intimately connected with and so strongly influenced by European thought as we now are, we can expect this wave to be stemmed only by the most rigid and guarded instilling of the first principles which are generally confined to the four years' course. But while these centres of conservative thought are preserved in purity, we shall be affected little by either sensationalists or those who from deeper convictions seek to lead in a new channel.

It is with many misgivings that we attempt to say anything about an institution which has gained such a universal foothold among American students as to be recognized as an indispensable part of a college career.

The subject has been worn threadbare in college journals by an innumerable host of young moralists, who talk a great deal about the evil effects of "*cramming*," telling how the present prosperity of an acknowledged "*crammer*" meets its just reward in a worthless manhood, and how that plodding skeleton of a student is to reap his laurels when the brilliant young scapegrace has completed his list of cipher advancements in the common cause of humanity.

We remember the interest we took in that childhood story which greets the ears of every wayward son, about John the diligent and Thomas the idle. You remember, reader, how John never played during recess, but did his little sum like a man, and received his reward in "That's a good boy, John; work first and play afterwards." You remember, also, the disgust you had for slothful Thomas. Reader, if you have read *Mother Goose for Grown-up People*, and apply the same logic to the school-days of John and Thomas, you must look on the *persona* in a different light. For we venture two to one on idle Thomas every time, if the nursery tale could receive a *grown-up edition*.

But to return to our moralists, nine out of ten who make these mournful complaints on the depravity of student life will lay aside the pen and indulge in this barbarous custom to an extent which surpasses the most rank of their specimen *crammers*.

There is no use denying the fact, or shrinking from the naked truth, that as long as the present order of things exists in college instruction there will be cramming, and happy will that adventurer be who strikes from existence a custom the universality of which has established it as a law.

We can sympathize with a student who is willing and able to put a half-year's work in a few weeks at the close of the term, but our sympathy can receive no

expression in hackneyed moralizing; for these weak sermons, by their frequency, cannot fail to wear off any angularities which the subject may have in the consciences of some, and reduce the matter to a very common-place affair. We would, therefore, recommend those individuals whose misfortune it is to be connected with college journals, to desist from these fruitless appeals to the scared consciences of the majority of American students.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN.

Gentlemen:—As requested by you, I beg leave to submit the following short notice of "The Grasshopper Debating Club:"

Sometime during the fall of 1872, the above organization was instituted. It owed its origin to a need felt among some of the students for a better school for exercise in extempore debating than was at that time afforded by any of the literary societies. The exercises of the club were entirely limited to debates on such general topics as have always occupied the attention of similar societies. The membership was restricted to nine, and weekly meetings were held at first in the laboratory, afterward in Professor Chase's class-room. The interest of members was well sustained during two or three years of the college life of its founders. It was finally laid down, after '76 graduated, its purpose having been, in a measure, accomplished. That purpose was to excite a more lively interest in the art of debating, and in the evenings devoted to debates by the larger societies.

Another club of kindred nature, rejoicing in the title of "Turkey Gobblers," was formed a year later, and I think it may be credited to the influence of these two clubs that debates in the Loganian, Everett and Athenæum were changed from the most dull and stagnant occasions to be the meetings of the most general interest to all members.

The somewhat peculiar title of the club was suggested by certain lines in the Iliad, where the fathers of Troy are represented as gathering in high debate over the welfare of the city, at a rendezvous outside the Scæn gate; there, no longer warriors, they met as "good orators, like grasshoppers, which, in the woods, sitting on a log, send forth their voice like a lily," as irreproachable, as eloquent.

One improvement was made in their mode of conducting debates, which I consider was a great gain over that of the older societies. In the Loganian and Everett the custom was, in my day, and still may be, for the president to appoint a moderator and two jurors to decide

the question. These said jurors and moderator, as I remember, were wont to sit during the debate like Egyptian mummies, and at its conclusion would render a sententious, Sphinx-like decision for the affirmative or negative. They never attempted to give any reason for their verdict, and were as often as not influenced by prejudice for or against certain speakers. In the Grasshopper, a judge was appointed as well as the leaders of debate. He was expected to be as well up on the subject as they were, and was at liberty, during the debate, to ask the speakers any pertinent question which might arise in his mind. Finally, at the close of the argument, he would sum up the case and deliver his opinion, either as influenced by the respective weight of either side or as his own better knowledge might dictate. At all events, the interest was intensified by having a decision given which was ostensibly founded on certain reasons.

An indirect result of this club was a sheet, bearing, at first, its name, subsequently the title of *Haverfordian*, published annually by its members. This paper, though lacking the present experienced management of *The Haverfordian*, may possibly deserve to be considered its feeble forerunner. Certainly it was an adventurous craft which then first tried an unknown and somewhat hostile sea.

If your correspondent may be permitted to moralize for a moment, he would beg leave to say that it seems to him that a club limited in number to those having special desire to obtain experience in debating might very well find a permanent place at Haverford.

The usefulness of the established clubs of that character at Oxford and Princeton is well known. The great advantage it always is to any man, whether in or out of public life, to be able to think on his feet, and to say in a few words what is necessary for him to say, can hardly be properly estimated until one is thrown out into every-day life, when one constantly finds that many educated men are unable to express themselves extemporaneously without its being a burden as well to themselves as to those who are forced to listen. Few men, perhaps, can be orators, but almost any one can learn to express himself clearly and easily, and it seems to me that any college-bred man should be ashamed not to be able to do so.

To conclude, I might illustrate my point by mentioning a similar club, which was the outgrowth of the Grasshopper, and which several of its members have found useful in their post-collegiate days. It is a club formed for the discussion of questions in constitutional history and law and the political formation of our government. These are subjects in which every collegian is,

or ought to be, more or less interested. Three of the members sit as judges at each argument, one being retired at each meeting; leaders are appointed to open and close an otherwise general argument. At the close the decision is rendered by the senior judge, though the others may dissent or concur for different reasons. These opinions, delivered orally at the time, are written out subsequently by the clerk, a record thus being kept of the ground gone over. The members all serve in turn as judges, and thus opportunity is given for experience in the opposite but equally valuable trainings of the judicial weighing of argument and authority, and the zeal of earnest advocacy.

The course of such discussion naturally induces the members to become familiar not alone with the text of the Constitution of the United States, but of the writings and interpretations of its expounders from the days when "the fathers" attempted to explain it in *The Federalist*, down to Cushing, Story and Cooley.

All of which studies would seem to be of use in aiding us to reach a clearer idea of our duties and privileges as citizens of the republic, as well as simple practice in debating.

EDW. P. ALLINSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—POLITE.

Scarcely a day passes in which there may not be some pleasant episode or some little act of kindness; and nine cases in ten it depends upon ourselves whether our recollections of others shall be pleasant, and whether their remembrances of us shall be such as we would like them to be. In traveling, your good and bad qualities are brought very conspicuously to the front; and, if you will observe, you will find that your pleasure depends entirely upon yourself. Railroad journeys are generally thought to be more tedious than most things, and it is expected that people will be cross and uninteresting. But, from the observation of more than ten thousand miles of travel, it seems that, with ordinary politeness and adaptability to circumstances, one can always find some items of interest with which to while away the time. Suppose you are in a car—look at that young couple, how sly they are! Yes, they are just married, and you can have any amount of fun watching them. Then that young lady just across the aisle is waiting to be amused, if you are west of the Alleghanies. My seat was taken in the sleeper for a long pull (some thirty hours); the train was just about to leave a large western town when a young lady and gentleman entered the car and put their luggage in the opposite compartment. The gentleman "vacated" when the train started, and, after some time, I crossed over and said that the seat on the shady side was at her service, as I was going out to

sm—, that is, leave the car for a little while. On returning, the young lady was in her own seat, and it was not until tea-time that a chance occurred to speak to her again. By her permission I had tea in her compartment, and after that we talked till the train stopped at a way-station for half an hour. While the train stopped, we had a very good promenade; and when she left the train at ten o'clock that night we both were glad, I am sure, that we had fallen into such pleasant company.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cool, and by seven o'clock every berth in the Pullman car was empty, and the car in order for the day. In the cars the hours between dressing and breakfast are the most tiresome; and even running over a pig, as we stopped at the breakfast station, was a great relief. After breakfast, we all talked and lounged till the train started; and then time did not hang heavily upon our hands till about eleven o'clock. But the day had become hot, the scenery was tame, and the cars felt close and stuffy. Some went to sleep, but most read or tried to kill time. During the morning the porter from one of the other cars asked if there was any one who could speak Swedish or German, for there was a lady in his car who did not seem to understand any language. My curiosity was excited; but laziness overcame curiosity. At dinner my seat was next to quite a pretty young lady, whom I had not previously seen on the train. Of course I handed her the different dishes, and made the waiters look after her. But she would not speak a word. Indeed, when anything was offered to her, if she wanted it she merely nodded; if she did not want it she shook her head. When she wanted anything that was not handed to her she pointed to it, but said never a word. The boys were beginning to laugh at my position, and it was naturally provoking to have kindly offices answered by such uncourteous silence, and my just indignation was forcibly expressed by putting down a plate with unnecessary severity. Turning to a fellow on my left, I talked with him until she should be done with the dish; then, turning to take it away, what was my dismay to find her nearly in tears. The whole table was looking at us, and there was only one thing to do—apologize for my rudeness. But she stopped me, and drew a paper and pencil from her pocket, thus making it understood that she was deaf and dumb. With the aid of paper and pencil, we carried on quite an extensive conversation; and I am inclined to think that she enjoyed her correspondence as much as I.

The man who shared my compartment was a mine superintendent in Nevada. He was very interesting and instructive in his conversation, and the questions I was enabled to ask drew from him responses which were a

lesson in themselves. The day and a half we traveled together was very pleasant; and the encouragement he gave me to finish the college course, and the practical application of science to mining, of which he gave a sketch, had great weight.

The one great point which it is necessary to learn in order to enjoy yourself while traveling, is to throw yourself into the interests of others; to learn from them about their specialties, and to be in a good humor when your friends are not. In fact, the golden rules apply whether you are traveling or at home, and the practical application of them will be sure to bring to you in the future pleasures you may not have known in the past.

THE COCKNEY POETS.

PAPER III.

The reception of the first volume of the poems of John Keats gives one a lively picture of the most current and potent feelings existing in London in 1817. The little volume was dedicated to his new-made friend, Leigh Hunt, who was a radical in politics. The great body of Londoners of that day had been avowed enemies of the French government as established under Bonaparte. Hunt, as a radical, was, in a measure at least, the supporter of Napoleon. As an advocate of popular government, his views grated harshly with the long-tried principles of monarchy, the corner-stone of the British government. He admired the French, as they aimed at pure democracy: as long as Napoleon was the man of the people, Hunt supported the "new" policy; as soon as he assumed the place of a usurper, the new policy was abandoned as utopian. Hunt's political views are worthy of further examination, but we leave them for a future paper, it being sufficient for our present purpose to have shown that he was unpopular. The very fact of Keats making his first appearance in public with the dedication I have alluded to, foretokens ill success for his little volume. It received the harshest of all criticism,—neglect. The reception of his first volume was renewed with the few which followed it. Keats, at his death, was as much underrated, and as little known by the reading public, as he has since been over-praised by critics and reviewers.

One hundred years ago the current of popular taste had not yet been stemmed; Wordsworth had not yet exalted nature as the true poetic muse; Keats had not yet shown that the true poet was independent of his verse; Shelley had not yet restored the happy days of Spencer; nor had Southey and Hunt yet added their weight of influence to the balance. The one hundred

years of English literature just past and passing, are the most interesting in her whole history. Inaugurated by Cowper and Wordsworth, the one contributing the religious, the other the natural, phase to modern English poetry, and now consummated, fully formed and rounded into perfection in the person of the present laureate, this epoch, to the centuries yet to come, shall stand out more exalted in aims and purpose and conception than any former age. Whoever the poet, whether small or great, that has added his influence in the direction of reform, shall be remembered for what he has done; and, though he have written but little, that little shall count more for him in the eyes of future critics than the pages upon pages of Dryden or Pope. Least among these modern teachers are the "Cockney Poets," and least among them is John Keats. Had he have been a popular poet then, he would not be a popular poet now, and still less so in the future. "Byron was one of the few men who awoke one morning to find himself famous." This has long since become trite from frequent repetition; yet no one speaking of Lord Byron can pass it by. He was famous, therefore they say he was talented; but far from proving that he was a great poet, it only confirms me in my belief, that Byron wrote agreeably to his own times; that his aspirations were low; that his thoughts were much with the present, with her cares, delights and sorrows; and that his glimpses into that realm of visions, into which only poets and prophets can look, were short and narrow; it only confirms my belief in the adage that "to be a poet one's life must be a poem." If the man is distinct from his words; if you can say *he* is wholly evil, *they* are wholly good; if you can show that he is free from common sins to which other men are subject, that he and they are judged by different standards, then can I see a better reason for congratulating a poet whom one might have made famous.

The highest office of the poet I conceive to be that of prophet and teacher. Can it be said of Byron, as of our distinguished statesman,

*"And so they bear thee to thy grave in the fullness of thy years,
True sage and prophet, leaving us in a time of many fears"?*

As a leader in thought, as a teacher of morality, as the author of the noblest and grandest conceptions, in fine as the prophet in the twofold meaning, the poet of the future must rank; and his work shall be judged by these standards. We glean from history that of all which has been thought out and written down, that only is most dearly cherished which Christian nations can admire; and we reason that as the limits of Christian influence widen, and as society expands from this chrysalis stage toward the goal of perfection, the litera-

ture which has most hastened its progress will be most dearly loved.

I speak in this connection because in this do I find the greatest claim which the "Cockney Poets" can lay to greatness. I offer no apology for reviewing the story of Lord Byron.

The three model poets of the first quarter of our century were Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron; I ask that you compare the various "Cockney Poets" with these, and judge for yourself where they stand. Of the three most prominent poets of this group, Keats appears simply as a poet; Shelley combines in himself the poet and philosopher; Hunt, the poet and reformer. As we trace their influence, resulting alike from the words they have written and the lives they have lived, we will refer each to the standard we have drawn, and so judge him. The year 1821 is associated in our minds with the death of Keats in Rome and Napoleon on St. Helena. There is no connection between these men in principle or action, yet the latter, in his early days, when he led forth the French people in their own name, found not his least ardent admirer in the obscure poet who dwelt in the hostile territory beyond the channel. The same clime that welcomed the one into existence, bade the other a final farewell. Italy will be long remembered in connection with the "Cockney Poets," for under her skies they grew to manhood, and among her people did they achieve some of their greatest works. Her proud capital claims the tomb of one and the ashes of another. Pisa claims the four numbers of the "Liberator," one of the noblest efforts in the life of Byron, and not the least in the life of Hunt; while her winds have wafted east and west the incense from the funeral pyre of Shelley.

(To be continued)

THERE'S NO NAME FOR IT.

I.

'Twas in the Logarian, just six weeks ago,
That the boys all thought they would have a big show;
So the plan which they thought of was something like this,
Which I will narrate without turning or twist:

II.

Some said that a prize was the speediest plan
To effect an improvement in every man,
And when in the Log. Soc. 'twas put to the vote,
'Twas carried unanimously,—please take note.

III.

On due deliberation 'twas firmly declared
That the whole thirty dollars now ought to be shared
Among the debaters and writers so grand,
And bold-faced declaimers of Haverford land.

IV.

Whatever debater should show the most power,
His lot it was to obtain the best dower;
Twelve out of the twenty he was to receive,
And thus to declaimer but eight he did leave.

V.

Our composer now seemed to be left in the cold,
But some one was ready this time with the gold;
The Haverfordian said that it twelve dollars might
Give to the man who the best theme should write.

VI.

In order the better a judgment to make
Upon the debaters with their treasures at stake,
Three evenings in all were to be set apart
For lengthy discussion and orators' art.

VII.

But as in declaiming not quite so much time
Was needed for pieces in prose or in rhyme,
The committee thought one would sufficiently do
To hear the declaimers and judge of them too.

VIII.

The prize essay next our attention will claim,
And this is the way they played at their game;
The conditions we'll give as true as to life,
And then you will see what cause for the strife:

IX.

If for this grand prize you would now compete,
You must write a full essay, and have it complete
By some specified time, I can't just say what,
But 'tis some time near spring vacation, I wot.

X.

The words of these articles, when they are seen,
Must be not less than ten hundred, nor more than fifteen;
If outside of these limits you veer but a hair,
You have lost in the contest for guerdon so rare.

XI.

On the other productions conditions were laid,
But, most, unimportant, and need not be said.
So, without more remarks on mixtures and fixtures,
I will finish my tale with the articles' textures.

XII.

Since the time this was thought of just six weeks have gone,
And one of the evenings for debate has come on;
The question this time read something like this,
Which, though hating to tell, I cannot desist:

XIII.

Should the judiciary department of government be
Of executive wholly independent and free?
The question, you see, was one of great moment,
And one which ought to have caused a great foment.

XIV.

But none seemed to think of the prize and its call,
And one time it looked as though it must fall
With no one to help it, and no one to wrong
The question already debated so long.

XV.

At length there was some one—it was our *Mame*-stay—
Who cut down the large trees and opened the way;
A road whereon all in safety could walk,
And though not in argument, yet in small-talk.

XVI.

When five minutes were up our speaker was down,
And no one of all seemed to covet his ground;
Till at last, with reluctance, as though taking a pill,
At the call of the house, up rose the "*Mad-sill*."

XVII.

After him there came many, too many to mention,
Through fear of your thoughts too long a detention;
With ponderous weight bore down the "*Tar-heel*,"
But dealing no blow that an infant would feel.

XVIII.

The next on the floor was wild as a "*bark*,"
Who, in his excitement and hurry, got stuck;
And there 'twould have stayed, had there not been, "*forsow'h*,"
A man against any such crisis sure proof.

XIX.

But now there arose on the surf-beaten main
One ship that was destined to sail not in vain;
With bearing majestic, and pitiless power,
She stood to her course though each small craft did cower.

XX.

And here the race ended; the course was well run,
But victory yet has appeared to no one.
But if on the arena you continue to vie,
Right well do we know there's some one must die.

Things we would like to know.

Information on these subjects wanted at the *Inquisition*.

Whether it is right to use a baby so.
When it is time for another examination.
Whether the little Sophomore will ever fill out.
Who hung the dead mouse on the bulletin board?
O Johnnie! does his mother know he's got 'em?
Whether we should call the Freshmen "*scrubbies*."
Were there any thanksgiving dinners in the days of Job?
What those awful hairs mean on a certain Senior's cheek.
Has the professor who shot the cat been able to catch it yet?
Whether you can see a star through the cap of the telescope.
Can Haverford support a hare and hound club? Lots of dogs, but no game.

Does the probability depend on the apple yield, or the yield of the Senior's stomach?

Whether it is polite to ask a fellow to take a seat on the floor and let his legs hang over.

Whether it is right to sponge on your chum's *Haverfordian* instead of subscribing for it yourself.

Was Samson satisfied when he had pulled the whole temple down and had thrown it out the window?

Is it so that Job's turkey was so poor that it only had one feather in its tail, and had to lean against the fence to gobble?

Whether a certain Senior should run an exclusive monopoly over two "snivels," when there are fifteen others who would like—.

If one Senior eats three apple-dumplings in five minutes, and keeps it up for half an hour, what is the ratio of probability of the rest of the class getting any?

Will the Freshies offer as a prize Bricks without Corn fodder by one of the fools, for the best extempore joke, warranted to break off more buttons and split more celluloid collars than any other joke on record?

LOCALS.

The heating apparatus in the library was thoroughly renovated during the holidays, greatly to the comfort of those who frequent that place.

At the afternoon collections of the 16th and 23d ult., Professor P. E. Chase read one of Chunder Sen's discourses, delivered before a council in Calcutta, in defense of himself and his work in northern India.

Still we hear from some of the Alumni occasionally, who say they did not know of the existence of *The Haverfordian*. Will not some of those who do know of it favor us by placing copies before those who do not? We believe there are many who would take it if they could only see it, and yet we do not even know their address.

We are glad to see I. M. Cox, of '82, on the campus again, occasionally. He is gradually recovering from the hurt he received in the laboratory in December, and hopes to be able to resume his studies before a great while.

Nearly sixty new books were added to the college library during the holidays. Among them we notice Hodgkins's "Italy and her Invaders," Vaughn's "Hours with the Mystics," an illustrated history of Pennsylvania, and several other valuable ones.

Hebrew has been made an elective for the classical Seniors, and the class who have been taking it voluntarily for the first half-year can now dispense with irregular work. The arrangement is another illustration of the disposition of the Faculty to promptly provide for what the times require.

The continued cold has rendered this the best season for skating, sleighing and coasting that we have had since 1876-77, and it has been well appreciated, as the bruised faces and sprained joints will testify. Since the holidays the coasting has been most excellent, and the sleigh-bells keep up a continual chime.

Professor John Fiske, of Cambridge, is delivering the following course of lectures, in Alumni Hall, on American History, as we go to press: January 17th, Discovery of America; 19th, Struggle between France and England; 21st, The Thirteen English Colonies; 24th, The Town Meeting; 26th, The Federal Union; 28th, The Manifest Destiny of the English Race. The course have been delivered before several audiences in England and Scotland, and are now being delivered, on alternate evenings with the above dates, at Peabody Institute, Baltimore. As he proceeds, the interest and the audience both increase.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

Your correspondent believes that all associations which labor for the amelioration of mankind should be encouraged by an enlightened press. It is a fact well known by the majority of the students that an association for such a purpose has been formed at Haverford. So it happens that the majority of the students, who believe that *The Haverfordian* is a noble individual of a species of the genus *press*, are deeply grieved that your paper should take no notice of this association. That to which I refer is The Association for the Manipulation of Nival Pellets, or, in less technical phraseology, The Pegging-fellows-with snow-balls Association. The name is sufficiently explanatory. There is a presumption in favor of the existence of this association from the nature of the case. Its presiding officer is the spirit of facetiousness which resides in every member's bosom. Its recording secretary is the organism of sensitive apprehension with which the majority of mankind is endowed. Its president of the council is the intuitive perception of the universality of time and space, time and space militant, so to speak, active and prompting to action. The guardian of its store-houses is low temperature. These are the leading officers. The members of the association are united by a bond as constant as the underlying

principles of human nature, as eternal as the snows. Its chief enemies are high temperature and old-fogyism. Against the latter we find the most glorious examples of its successful action in adversity.

The authorities have so arranged it that every student must pass several times a day along a narrow path leading from Barclay Hall to Founders' Hall, from his study to his classes or his meals. Moreover, they have constructed a piazza on one side of Founders' Hall, lined with windows, in the neighborhood of, or across, which it is necessary to pass. In this retreat the members of the association labor with effect and impunity. This joint action of the authorities and nature (remarkable coalition of mind and matter) furnishes a presumption, which, taken conjointly with the impotence of hostile forces, amounts to a positive argument in favor of the existence of the association.

The association in successful operation affords the ambitious tyro in the school of science unrivaled opportunities to investigate the laws of projectiles; it quickens his eye to calculate with precision the relative speed and direction of rapidly approaching bodies, both of which will be serviceable in his meteoric observations. It enables him to test the rapidity of the reflex action of the nervous system, by observing the point of contact and determining the relative times of sensation, as well as to ascertain the distance apart two bodies coming simultaneously in contact with his nervous organism must be in order that they be the occasions of separate and distinct sensations. Further, it strengthens his tendencies to virtue by placing serious temptations in his way to use not only language improperly, but improper language.

This will suffice. A word to the wise is sufficient. If I have succeeded in calling your attention to this noble association and its advantages, and have convinced you in these few words that it is laboring for the amelioration of mankind, I have accomplished my purpose. You will, of course, notice it, and advocate its support.

Yours very respectfully,

AMELIORATOR.

I mo. 15, 1881.

EDITORS HAVERFORDIAN.

Esteemed Friends:—An editorial in the last number of *The Haverfordian* spoke of the possibility of securing a new telescope for the Observatory. The facts of the case are as follows: About a year ago there was a telescope, as described in the article, in the hands of Alvan Clark & Sons, which they had made for the *Portuguese* government, and which they wished to sell. No

move, that I know of, was ever made to secure this for Haverford, though such a thing was casually mentioned.

That it would be desirable to have a new instrument admits of no doubt. Notwithstanding the excellencies of our telescope, the not very careful use it has had at the hands of past and present generations of Haverfordians has placed it in such a condition that it is not *easy* to perform very accurate work with it. We could also readily employ two equatorials. The *educational* work necessarily done through the evening, renders it impossible for *skilled* work to be performed, except at hours when skilled workmen, who have regular daily duties to attend to, ought to be asleep.

But when Haverford moves in this matter, it is to be hoped that more than \$4,000 will be spent. Clarks have now under construction a 36-inch glass for the Lick Observatory; a 30-inch for Strune, at Pultowa; a 23-inch for Professor Young, of Princeton; and a 16-inch for the Warner Observatory, at Rochester. The day of large telescopes is coming; and if Haverford is to keep up the reputation of its Observatory, gained by the labors and abilities of Professors Harlan and Gummere, the new telescope, if such there be, must be able to go into competition at least with the smallest of those mentioned. There is only one slight difficulty in the way of procuring such a telescope,—that, so far as I know, there is not one dollar that can be appropriated to its purchase.

Yours truly, ISAAC SHARPLESS.

PERSONALS.

We shall be very much obliged to any of our Alumni friends who will forward us any items of interest for this column.

'51.—Philip Garret is president of the Council of One Hundred in Philadelphia, organized to assist in reforming city politics.

'60.—Clement L. Smith is assistant professor of Latin in Harvard College.

'67.—Nathaniel Crenshaw has shown his preference of religious denominations by uniting with the Episcopalians.

'69.—J. G. Whitlock is doing a prominent mercantile business in Richmond, Va.

'69.—E. B. Taylor, superintendent of the western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, sends us his subscription and best wishes for *The Haverfordian*, from Blairsville, Pa.

'70.—We see from the catalogue of Indiana Hospital for the Insane that W. H. Hubbard is one of the assistant physicians of that institution.

'71.—C. S. Taylor has returned from Colorado to his home in New Jersey.

'75.—The announcement, in our November issue, that Alonzo Brown was teaching in New York, was a mistake of our informant. He is still teaching in Philadelphia.

'76.—D. F. White, who is farming near Fountain City, Ind., writes that he fondly cherishes the memory of his days at Haverford, and adds, "Mobile perpetuum."

'78.—Henry L. Baily paid us a hasty call just after the holidays.

'78.—H. L. Taylor is still studying medicine in Cincinnati, and will graduate in February, '82.

'80.—W. R. Updegraph is leading a rural life on his father's farm at Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

'80.—C. E. Cox sends us his greeting from Le Grand, Iowa. With himself as principal, and one assistant from Earlham and another from Pennsylvania, Friends' Academy is flourishing.

'80.—C. F. Brede, in addition to his duties at Sharpless & Sons', has private classes in French and German at Friends' Institute for Young Men, 1319 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

'80.—J. P. Edwards, principal of Bloomingdale Academy, Indiana, writes that the institution is doing well, having a larger number of students than ever before.

'80.—A. P. Corbit was visiting the college a few weeks ago, and brought with him a kind word for *The Haverfordian*.

'81.—W. C. Hadley, editor of *The Mining World*, and president of the Press Association of New Mexico, is doing an excellent mining and insurance business at Santa Fe. We learn he has quite regained his health.

'82.—William and Herbert Robinson are pursuing their course with the class of '82, at Colby University, Me.

COLLEGE NEWS.

YALE.

The Glee Club favors us with a concert on February 7. Junior promenade comes off February 8.

Election of committees for Class Day and Commencement took place Wednesday, January 19th.

Each player of the football team was presented with a football charm. Each ball bore the enameled inscription, "Yale, champion of 1880," with the name of the player.

The subscriptions of the athletic grounds now amount to \$1,200. The crew and nine go into regular training to-day.

The establishment of the Yale College Horological and Thermometrical Bureau, in connection with the Winchester Observatory, is an important addition.

The Social Union has secured the services of Dr. John Hall, of New York, for the public address on the day of prayer for colleges, which will be observed on January 27.

The annual meeting of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association occurs at the Fifth Avenue, New York, January 22.

Dr. Theodore Christlieb, Professor of Theology in Bonn University, Germany, is to deliver a course of lectures on "Preaching," before the students of the Yale Theological School in 1882.

A. X.—Jan. 17, '81.

PRINCETON.

January 6.—Dr. McCosh delivered an address before the Philadelphia Society on "Education and Religion," in which he strongly denounced the movement on foot among some colleges to abolish Sunday chapel.

A crew is in training, though the college has not yet decided whether they shall go to Philadelphia next June.

Ward, the pitcher on the Providence (League) nine, is coaching the Princeton nine.

Coasting has been the popular sport for several weeks.

January 10.—President McCosh held a library meeting for the Seniors and Juniors; subject of discussion, "The Logic of the Epicureans."

Princeton has played thirty-four championship games at football, and has lost but three.

January 19.—Enthusiastic mass-meeting called to discuss the advisability of Princeton laying herself open to a challenge from Yale for a game of football in the Spring; decided to do so by a vote of 170 to 60.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Four rowing-machines have been fitted up in the gymnasium, and Mr. Ellis Ward has been engaged to train men for class crews. It is hoped that this will materially increase the boating interests at old Penn. It will, in time, undoubtedly give us a splendid college crew, which will even excel our present excellent one.

A select number of students played the travesty of *Fra Diavolo* at the Amateurs' Drawing Room, a few weeks ago, to a very select audience. It was given in burlesque, and was highly appreciated, judging from the laughter which it elicited. The night scenes and the chorus of Young Republicans were especially attractive.

Dr. William Pepper has finally been elected Provost of the University, and has accepted the position. Deans have been appointed over the departments of Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, and Dentistry, and it is now expected that everything will move on "merry as a marriage bell."

After the holidays the Sophs. of Columbia indulged in the luxury of snowballing the Freshmen, and finally agreed they might carry canes after semi-annuals, if they would raise their hats to '83, but '84 responded by marching to chapel with canes, which so enraged the Sophs. that an attack ensued at the close of the services. The orders of the President to disband were unheeded until several professors appeared, and began to take the names of the participants. It was at length settled by a wrestle by the champions of each class, resulting in the defeat of '84, who then invited '83 across the way to see whether they kept beer over there.

OUR TABLE.

A Digest of the Law of Husband and Wife as Established in Maryland. By DAVID STEWART and FRANCIS K. CAREY, of the Baltimore Bar. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1881.—Graduates of Haverford have produced learned and successful treatises in medical science, but, so far as we are aware, Francis King Carey (1878) is the first one of our Alumni who has appeared as an author in the intricate science of the law. We do not forget the very able and interesting oration on "The Friend and the Law," delivered before our Alumni Association, in 1878, by Joseph King Murray (1861), of the New York bar; nor do we doubt the ability of our Haverford representatives of the legal profession in Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere, to distinguish themselves as writers of formal works on the science, as they

have distinguished themselves as advocates and counsellors; but in such authorship Carey appears to be the pioneer. The work is evidently the product of laborious and careful research, and is a model of philosophical argument and clear statement.

EXCHANGES.

The *Earlhamite* pursues the even tenor of its way, "with malice toward none, and charity for all." Its bearing is courteous and dignified. Add that the *Earlhamite* has a high and well-sustained standard of excellence, and we need say no more in a general way about it. In the January number, "The Young Man in Politics," and "Exchange," are well-written articles; there is much good advice in the former, and in the latter the treatment of the subject is ingenious. "Among the Indians" is a pleasant reminiscence. "Extempore Speaking" contains valuable suggestions. The best method of attaining to proficiency in this art has long been sought for. That great masters of extempore speech have attained to their proficiency in so many different ways complicates the matter. The best we can gather from their example is to adopt some plan, and then persevere. Decision and perseverance are the all-important factors. The character of the article on Byron may be conjectured from the opening sentences: "Byron was a phenomenon. But whether to call him a volcano, a tiger, or a madman, is a question that involves the proprieties. In his breast surged passions as deep and hot as the fires of Erebus, impulse as impetuous as the huge Indian cat, and a recklessness of character, expected only of a Feejee-Islander." This style is sustained throughout the article. We are told that "this volcano, tiger, man, was born in 1788;" that Byron's father, "after living like a madman and a scoundrel," abandoned his wife "in the stony wilderness of London." Byron's mother is, of course, "a kind of tigress, and in her moments of fury would tear her dresses and bonnets to pieces." Byron's love for Mary Duff, at the age of eight, is styled by the writer a "puppy" love. His writings are described by thirteen adjectives meaning everything from good to bad and back again. "*No wonder*," the writer says, for he was by fits in states characterized by *twenty-three* consecutive adjectives, and these states are accounted for by an eleven-fold character. The closing sentence may be taken with some reservations: "He was accused of being a madman and a pirate, and he wished for the sensations of a murderer." We cannot decide whether the style of this article is intended for a caricature of Carlyle's, or, if it is in good faith, whether it is an humble imitation of that great

author's peculiarities, or an attempt at originality. In one sense it is well written. But those catalogues of adjectives at the close might well have yielded to more terse expressions. A writer has not a good command of language who needs twenty-three adjectives to brand a man *fool*. The "Locals" are interesting items. We find no witticisms among them, and by avoiding any attempt at these, the *Earlhamite* steers clear of one of the greatest faults of college papers. Of the "Exchange" column, we quote as at the beginning, "With malice toward none, and charity for all."

The illustrations from the pencil of F. B. H. furnish the *Columbia Spectator* with one of its pleasantest features. It may be doubted, indeed it is doubted, by some exchange editors, if caricatures of the "weaker brethren" of society find a proper place in college papers. We pronounce them, at least, entertaining; and in the case of the *Spectator*, whose mission is apparently not to deal only with the sober things of life, they are not incongruous with the short stories and little episodes which most of us enjoy.

The unique get-up of the *Varsity* bespeaks attention. We look in vain for the stereotyped "Locals," "Personals," and "Exchanges," but the "Observations by the Patriarch Student" seem to take the place of these various departments. Some one remarks that the Patriarch is so "stunning" that you "see stars" after every observation. A writer in the *Varsity* takes a sensible view of the overcrowded state of the learned professions, and especially the legal. But Canada is not the only country in the world where the professions are ridiculously overcrowded, nor the University of Toronto the only institution of learning where too many of the students "expect to study law." Daniel Webster's "plenty of room in the upper story" may hurry many a young man to utter failure, while many another receives encouragement from it at a critical moment, and goes on to a noble success.

We welcome the *Clionian Monthly* as one of the best papers from young ladies' colleges that comes to our table. We always thought that verses, if not poetry, could be evolved in unlimited quantities from the fertile brains of our sisters and cousins; but on opening the *Clionian*, we find on the first page only a selection from Byron. Our faith in the poetic aspirations of the fair sex is sadly shattered. But we gather the shards with hope renewed, as we eagerly peruse the lofty periods and the poetical thoughts of the article somewhat enigmatically entitled "Man Proposes, God Disposes." The brave side of female character is brought to light in "Dare and Do;" the gentler side, in "Kind Words."

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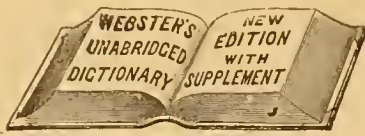
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While the present marking system is so unsettled, no two professors adopting the same plan, there is placed before each student two alternatives, and the decision made between them depends largely upon the student's inclinations, rather than upon any necessity of choice. He may be so entirely forgetful of his own interests as to never look at the book before entering the class-room, depending upon a careful review about the time of an examination. Or, if daily marks are given, he may throw his whole energies into the lesson solely for the purpose of that good mark that is to put his grade a little above his classmate's. Which of these evils is the worse? The words spoken by one of our professors some time back, to the purport that the professors did not gauge a student's standing by those meaningless figures which he so dearly covets, but rather upon the general grasp and comprehensive view which the pupil may have of any study through which he has conducted him,—these words, we repeat, coincided with the views of many who heard them, but we are sorry to add naturally dampened the ardor of a few whose main object seems to be to found what reputation they can gain upon those very tokens which the professor decried. It has been most clearly demonstrated, since the present system of marking came into vogue, that the expression just made has a lamentable amount of truth connected with it.

Honest endeavor is always commendable; but when our highest object is to have men point at us and say,

"How gifted! how bright! he stands at the head of his class," etc., we say that this is not honorable, it is not manly or generous. And we venture the assertion that in a majority of cases an unbiassed judge would not select as a leader of a class that individual whose grade is at the top. We look forward to the time when this petty system of numbering, in the higher classes at least, will be abolished, when *cum laude*, *magna cum laude*, *summa cum laude*, will be the true criterion in every class on the day when it takes its final leave of the college.

"Did the class recite to thee, Professor, or did thee recite to the class?" We shall not constitute ourselves a jury to decide whether these words were intended to cast a shadow of censure upon the method of conducting our class-room exercises, or not. We take the opportunity, however, to indicate our hearty concurrence in that system which has of late years prevailed with the majority of teachers, a system by which the teacher recites as well as the scholar. Wise men for several years have given this their approval, and it becomes us to agree with them. Moreover, we did not come to college for the sole purpose of learning so many pages a day from our text-books, and, by recitation, showing our professors how much we know about them, that the knowledge thereof might be recorded in a book, but we came to see how much the professors could tell us, by way of explanation and discussion, of certain matters which are suggested in systematic order by our text-books. How much would the three hours a day we pass in the class-room fall short of being wasted if we had only to sit and listen to the blundering rehearsal by our fellows of that which we are supposed already to know? So long as the present marking system is in vogue, some examination of the student's knowledge of a lesson may be necessary, but he would be a poor teacher indeed who required the whole hour to sound the shallows of our minds. In Utopia we hope there will be no marking system. We believe that we get more inspiration from men than from books, from the personality of an able professor than from a cart-load of college text-books. Then why reduce our professors to interrogation machines with patent recorders attached? We believe that the

advocates of that antiquated system, which so reduced professors, will, upon a fair examination of the respective merits of the two, transfer their allegiance to the more modern one. To many these remarks may seem to fall under the category un-called-for; but we apprehend that some students, and not a few of the friends of the college, are prone to cling to the experiences of their youth, or to the mistakes of former teachers.

It has, perhaps, been long since Haverford listened to a more interesting and instructing course of lectures than that delivered here by Professor John M. Fiske, in the latter half of January, on American History. The attendance and the interest manifested increasing from the beginning to the last, sufficiently attest the fact that Haverford knows how to appreciate a good lecture. The subject, to many audiences, would suggest something trite, and in fact might prove so in less able hands; but with a man of such extensive knowledge, such breadth of view, and such skillful use of language, even familiar facts assume a liveliness uncommon in some more popular themes.

After giving a general view of the civilized world in the fifteenth century, many of the circumstances connected with the life and work of Columbus, tracing the formation and short career of the colonies, elaborating on the peculiar features and particular influence of the more prominent points of their history, he pursued what he called the comparative method, comparing the most interesting features of our civilization, and the most influential periods of the nation's history, with those of European countries, regarding the United States as the great field for the development of the English-speaking people. And this conclusion he substantiated with facts and figures, which, before some of his Edinburgh and London audiences, must have made some of our English friends open their eyes. The value of securing such men who draw audiences from outside the college, in creating an interest in the people generally in the institution, besides the direct value to the members of the college, we know is already appreciated by the President and Managers, and we hope the encouragement given to this course is sufficient to warrant a continuance of such patronage as frequently as circumstances will permit.

The present heating arrangements of Barclay Hall, in ordinary cold weather, heat the rooms quite well, but experience has shown that for the north-eastern storms they are insufficient; and as the storms sometimes continue for two or three days, many of the rooms on the eastern side cannot be used for study during that time.

On account of the bursting of some of the pipes, also, during that severe storm about the first of February, several of the rooms could not be heated at all for about a week, causing, of course, no small inconvenience to the occupants. The severe cold now, however, is principally gone, and such disadvantages are not likely to occur again during this year, nor do we know what precautions for the future are in contemplation; but we wish to suggest the importance of making some provision, before the next season, both for heating those eastern rooms during such stormy days, and, in case another pipe should burst, that the occupants should not be deprived of the use of the room while the pipe is being repaired. It has been suggested by some that stoves might be provided for such exigencies, and they would, perhaps, be as convenient as anything. But the manner is not so important as the matter, and we hope the subject will receive the proper consideration.

Given, a hall more than two hundred feet long, the advice of certain health primers and treatises on hygiene to exercise the lungs by singing and shouting, a lazy fellow who never has anything to do when you are most anxious to do, and you have the most insufferable racket that ever pothered the head of a student trying to analyze Butler or Porter, or solve the last problem in the calculus lesson. We wish the faculty would supply the library with two or three hundred novels, or invest in a few packages of sponges—anything to stop the hubbub. A professor in music would be some improvement; for a harmonious noise is more tolerable than that terrible discord which even our unmusical editorial ears can detect. The singer and shouter are not the only bugbears to students. The everlasting caller who makes your room a kind of "literary lounge" is not so bad as the other, but he is bad enough. At certain hours of the day, known to every one, there is a placard on every door which the delicacy of every thoughtful student can read, telling him that those within are busy, and that he will be an unwelcome guest who enters.

The repairs going on at the meeting-house certainly supply a want long felt by those of us who have sat so many weary hours mutely gazing at those hideous carvings just in front of us, (of course we never cut any new ones!) and form another illustration of the kindness of the friends of the college in timely discerning our various needs. We learn that we are indebted to Elizabeth Farnum, one of Haverford's most generous friends, as well as others, for that favor, and we are sure the same amount would be more appreciated applied in few ways.

An unbroken career of depredations and universal infringements on the rights of others is likely to beget a self-confidence that must sooner or later meet with some restraint. Every one admits that the Sophomores have a superiority in numbers and physical prowess (we wish we could say the same of their intellectual attainments), and it takes no such valiant enterprise as was lately perpetrated under cover of night to deepen our conviction. But what we particularly lament is that cowardice should be such a prominent feature in a class whose numbers should enable them to face at least one Freshman. We admit that you are tolerably genteel-looking young men on the outside, but your actions will not bear scrutiny. Assert your prerogatives as a class, but don't debase yourselves in upholding them. Especially are *they* to be pitied whose short sojourn at Haverford has entitled them to just as much *freshness* as any member in the lower class. Your actions have met with universal condemnation by many, and regarded as not particularly funny by others. With these few remarks and appeals to your own common sense in the matter, we lay aside the pen, hoping that a word to the *wise-fool* will be sufficient.

THE COCKNEY POETS.

PAPER IV.

Shelley, I said in the last paper, combines the poet with the philosopher. One of the most remarkable men of high distinction which the last century has produced, it is probable that the interesting details of his biography are familiar to most. The fault-finder will have ample scope for his art if he choose to search among the records which the present is willing to let die; presuming, also, that his gross violations of moral and social law are known to many, in this short essay I will endeavor to remove some of the blame which involuntarily attaches to him at the mere mention of his name, and, so far as possible, paint the man as viewed in later life, when the more violent and passionate outbursts of youth have somewhat melted into the soberer and less visionary schemes of manhood.

If one element in Shelley's nature can be considered more striking than any other, it is that of philanthropy: you may trace it through all his life; you find it in both deed and thought; his poetry breathes it forth. His kindness to the poor and distressed differed from that of Goldsmith, just as the two men most differed; the one impulsive, and hence carried to extremes, though mostly in the right direction; the other, eccentric, and thus often drawn to wrong extremes. The blackest stain on the character of Shelley, I think to be the same for which Milton was severely and fairly criticised during his own

time. The impartial critic can find no excuse so sweeping as to remove all taint from this point of his character, but if lapse of time has softened the censure due in greater measure to Milton than to Shelley, I conceive that we can one day bring ourselves to rank his wild freaks under the category of "genius licenses;" but a larger number of critics lay their greatest censure against Shelley's religion. That he was a self-declared atheist is too sadly true, but that he was willingly so, demands proof. The same causes which tended to wean him from his childhood's faith, which was never fairly rooted, had they but have had a chance to continue their natural course, would have ultimately overcome his atheism; witness his increasing love for meditative thought, his careful study of the Scriptures, his belief in an immortality, and his earnest love of truth.

We have touched on the two most delicate points in the character of Shelley; in both he should receive our censure, though in neither was the fault so great as many would have us think.

Shelley's philosophy was that of pure idealism. He was striking in all his traits; he was not merely an idealist, a philanthropist, an enthusiast, he carried each to its utmost legitimate result. Idealism, which was no small factor in fostering his atheism, may be discerned in his poetry; he treated not of things, but of ideas. These ideas formed the basis of his great system of reform, which rivalled and even surpassed in completeness the visions of Sir Thomas More, though suited to a time more distant even from the present than the Utopia. Mrs. Browning speaks of him as "Shelley, in his white ideal, all statue blind." His ideal, doubtless, was of the greatest purity, but it led to deplorable results. Of the three model poets mentioned in a former paper, Shelley compares most favorably with Byron: in many things they much resemble each other. They were friends from their first acquaintance. Shelley was the more cultured of the two. He was never dependent upon Byron for what he wrote or said: their writings, which are the strongest testimonies we can use, show that the thoughts of one were purer than those of the other, and though each may have shared the gift of poetic inspiration alike, Shelley in purity of thought and modesty of expression far transcends Byron. If his poetry exerts an influence, it is for the good; we can only deplore that the life, too, of one so eminently gifted, should have had a tendency in the opposite direction.

But he has gone, and the philosophy he leaves behind is too radical to find supporters amongst the most extreme of modern sceptics, so that it dies with him. We may read his poetry, and find how little the real man

differed in the great essentials of religion from his friends. From this short sketch of Shelley one would reasonably ask, Wherein does he resemble Keats, that they should be classed together? I would answer, in no point whatever. Shelley is the most individual of modern poets: you can contrast him with all, but compare him with none. He admired the poetry of others, but in no sense was he led by it. He lived contemporary with Keats, and was warmly attached to him, but, save the sensuous character of the poetry of each, that they should be included with the "Cockneys" was pure accident. Had Shelley been treated more like Keats, had he sought advice from Wordsworth or Coleridge, had he divulged to them his mystified beliefs in materialism, had they but have directed his course by their gentle monitions, instead of the stern doctors of Oxford by their inflexible dogmas and rigid creeds, I can conceive that the boy Shelley might have grown into an ardent advocate of sound doctrine; but he went to that one of the "Lakists" least able to minister to his needs, and met with what result! Southey was little calculated to reason away the dark mysteries that perplex the most ordinary of mortals, and much less in the case of such a man as Shelley. As it was, he surrounded himself with men who thought much as he thought, chief among whom was Godwin; and we have all reason to believe that "Queen Mab" fairly represents where Shelley stood at the time it was written. One year after the death of Keats marks the death of Shelley; the vision foreboding evil which flashed suddenly upon him one evening, and as suddenly vanished into the sea, was followed, two months later, by his death, connected with circumstances more sad and gloomy than that of any of his friends. We leave the two poets, Shelley and Keats, resting side by side in the land of their own adoption, and turn to Hunt, the last and greatest of the "Cockney Poets."

(To be continued)

A PEDAGOGUE'S SOLILOQUY.

This room is pleasant; gone the boys and girls
O'er whom, with feverish care, I've watched to-day.
I'll sit down here and rest my weary limbs,
And see the cause of my disquietude.
My mood is not congenial with my work;
The childish answer, or the childish mind
On mischief bent, has vexed my restless soul;
Impatient, too, at seeing no trace behind
Of hours, like birds, flown by. Instruction lost
Has made my temper ill. I've been too cross.
Why meet with frowns the wants of innocence,
Or turn that heart into a desert cold
That else was blooming into rosy smiles?
Alas! no wonder that the hours flit by,
And seeds sown in the heart sink not their roots.
Fool was I, not to see that if their hearts
I make bare deserts of, I must expect
A desert's growth: and that my heart o'erflowed
With sympathy co-ordinate with theirs

First offered, should, by its superior strength,
Induce the growth in their young hearts of all
That is responsive to unselfish love.
My soul, be rid of all thy thoughtlessness:
Unbar thy castle door, whose narrow way
The strong, resistless sentinel of Self
Keeps guarded, nor permits thee forth,
Content to be debarred from Love's approach.
To-day my pupil said to me, with smiles:

"Teacher, please explain this song:

Is it meant for me and thee?"

I've desired to know it long:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—

"What is this Rock of—?" "Don't annoy me now,"

I said, and saw the tears supplant her smiles.

It was God's spirit speaking to a child.

Her heart, responsive to the whispering voice,

With child-like confidence besought of me

The sympathy which I denied, and crushed

The heaven-born aspirations of her soul.

Ah, yes! the hours flit by and ne'er repeat;

The moments of to-day their messages

Have borne to heaven. It shames me, that sad hour

That bears the tears of innocence reproved,

And blushes that it found my heart was stone.

I know my fault has reached the ear of God,

And he has made a mirror of my sin,

Wherein my life and work, reflected, show

Me what I am; and that this children's school

God's garden is, and I the husbandman,—

Most sacred trust, that I have oft betrayed.

A trust to teach the dubious path of life;

To teach them how the rough ways are made smooth:

That flowers and thorns grow side by side; sharp rocks

Beset the feet. These are a part of life;

To meet them well, a manly part of life.

To overcome with never-tiring toil,

Instills this grand idea—Life is Work.

To love this work is half life's battle won.

One-sided views and narrow creeds fling to

The wind. They're poisonous seeds that dwarf the mind.

Teach love and sympathy for all that breathe.

Mohammedans and heathens are our friends—

Not enemies—to pity, not to hate.

All cannot see alike nor have like light;

So all belief perverted conscience holds,

And every view that ignorance has taught

Should sympathy, not reprobation, find.

But while I bid them love their enemies,

And pity those whom heathen gods delight,

Themselves a higher privilege can share.

They have that One to lead the dangerous way,

From childhood's morn to age's gray decline,

Whose hand invisible may yet be seen.

Dark valleys will be lit; and stony ways,

Enticing by-paths leading here and there,

Mountains of trouble rising to the skies,

Are all—all sanctified to life's great ends,

E'en by that Rock of Ages cleft for them.

H. C., Feb. 19th, 1881.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

I suppose no student of French history contents himself with the mere statement of facts or simple detail, but rather seeks, as he reads, to be a sort of philosopher himself, and, as such, to assign, or attempt to assign, a cause for every effect, which will, we may suppose, be more or less satisfactory in accordance with the knowledge which the reader may have of the general history, character and customs of the French people. Who, then, that is an anxious student of history, has not justly

asked, many times over, what made the government of France essentially bad, or essentially insufficient, before, during and since the Revolution,—that is, for the greater part of the time since? Was it the condition of society? Was it the nature of the French mind? Or was it the moral—or, rather, the immoral—teaching which they received? Or was it the philosophy which was so generally accepted before the Revolution? Or was it the dreadful combination of all those with other causes both near and remote?

The questions themselves, as well as what we know of history, suggest a prompt answer. And yet, while admitting the great and almost necessary combination of causes, may I not point to the philosophy of the eighteenth century as second to none of them? Even if that were not true, the ideas, or theories, or philosophy, which sprang from such men as Helvetius, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Condillac, would be well worth and truly worthy the attention of everybody, as they are known to many. Before the reign of Louis XIV., there were, in France, three distinct classes,—the monarchy, the nobles, and the common people, or peasants. These, instead of uniting two against one,—the nobles and the common people against the king,—as had been the case in England and Germany, continued, for years, constant enemies of each other. At length, however, the nobles, becoming weak, joined the side of the king, and in a little while longer became his dupes and flatterers. As a natural consequence the peasants were soon ground down by a most unjust taxation; and, in not a few cases, were even despoiled of their personal rights and possessions. One-third of the French soil was divided among 4,000,000 hand-to-mouth laborers. Moreover, the court became one of fashion instead of statesmen, of followers of a foolish king instead of sober-minded politicians; “that great middle class,” says one historian, “the bone and sinew of every nation, ceased to exist.” As the rich grew richer and the poor poorer, of course the gulf between them grew broader and deeper; and, as all knowledge of one class of the other lessened, all sympathy between them ceased. Such, briefly called to the attention, was the soil in which the seeds of the French Revolution were sown, or, rather, the seeds of the philosophy of that Revolution, and in which they took deep root.

Helvetius, in a book published about the middle of last century, set forth that the difference between men and other animals lies in the external form, and that if nature had given man limbs and hoofs like those of the horse, instead of hands and flexible joints, he would have remained a wanderer upon the earth, chiefly anxious to

find his needful supply of food, and protect himself against the attacks of wild beasts. He claimed also that, like the beast, we had two prominent faculties, one capable of receiving impressions, the other of retaining those impressions; and, accordingly, the power of receiving and retaining being the same as in other animals, the difference between them and man must be a difference in form or structure, in consequence of which man was suited to certain extraordinary and pre-eminent works. This difference or peculiarity he was inclined to consider most valuable. Then he also claimed that the memory was only one of the organs of sensations or sensibility, and that judgment, too, was only a kind of sensation. Hence he said that virtue and duty must be determined by a reference to the senses, or, in other words, as another writer says, “by the gross amount of physical enjoyment which they (the senses) afford.” The same writer expresses the conclusion at which the philosopher arrives as being, in short, that “man is nothing and can be nothing except what he is made by the circumstances in which he is placed,”—simply a creature of circumstances.

The reasoning of Condillac was essentially the same as that of Helvetius. Taking Locke's premise, that there are two sources of ideas,—sensation and memory,—he united the two by saying that memory was only sensation, and, in fact, his whole system is briefly summed up in the words of Cousin, as follows: “Sensation transferred becomes successively conscience, memory, attention, all our faculties, and engendering all our ideas.” So far considered, the strong statement of a strong writer seems to be true of these men, “They were atheists in morals and atheists in religion.”

Rousseau, the next of these philosophers, has been said to have had more influence over the French people than any other man before or since his time. Whether that be true or not, this much is true, that his influence was very subtle and commanding, and so, as a matter of course, whatever theory of government or words he expounded would have a vast effect in directing the minds of his fellow-countrymen. Without going into the detail of his reasoning, some idea of what it was may be gained from this conclusion, which he boldly states in relation to the question of a perfect form of government. He says it is “to find a form of society in which each one uniting himself shall remain as free as before.” He claimed the government lay in the will of each man, and could not be represented by a king or any other person. He said, moreover, that every law which the people have not ratified, is not a law. “The English people think themselves free, but they are griev-

ously mistaken; they are free only during the election of members of parliament. As soon as the election is complete, they are slaves, they are nothing. During the few moments of their liberty, the use which they make of it is such that they deserve to lose it." He arrived at one other conclusion, whose effect upon the institutions of France can better be imagined than given in detail. It was that "no one was bound to obey a law to which he has not given his consent."

Associate with this kind of philosophy that of Voltaire, which manifested itself in ridicule of every form of worship and every kind of worshiper; which answered the question, "Do you believe in God?" "I don't know, and I know of no way in which I can ascertain," and you have a general view of French philosophy in the eighteenth century.

NASSAU.

It sometimes happens that there lies hidden, just beneath the surface, those jewels which are of great value. Sometimes there are depths in the minds of men that only need stirring a little in order to reach that brilliancy of thought and intellect which characterizes many of the best and ablest men of the country. So it is with countries and towns and cities; there are often concealed under their dominions values altogether unknown to humanity and the world. These gems lie hidden until some revolution or upheaval brings them under the notice of mankind. Such has been the case with "Nassau." Until the late rebellion it was nothing but a little village on the island of "New Providence," one of the Bahamas. It had not even been deemed worthy of a place on our maps till since the war. Its population is several thousands, made up of persons who went there to trade with the North and South during the war, as vessels from each place visited the island, together with the native blacks. The people who were residing there during the war did it simply for the purpose of speculating, trading, cheating, lying, and trafficking; so we at once see that they were not of a first-class people. So far as the writer now remembers, the following are a few of the names or terms applied to the place, and may give some idea of the town: Nassau, Much-abused Nassau, Beautiful Nassau, Ugly Nassau, Attractive Nassau, Repulsive Nassau, Healthy Nassau, Sickly Nassau, Cool and Breezy Nassau, Hot and Burning Nassau, Pleasant Nassau, Execrable Nassau, Lovely Nassau, Hateful Nassau, Virtuous Nassau, Wicked Nassau, Honest Nassau, Rascally Nassau, Productive Nassau, Sterile Nassau.

The population, as before remarked, is several

thousands,—perhaps about ten thousand; of these, eight thousand are black, and the others white; or, as they of Nassau choose to call it, two thousand "white men" and "women," and eight thousand "colored gentlemen" and "ladies." There it is a "*white man*" and a "*colored gentleman*," and a "*white woman*" and a "*colored lady*." The negroes are the head-centres of the wealth, though many of the new arrivals were becoming wealthy by means of their trade between the two sections of country. The war was one means of bringing to light this little village, which in some respects is to be much admired. The delicious fruits and cool breezes are inviting to the epicure. A friend of the writer, while visiting there, was asked this: "Whor you s'pose Nassau will go to when dis war is ended?" He replied that he did not know. "Well," said he, "de war made Nassau, and when de war is over it go right straight to de debble, whor it come from." Many of the negro men are well formed, stout, sleek, and fat; and, to one who has olfactories at all sensible, strong enough for a colder climate. The women are generally large, and present a repulsive appearance. The term "ugly," in all its intensity and in all its meanings, is intensely applicable to them.

Imagine them as they go along the streets carrying their baskets or trays, and crying, "Nice fine apples here!" "Fine fresh lobsters here!" blending the razor edge with the rasp. The productions of the island are pretty much the same as we have in gardens; namely, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, squashes, melons, and cabbage; and dogs and cats innumerable. It is said there are two dogs to every negro, of every variety, black, white, brindled, spotted, brown, yellow, and every conceivable color. For those dogmatically inclined, Nassau is a good place for studying dogology. Stock of the horse or mule kind is small, and, in consequence of the treatment, very thin and weak. Sometime you would see a boy driving and two men going along to whip; that is, when they were in a hurry. But, after all, there are some virtuous people, some honest and some wicked, as in all the rest of the world.

LOCALS.

Where's Sarah?

Cane rushes are becoming fashionable.

"In den Kussen welche Suge:

Sind doch ein wunderlich Volk die Weiber."

Take off your coat, and make a dust in the world.

Question for psychology class: Why do not cows sit down to rest the same as dogs?

"The highest towers in the world are those of the Cologne Cathedral,—524 feet, or equivalent to 4,192 of Esterbrook's Falcop pens."

One of the Sophs has been laid away for repairs.

Let us PRIZE our privileges, and speak in the next debate.

Brede ('80) paid us a flying visit on the 23d; he is about to pitch his tent in Baltimore.

The Smithies in Barclay Hall are having an easy time now, there being no flies to shoe.

"Let us liquidate our bills," as the ducks said to each other as they walked to the pond.

A new board walk is soon to grace the campus, extending from the bridge to end of the drive.

The lawn is receiving its usual spring improvements, and will, no doubt, be in good order by Junior Day.

Anxious days and sleepless nights are now the Junior's lot,—he is thinking of that great day in the near future.

It has been suggested that the reason the "boy stood on the burning deck" was that it was too warm to sit down.

The latitude of the Observatory, as determined by the engineer corps, is $40^{\circ} 0' 49.508''$; longitude, 5 h. 1 m. 11.610 sec.

The financial condition of the college seems encouraging, and the whole report presents a favorable outlook for the future.

The Loganian Society willingly admits that it was taken in when, with fair promises, it gave up all charge of the gymnasium.

Smith ('81) is still confined with the scarlet-fever. We are glad to say that the disease is limited to the four walls of his apartment.

The Freshmen seem to have no regular time for retiring; they are just as liable to go to bed when the Sophomores say so as at any other time.

Although a new fireman has made his appearance in Barclay Hall, things are not near so hot as they were one morning before the change of hands.

An officious young gent was recently fixing a misplaced switch at an evening ball, when, stepping upon his lady's dress, the whole train was wrecked.

Deep historical research by the classical Seniors has just revealed the fact that the most important instance in Charles V.'s life was that he became a nun.

Reasoning at every step they tread,
Men yet mistake their way;
While meaner things, by instinct led,
Are rarely known to stray.

A member of the Junior Class was recently so carried away by the melody of German verse as to translate "Iphigenia auf Tauris" into "Iphigenia on the Bull."

Our exchange table is filled with news from all parts of the Union; even Canada does not fail to send a *Sunbeam* to gladden the eyes of the editor in this department.

The German conversation class, which meets in Professor Allinson's room once a week, is well patronized, and much interest is manifested by those who attend regularly.

One more addition to the Freshman Class, and the question is raised, Does he belong to this or next year's tossing? He is writing out a *pete-tion* for the former measure.

The address given by Professor Hall, on German Universities, before the Loganian, was intensely interesting, and elicited a marked attention,—a sure criterion of value. Why not have more of these familiar talks from some of our professors who have visited other lands?

The following members were elected to represent the Loganian at its next public meeting: Gamble ('82), Palmer ('82), Barton ('82), Blanchard ('83), Estes ('84), Jones ('84.)

The sum of £80,000 is required for the establishment of a University College in Liverpool, England, of which £60,000 have already been subscribed, Lord Derby contributing £10,000.

There are 7,000 Americans now studying in the German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtemberg estimates that \$4,500,000 are thus annually expended in Germany.

In the present Congress, 34 out of 77 senators, and 134 out of 298 representatives, are college graduates. The Eastern States have 7 collegiate senators, the Western 11, and the Southern 14. —*Echo*.

The editors of the exchanges which we receive from ladies' colleges might be pleased to learn that all wrappers of papers sent us from such institutions are carefully preserved,—please send large ones.

Judge, our efficient, active and obliging waiter, mail-carrier, stove-tender, light-extinguisher, and universal what not, although a man of few words, has never been known to use an expression that amounted to anything.

It should always be borne in mind that personal remarks, although tolerable in social conversation, should never be made a theme for public discourse. With this exception, the minstrel performance was a success.

According to the registers, the total number of books borrowed from the library during the first six months of the college year is 1,353. From the College library, 482; Loganian, 290; Athenaeum, 202; Everett, 379.

The Trustees of Amherst College and Williston Seminary agree with the executors of the Williston estate that the Seminary shall receive \$8,000 a year from the income of the Williston mills property, instead of \$6,000 as heretofore.

Winston ('81) carried off the cake in the declamation contest in Loganian. He will donate the proceeds to charitable purposes,—either for his own good or for the founding of a fund, the interest on which will supply the cash for future contests.

A new building is being erected on the base-ball grounds for the accommodation of the azimuth instrument. When completed, it will afford another avenue for scientific research, and the Seniors' complaint of lack of instruments will become a thing of the past.

The work on the gymnasium goes steadily forward. The old floor has been removed, the ground graded, and a floor of cement is being laid as we go to press. The inclemency of the weather has interfered but little, and we hope it will be ready for use before a great while.

Ku-Kluxism has had its day, and just why the Sophomores should rake in the ashes of the past, and make night hideous by their dark proceedings, we can't make out. However, they are not so formidable as their brothers of the South, a single lantern being sufficient to put to a cowardly flight the whole gang.

SUBSCRIBER.—"I really can't afford to take *The Haverfordian* any longer; I have—"

BUSINESS MANAGER (interrupting).—"But you *Have-r-ford-ed* it for two years, and I—"

SUBSCRIBER (spasmodically).—Here, here, take it!—I'm sick."

The latest that has reached our ears is that Founders' Hall has lately been the scene of strange apparitions. In one of its old attics there is stored away a lot of tinware, and the inhabitants of this part of the building have been thrown into the greatest consternation by hideous noises among the contents of these neglected regions, which the darkness of midnight renders most appalling.

Old Haverfordians may be interested in knowing that the Loganian Society will give a public meeting on the 14th. The business of the meeting to consist of a mock trial: indictment for snatching the body of Paley. The services of competent lawyers and impartial judges have been secured. Give us a call!

Herbert Spencer, Jr., sends us the following: Speaking of diplocynodos, which favor the theory of co-ordinate primates, he adds, "The edentulous parietal symphysis is characterized by a punctiform hypapophysis not connected with the parapophysis, but is fused together into a crescentoid capitulum intercalated abnormally; whence it plainly appears that there is but one taxonomic solution to the difficulty,—and that is an hypothesis recognizing the noninterchangeability of homogeneous relations." He still lives.

Every one who has spent two hours of the week on those antiquated benches in the meeting-house will be pleased to learn that they are now under a process of renovation. A vestibule is to be placed at each end of the building; a new gallery is to be erected along the middle portion of the building, about one-third the length of the building. The seats are to be arranged in three rows, Haverford students occupying those to the west, while the students of Dr. Taylor's college will occupy those at the east end, the middle row to be occupied by visitors. Some general improvements of the surroundings are also to be made.

The barometer indicating the rise and fall of marks during the mid-year examinations, revealed the following phenomena: Throughout the Senior section, strong "head" winds and easy sailing with clear weather were prevalent. Reports from Junior division speak of cloudy days and anxious nights, with steady fall of mercury. The Sophomore section was characterized by sudden falls; a few vessels sailing very near the line suffered much distress from the *chemical* influences of the atmosphere. The Freshman division suffered much from the storm; several vessels being completely wrecked, while others, sailing under *uncertain* and illegal *papers*, rarely escaped the pirates.

The Report of the Managers has made its appearance, and is replete with interest. We see from it that in addition to the seven hundred stuffed birds, representing a large number of American and foreign species, presented to the museum by David Scull, Jr., Professor J. Peter Lesley, Superintendent of the Second State Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, has presented a valuable collection of geological specimens, illustrative of the geological features of the State. A fine set of corals from Florida and the eastern seas, and a number of echinoderms from the eastern coast of the United States, have been received from Professor Agassiz. Professor E. D. Cope has also presented some fossil bones of the Reptilia from Texas, and Lewis Palmer has added some valuable specimens of the minerals of Delaware County.

The only University in Portugal was founded in 1290.

PERSONAL.

'39.—Dr. Henry Hartshorn assumed a novel style of lecturing in his lecture at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, on "The Twentieth Century," February 22. He anticipated fifty years, and read extracts from the diary of a man, supposed to be written in 1931, in which he noted such memorable events as the Republic of Great Britain and Ireland working successfully; Russia is a constitutional monarchy; the Turkish Government still crumbling, the sultan has fled; Jerusalem is purchased by a company of wealthy Jews; China has prohibited the sale of opium; railroad speed reaches ninety miles per hour; and the greatest wonder of the century is the five per cent. dividend declared by the Reading Railroad. He lectured at the Franklin Institute, on February 21, on "Hygiene."

'75.—J. F. Davis made us a call about the middle of last month, while on a visit to Philadelphia in the interest of New Garden Boarding School. He is devoting himself to the study of the Germanic languages in his quiet retreat at Jamestown, North Carolina.

'77.—I. W. Anderson is engaged in the lumber business in Washington Territory.

'78.—Cyrus P. Frazier has taken his M. A. at Trinity College, North Carolina.

'79.—John H. Gifford has been appointed instructor in the classics and literature in Friends' School, Providence, Rhode Island, and entered on his duties there at the opening of the present term.

'80.—Samuel Mason, Jr., has gone into the banking department of the Provident Life and Trust Company.

'80.—C. F. Brede has been appointed to the position of instructor in the classics in the Hicksite Friends' School, in Baltimore, having given up his position at Sharpless & Sons, Philadelphia.

MARRIED.

WHITE—HILL.—At the residence of the bride's father, Samuel B. Hill, near Charlottesville, Indiana, December 30, 1880, Oliver H. White ('78), of Belvidere, North Carolina, to Carrie Hill ('80, Earlham). The bride's class, with two exceptions, were present; and the presents were numerous and valuable.

KIMBER—SHOEMAKER.—At Germantown, Pennsylvania, February 16, William Kimber ('76), to Maria Shoemaker. They were married by Friends' ceremony at Germantown meeting-house.

COLLEGE NEWS.

PRINCETON.

The Glee Club gives a concert in Philadelphia on the 23d. The Rutgers' Club gives one in Princeton a few days later.

The Seniors have excused the Washington's Birthday orator from their class, because the Sophomore orator, who precedes him on the programme, has assumed to write the comic speech hitherto reserved for the Senior.

The "Lit." Prize for this month is hotly contested by seven Seniors and six Juniors.

The second oldest theological seminary in the world is at Princeton. Andover is the oldest.

In a manner not very consistent with her boasting, Yale has declined to accept the opportunity offered her by Princeton of deciding which college has the best foot-ball team.

Princeton, February 19.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

On February 22, the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, was crowded with the members and friends of the University to witness the inauguration of Dr. William Pepper as provost. In his address, Dr. Pepper paid a glowing tribute to the late provost, Charles J. Stillé; and of the progress of the University he said that the total number of students had increased from 575 in 1870, to 969 in 1881; the number of professors had increased during the same time from 31 to 43; the number of demonstrators had increased from 2 to 25, and in the academical department the number of under-graduates had increased from 183 in 1870, to 283 in 1881. He announced that a friend of the University, Joseph Wharton, had decided to endow a new department, to be called "The Joseph Wharton School of Finance and Economy;" and suggested the erecting of a new library, and the addition of a new member, to be chosen by the Alumni Association from their number, to the board of trustees.

YALE.

The Alumni have presented the Boat Club a steam launch, warranted to run twenty miles an hour, to be used in coaching the crew.

The winter concert of the Glee Club, which occurred on February 7, was one of the most successful they have ever given. The Club have arranged for the following concerts: April 13, at Brooklyn; 14th, at Wilkesbarre; 15th, at Harrisburg; 16th, at Lancaster; 18th, at Philadelphia; 19th, at Washington; 20th, at New York. The New York concert will be held for the benefit of the Boat Club.

Professor Carter has been elected President of Williams College.

The treasurer of the Foot Ball Association, after deducting \$100, transferred the remaining \$875 to the committee on purchase of athletic grounds. The piece of ground selected contains twenty-nine acres, and is to cost \$20,300. On March 1, the property is to be assumed. About \$15,000 has been subscribed.

On the second Wednesday in March, the delegates to the Inter-Collegiate Base Ball Association meet at Springfield to arrange the schedule of games for the coming season.—*A. N.*, February 17, '81.

It is said that one hundred thousand dollars has been given outright to a new hall for the Harvard Law School.

The students of the Annex at Harvard were not allowed the use of reference books in the college library, and they have now started a library of their own, in which the books are all labelled distinctly, "Harvard Annex Library."

OUR TABLE.

Handy Book of Synonymes. (18mo, fine cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) This handsome little volume contains such words as are in constant use in ordinary conversation and composition, and is "worth its weight in gold" to every one who speaks or writes. The Juniors will need it in composing their orations, and any one can examine the book by calling at the office of *The Haverfordian*.

EXCHANGES.

We have of late noticed in the exchange columns of many of our contemporaries, a tone of depreciation which has become so common that it is more intolerable than the supposed dullness which elicited it. We are repeatedly told that the diminutive brains of college editors have long since been sapped of all the good that was ever in them; hence all farther attempts to attain to any degree of excellence must prove abortive. We conclude there is no literary merit, no common sense, no fun,—in the last words of the toast to Oberlin,—"no nothin'." So far is this tone of depreciation and complaint from exciting any particular admiration for the authors of it, that it rather suggests a solicitude on their part to divert attention from their own defects of inability and shallowness by the assumption of a sublime air of superiority and contempt. If an exchange editor says too much about the "empty noddles" of other editors, he by no means prevents any reflections they may entertain as to the probable state of his own, whether it is a vacuum or a plenum. Dr. Johnson said there were difficulties in the way of both; in this case we should say there are more in the way of the latter. If college journals were so absolutely void of sense as empty-noddled editors must render them, it would be less ridiculous if some of our friends of the exchange column would step down from the elevated position they have assumed, resign their lofty air, and recollect that empty-noddled editors, as well as their supporters, are so incapable of admiration that their crowing is as vain as that of a bantam rooster in a farm-yard,

"Whence all but he had fled"

If, on the other hand, there are some exceptions to the general vacuity, a decent regard for justice would prompt our friends who indulge in such wholesale condemnation to so far change their course as to make their remarks less sweeping. When we consider the pressure under which most editors have to work, and the numerous restrictions upon the quality and quantity of the matter suitable for their purposes, the only wonder is they succeed so well. The most of us may congratulate ourselves that our eyes are not yet shut to all the good, or, perhaps, not yet opened to all the bad, in college journalism.

We are accustomed to look upon Oberlin as the most prosperous co-educational institution in the country; and thus it happens that we look with an additional interest upon the *Oberlin Review*. We expected to find that peculiar charm, which is said to diffuse itself about such institutions, pervading the very columns of its paper. The charm, however, is so indefinable that we

hardly know for what to look, and console ourselves that, when found, it would be so intangible we would still be unsatisfied. The paper shows its appreciation of Carlyle by a poem, a contributed article, and an editorial. The celebrated Brooklyn clergyman, who, we understand, has by this time lectured at Oberlin, soon after Bryant's death expressed the opinion that Thanatopsis might have been written by a pagan. We fear that the author of "The Philosophy of Thanatopsis," somewhere, somehow, has imbibed somewhat of this opinion when he says, "Cicero, the pagan, better teaches how to die." We believe this article can be answered. It is, however, very interesting and very well written.

Does the *Berkeleyan* come by telegraph? It is certainly much more punctual than many of the papers which do not have a tenth part of the distance to travel. The *Berkeleyan* impresses us as a very respectable paper—respectable in the Websterian sense. It takes a more active interest in the eastern colleges than institutions of less enterprise would be likely to. The *Berkeleyan* has a noble namesake, and we wish it every success.

We are pained to hear that the exchange editor of the *Sunbeam* was unable to join us in our propensity to "snicker" some weeks back. It would give us great pleasure, and not a little pride, to find some mutual ground where we could have a little private "snicker."

An exchange lately called us a "sober Quaker." So the *Reville* will understand that we cannot consistently express an unqualified admiration of the bellicose designs on its cover. Nor can we as advocates of the progress of civilization consistently express an unqualified approval of "A Bull Fight." But we looked at the former and thought it very neat: we read the latter (with interest), and decided that its style was excellent.

The union of the *Tripod* and *Vidette* under the name of *North Western*, seems to have been the principal event in college journalism of the last month or two. We expect great things of the *North Western*. The combined excellence of the two papers, the place of which it takes, should place it at once in the foremost rank. The argument for age is quite irresistible. We hope a parallel argument for ability may be equally irresistible.

The *Rouge et Noir*, just entering on its second volume, comes to us from Trinity College, Toronto, full of appreciation of the institution it represents, and anxiously guarding its honor. We find fault with it chiefly on the ground of its being a quarterly. Thus far our Canadian acquaintances have proved very agreeable.

The *Album* pays homage to the noted women of history and fiction in articles on Joan of Arc, Lady Macbeth and Guinevere. The locals are full of dark

hints to the young men of the neighborhood. It's a fact, these girls know how to manage them.

THE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

President Chase, a member of the American committee for the revision of the New Testament, delivered a lecture on this subject last Tuesday evening at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia. The lecturer had expected to read from the revised edition, but had been disappointed by a delay in its publication, and had failed to gain permission from the chairman of the English committee to use it in public previous to that event. The questions naturally asked are Why was the revision made? and How was it made? To answer these questions would be the object of the lecture. There were no less than one hundred and twenty thousand inaccuracies in the received version, but these have been reduced to about six thousand actual errors. An examination of the old manuscripts will show how many of these errors crept in by the carelessness or ignorance of copyists, just as they do at the present time. A critical study and comparison of the respective manuscripts determines their authority on different points. Every one acknowledges the desirability of having the Scriptures exactly as they proceeded from the pens of inspired writers. Since the standard of Greek scholarship is higher at the present day than in the time of King James, and since access is now had to older and more authoritative manuscripts, a greater degree of accuracy may now be attained to than was at that time possible. The committee met once a month. At each meeting they marked out a certain amount to be studied before the next meeting. The first duty of the individual members of the committee was to study the original texts, and form an independent opinion; then they studied the commentaries, weighed the arguments advanced on both sides of all questions that arose, made their final decision, and met at the end of the month to compare notes, and record the results of their study. The lecturer assured his audience that they need entertain no fears that the Bible would be so changed as to be scarcely recognized; on the contrary, it would still remain "the same dear old Bible."

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 2.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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We earnestly request our subscribers who have not yet paid this year's subscription, to forward us the amount as soon as convenient. Our terms are invariably in advance.

We are glad to notice the interest which is already beginning to be manifested in regard to the cricketing prospects for the coming season. On account of the very hard winter which we have had, the greater part of the sodding which was to have been done upon our cricket-field has not been accomplished. Attempts are now being made to put the grounds in proper order, for the satisfaction of those teams who generally have a word to say about the condition of our wicket, and still more for the satisfaction of those students who rely wholly on cricket for sport and exercise. On account of the inconveniences which arise from our somewhat isolated state with regard to the cricketing world, a resolution was passed by the club to join the American Cricketers' Association, from which we hope to derive the advantages such a course promises; namely, a greater convenience in arranging for matches, and a right to be considered as contestants for whatever prizes may be offered.

The approach of the cricket season has been the occasion of many expressions of opinion as to the relative excellence of this year's and last year's cricket elevens. While there may be apparent grounds for the misgivings that are entertained in some quarters, it should be remembered that every year the departure of the Senior class has left a break which it seemed impossible

to fill creditably, but that, when the time came for action, it has been found that there was really no lack of suitable material. The only way we can account for this is that the cricketers have devoted much of their spare time to practice, and have made such progress as exceeded even their own hopes. The only way that the eleven this year can support the old traditions seems to be to follow the example of their predecessors. The gymnasium, which will soon be open, will afford the cricketers a good opportunity to harden their muscles, and the warm and dry weather will soon admit of practice on the creases.

Whatever may be said of the this year's eleven, we believe there need be no apprehension for those of succeeding years, if the zeal of the lower class-men in cultivating their talents is commensurate with the promise they gave last year.

There is some cause for apprehension arising from the position that psychology is assigned in our curriculum, and the light in which it is regarded by those about to enter upon a study of it, that such acquaintance as the student makes with it will not prove beneficial to himself, and may result in injuring the reputation in which that branch is usually held. After a student has labored more or less zealously over classics and physics and mathematics, without making that true progress which shows evidences of its genuineness in an increased capacity for work and a marked development of the powers of his mind, he naturally turns with longing towards the broader, deeper, and unexplored field of psychology. The chief advantage arising from the study of psychology in colleges, if we may judge by that which, in a catalogue of such advantages, is, almost invariably, named first, is the training of the mind. The same advantage is affirmed of the pursuit of other branches, pre-eminently of mathematics. Now, it would be supposed that reflection upon his failure in obtaining this advantage from mathematics, would lead the student to approach a second branch held in the same repute with much thought and caution. But carelessness too often becomes his fatal error. As without thought, he worked his way through the higher of those branches of mathe-

matics commonly taught in colleges, and perhaps passed his examinations with credit, but without experiencing the mental growth which he had understood was the most prized result of such study; so, in the same manner, and with the same results, does the student plod through a year's work in psychology, none the wiser at the end of the year, save by a few definitions, and no more capable of wisdom than when he began. The *without thought* is the trouble. To develop the mind, use it; to learn to think, think,—has been so often urged that an apology seems almost necessary for repeating it. But many, we fear, are heedless. To develop our minds we must think, and think for ourselves; to guide our thinking, text-books in psychology are useful. But so far as the training of the mind is concerned, we must look upon them only as the means to an end, and not as the end itself.

Among the changes announced in the new catalogue, which has just made its appearance, we notice there has been added to the list of courses suggested as adequate for the degree of A. M. a course on American History, embracing all the standard authorities on that subject, both general and constitutional. This list, increasing from year to year, includes now a broad field of study, and allows every graduate a greater variety in which to find some line he may wish to pursue, and the new one, although fourteenth in number, we regard as by no means the least in importance. The announcement at the present time also seems to partake of the now prevalent conviction that "America *has* a history," and of the increasing desire for an acquaintance with it. There was perhaps never a time when a knowledge of our past seemed more generally and eagerly sought than during the last few years, when victories in the political field almost depend upon it.

It seems but just, too, to expect of every one who makes a pretense to scholarship, no matter what his particular line, that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of his own country, and while thus enlarging the opportunities by which that index of scholarship and continued study may be obtained, it includes no less research and careful thought, but is likely to prove much more attractive to many who will not engage in professional life.

It is now drawing near the time for the societies to elect a new corps of editors to succeed those who have conducted the paper this year. We hardly know whether to bestow our sympathy or encouragement upon those who will fill the office. If there is any young aspirant

who wants to find out how little he knows, compared with what every one else knows, let him offer himself as a candidate for the position. But let him first make a tour among the students, and find out the whims and fancies of every man, and, before he writes a word, ponder well how these seventy-odd temperaments are to be pleased. Let him not prize his reputation so little as merely to gratify thirty or forty; a majority, in cases like this, can have no weight.

In no case must he urge his own opinion, unless he previously exhaust the English language in search of conditional phrases with which to qualify his assertions. Let him remember he represents one-third of the "official organ of the students;" of course the faculty cannot be consulted, except where a "number of them" uphold hazing. Lastly, he must be absolutely afraid of any class which carries on "depredations and infringements;" to attempt to say anything to their disparagement would immediately blight all his hopes of a high reputation as an editor. The paper must represent just so many words of "soft soap," to use an expressive expression,—soap which the ravages of time will only tend to soften. And if there is any danger of it becoming offensive in the future, he must be ready with his "public apologies." As to the time the paper should make its appearance, he is, of course, entirely ignorant; any information in this direction must be gained elsewhere; everybody can tell him just when it should be out, and knows vastly more about it than he does.

If, with these prospects before him, any one feels as if a year's experience in this field would be of profit to him, let him save the time wasted in an election, and offer himself as a martyr to the cause.

The year 1880-81 seems fruitful in improvements at Haverford, the most recent of which has shown itself in the employment of Professor Samuel Brun to take charge of the classes in French. Professor Brun is a native of Fontanes, near Nimes, South France. He took his degree of Bachelier es Sciences at the University of France, studied for some time at Founders' Institute, England, and was afterwards teacher of French for eighteen months at Ackworth School, whence he comes to Haverford as Instructor in French. No longer do we take up "Charles XII." and "La Litterature Francaise Contemporaine," and drag out a translation as of a dead language, but Frenchmen speak to us through one of their own number, who can help us to appreciate their thoughts and learn lessons from their skillful use of words.

This arrangement also leads us to notice the increasing interest in the study of modern languages now manifest in the college. German and French are both taught, as well in conversational drill as in translation, by men who are masters of their use, and afford as excellent an opportunity for gaining a knowledge of them as, perhaps, could be given otherwise than by a residence among the natives. It has been pleaded that translating is all that we can hope to do with profit during the college course, and that other time spent on them is wasted; but experience has proved that more *can* be done, and the importance of doing it becomes more apparent every day. Most graduates, on leaving college, are brought more into European society than formerly, owing to the facilities for travel, and such is now becoming so generally the case that some *practical* knowledge of foreign languages seems essential; and as it can be gained by a reasonable effort, it seems but reasonable that every B. A. should be able to make himself intelligently understood in at least the two leading foreign tongues. Haverford has well maintained its reputation in the dead languages, and we hope in the living it may not be wanting.

CARLYLE THE DISCIPLE OF GOETHE.

Carlyle has told us, that no sooner does a great man depart and leave his character as public property, than a crowd of little men rushes towards it, gathers round and blinks at it, and then tries to catch some reflection of it in themselves.

This was written shortly after the death of Goethe, when Carlyle was mourning over the departure of his great prototype.

That the author had reference to the crowd of little men that should gather round his fame when he was no longer able to defend it, is at least supposable, and, although it might cause him little anxiety on the present occasion, the general truth contained in the expression remains unaltered.

The forty-ninth anniversary of Goethe's death has just passed, but the half-century that is closing around his fame, while detracting nothing from the celebrity of the poet, has removed that source from which we have derived a large part of our knowledge of German literature, both in prose and verse.

That England has lost a friend by the death of Carlyle, expresses but a portion of the truth, for it was chiefly through his pen that the "transcendental moonshine" of Germany, as it is called, was brought before the eyes of English readers. It makes no material difference what critics say about the style in which we find this new philosophy presented; the truth is before us, and if we

fail to grasp it we must censure ourselves, and not Thomas Carlyle. It is not my intention to speak of the character of Carlyle's writings, but rather to show how they have been influenced by his deep research into German literature and his estimate of the greatest of German poets.

To say that he was a disciple of Goethe expresses the truth in rather tame language, unless we ascribe to that word the full meaning as understood by those to whom it was first applied. He was not merely a blind follower of the good which he found in philosophy and her votaries, but his temperament, from the time he entered the University of Edinburgh until his recent death, was profoundly German; and not only his style, but the whole tone of his mind and cast of his opinions were most deeply influenced by his labors in German philosophy.

It is a truth to which history gives testimony that the philosophy which is born and nurtured in one country invariably seeks to disseminate and take root in foreign lands, especially when it finds here a congenial climate and willing hands to guard its growth. History is replete with narrations of these migrating influences, and we may expect the future historian to credit the enlightenment of our day to the natural outgrowth of a series of smaller advancements. When in the latter half of last century it became Germany's turn to take the lead in philosophical inquiry, we find metaphysics, theology, poetry and literature, each vying with the others for the ascendancy; and, as before mentioned, these ideas could not be kept at home, they must roam abroad and find adherents all over Europe. They reached England, and Carlyle, by a natural tendency, penetrated into the philosophy and science of his sister nation, and became the herald to the English-speaking race of German literature. Were these ideas his own? Ask sceptical France. But the answer in the merciless criticism of Taine, written in defense of his own beloved Voltaire, shall be heeded by us as coolly as Carlyle received it in his hermitage at Chelsea. It is the opinion of France that, had Goethe never lived, we would not now be mourning over the loss of a great man, and whatever praise we have to bestow belongs rather to the poet of Germany than the critic of England. If Carlyle had taken a favorable view of the French Revolution, or had spared the reputation of Voltaire, the criticism would have been more lenient. Carlyle a plagiarist? Such is the verdict of envious France. But it is our aim to show that, looking through the philosophy that had received his own original research, he was worshiping the great mind of Goethe upon which he willingly admitted the fabric to rest; and this is not plagiarism.

Open a volume of his essays ; it is impossible to read and not recognize in them a deep and earnest feeling of love flowing out to this one man whom he loved beyond all others. The sensation, as you read, becomes almost irreconcilable with the ideas which you had previously formed of the cold stern heart which is displayed in other portions of his writings. Yet is it not natural that the great English critic should admire a being in whom he recognized the harmonious development of all those trials which make up a "clear and universal man," whose cherished motto was, "Gedenke zu leben"? Could he do wiser than adopt the same maxim? Was it not human that he should love him with that strange pathetic fondness which we occasionally meet with in his writings?

He has placed the poetry of Germany above any other existing poetry, and reckoned Goethe as the originator and model of contemporary culture. We cannot wonder, then, that dispositions so different should become so similar when drawn together by mutual cords of intellectual greatness. Goethe never visited England, and I do not know that the two ever met, but I can conceive of no scene in which the personæ deserve more careful study. Goethe, the representative of a new poetic era, in whose mind it has been said the whole world was mirrored, in whose countenance we trace tender emotions blending with stern philosophy, the sad melancholy of manhood merging into the wayward love of his younger days, and whose pliant genius we recognize in the thirty volumes of his writings; Carlyle, the representative of modern thought, a face rugged as the wild hills that surround his birthplace, cold and almost repulsive to the stranger. We see here only the bitter side of life, and make a sad contrast between this and the beautiful place of his friend.

It is not for us to say which is the greater. The character of one elicits our love, the works of the other our admiration, while the veneration for both cannot fail to increase as they become our familiar acquaintances through their writings. The friendship between them, as it has been the endeavor to show, was deep and lasting, and worthy of more extended remarks. But read, and form your own opinions. While the memory of the departing is still fresh, and the peculiarities of his life are being criticised by the press, is a fitting time to study his character and see how the "Gedenke zu leben" of Goethe became the "Gedenke zu leben" of Carlyle.

CORRESPONDENCE.—What We Think of It.

EDITORS HAVERFORDIAN:

We cannot but believe that the editorial in the last issue of the *Haverfordian* must create in the minds of its

readers a wrong impression of the true character of the Sophomore Class; and in justice to the class we feel that this mistaken idea should be corrected. The article in question insinuates that the class have not only been ungentlemanly and cowardly in its treatment of the Freshmen, but have disgracefully carried on "an unbroken career of depredations and universal infringements on the rights of others." We maintain that we, appreciating our "superiority in numbers and physical prowess," have treated the Freshman Class with more leniency than many of our predecessors. We also maintain that in upholding college precedents and in "asserting our prerogatives," we have stooped to nothing ungentlemanly. Nor have our "actions met with *universal* (?) condemnation *by many*," as the article states, but, on the contrary, many of the students consider our actions justifiable, and some of the professors have given it as their opinion that the article was injudicious and uncalled for. We believe that the article was *not only* uncalled for, but was calculated to insult us. The *Haverfordian*, "the official organ of the students of Haverford College," was never intended to be a medium through which any one, though he be an editor, should insult and misrepresent any student or class of students; and it is evident to those knowing all the circumstances, that we have been both misrepresented and insulted by this article. We have always felt a great interest in the welfare of the *Haverfordian*, and have hitherto given it our hearty support; but we cannot be expected to uphold a paper through whose columns, if we judge from the malicious character of the article in the last issue, we may at any time be insulted. Criticise the actions of the students, but don't "debase" yourselves by doing it in an ungentlemanly or insulting manner.

CLASS OF '83.

[The above article only strengthens us in the stand we made in our last issue. Mere precedents can never add honor to an action. The inference in regard to the numbers of both professors and students who uphold the question at issue is unfounded, and seems to be urged as a cloak for disgrace.—Eds.]

(For additional correspondence, see page 9.)

MODERN INTOLERANCE.

While the modern mind is flattering itself that it is enjoying the fruits of those mediæval struggles toward freedom of thought and conscience, there may be found to-day in all important questions, civil, political and religious, a dogmatic assertion of principles and a hostility to opposing views which future generations will doubtless look on with as much surprise as we experience in considering the intolerance of our forefathers. If freedom from prejudice between man and man is to be a feature of the millennium, that happy day is certainly far off yet.

Not until we become more liberal in our views, and allow to others the widest latitude of opinion, can the world delight in the full fruition of unselfish thought. Since it is natural for any one to give pre-eminence to his own notions, many are led thereby to impeach the sincerity or the character of those who, by reason of a different education, have adopted views discordant with their own. This fault is largely due to early education; and that tendency in the teaching of the young, both in the public schools and in the family, which goes to unduly prejudice the child's mind against whatever happens to conflict with the accidental opinions and religious notions of parent or teacher, is to be most highly deprecated. "The child is father to the man" gives a good account of the narrowness of many who call themselves scholars; and though they are not to be blamed for the bias imparted to their minds by their instructors, yet are living testimonies to the fact that, on many questions, it is better not to give a child definite views at all, than by doing so to render him incapable of seeing but one side of those questions in after life. That there are many such persons is too obvious to need proof. That the same processes of instruction to which they are victims are going on now in thousands of schools and families, to the detriment of liberal education, is a fact which cannot be too strongly realized and regretted.

Especially is this injurious teaching apparent in religious matters. In most denominations, children are brought up as sectarians. While those who grow up under one denominational influence imbibe in their minds from childhood the belief that salvation is at least dubious without the performance of some peculiar ceremony, and those under another are equally certain that such ceremony is wrong; while some are taught that such and such importance is to be attached to each event or office in Christ's life, and that it is a sin to believe otherwise; and others, that the creed of the church under which they chance to be reared is the only one on which God does not frown, can we, under such circumstances, expect that, without a continual struggle against these early prejudices, children will grow to be men of wide and tolerant views? Will such be the first to recognize that all men can never think alike on the accidents of Christian doctrine? They will not easily believe that many of their own cherished tenets may be non-essentials, and that, among the many creeds, some are suited to the peculiarities of one mind, some to another, and all in their motives and objects equally good. Though it is useless to suppose that the evils resulting from throwing such influences about the young can be remedied otherwise than by slow degrees, yet those untold benefits

which would follow from the co-working of the harmonious elements in all creeds are greatly and needlessly deferred by continually agitating petty denominational differences,—a practice all the more inexcusable because many of the supposed disagreements are bugbears of the imagination.

Between the two great divisions of the church—Protestant and Catholic—there is, apparently, such a wide gulf, that many, on both sides, are so prejudiced as to be almost unwilling to recognize any good that may be found in methods and beliefs so discordant with their own. That there is "good in everything," they are slow to believe applicable to religious matters. But since no one can, with reason, either limit the possession of truth to one division of the church, or deny it to any, what benefit results from allowing differences, or even the grossly wrong practices of any sect, to prevent the co-operation of the good qualities common to them all? Why may not a Catholic and a Friend, or any other Protestant, work together in the cause of truth? Is there any essential reason why they may not, leaving differences in the background, join hands across the chasm which separates them, recognize that they have a common God, a common Christ, and that, without either sanctioning the errors of the other, they may, in many points, consistently give their mutual support to a common cause? Suppose Catholicism to be full of the worst abuses and errors, would such a course sanction or strengthen those evils? By no means. Even if reform is our object, it is not only more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, but more philosophical, in meeting an opponent, to thus recognize the truth which he already holds, and, by placing before him that which is higher and purer, to lead, not drive, him from his error. The practice in which each side indulges of censuring the failings of the other instead of praising its merits, serves only to aggravate misunderstandings and jealousies, and to strengthen each in its notions of self-superiority. The opposite course, which would seek for points of agreement, join truth with truth, and allow differences to take care of themselves, would clear away the thick mists which hang about the dreadful intervening chasm, and show it to be far less wide than the obscurity through which the two denominations are accustomed to view each other has led them to suppose.

A fault akin to this denominational intolerance is chargeable on the whole Christian world in its conduct toward other religions. We cannot wonder that Christian missionaries have made so little progress in the face of those inferior religions—for example, Mohammedanism—toward which our church has ever assumed an attitude

of hostility so contrary to the spirit of the religion it professes. Christianity, to triumph over heathendom, must change its bearings. The kind and gentle missionaries of Mohammed meet the savage as they find him, praise what good they find in him, and instill into him their own more enlightened views. Our missionaries meet him with a condemnation of all his crude notions of a God, claim a monopoly of religious truth, thus rendering Christianity distasteful to him, and Mohammedanism plucks him from their very hands. If Christianity would progress against other religions, let it meet them with the courteous and expedient concessions with which Paul met the Athenians on Mars' Hill. If it encounter the disciples of Mohammed, let it sanction the many great and pure truths of that prophet. So far as the two religions agree, why may not their missionaries be co-workers in the cause of truth? Though we have the highest and purest religion, may we not recognize the kindred germs that are hidden in coarse and filthy coverings? Far from degrading Christianity, this accords with its loftiest spirit; far from preventing the reform of the heathen, this is the best way to make them forget their degrading habits, to lead them from truth to truth, and to breathe into them a newer, a nobler, and a diviner life.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

"Wake, Duncan, with thy knocking."—*Macbeth*.

Some interest has been awakened on the subject of Spiritualism in connection with some surprising phenomena which gave rise to the theory of the Fourth Dimension of space. Now the ideas I propose to dwell on somewhat in this article are by no means new, and have been suggested as an explanation of the wonderful phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and will apply equally well to the "Fourth Dimension."

This theory is that of Animal Magnetism. We will assume that the reader accepts the existence of such a force, known as animal magnetism, as an established fact. There are, however, many who deny that it can be made to explain feats of Spiritualism. One of the most eminent of these is Dr. Hammond, who, in 1870, issued a little book on the subject—not, however, denying the existence of such a force. He says: "It is undoubtedly true that magnetism is destined to play an important part in physiology and panthology. . . . But with all this there is no proof that magnetism, or the odic force, is capable, under any circumstances, of producing the clairvoyant state, of moving tables, of causing raps, or that any of the other more striking phenomena that are claimed for spiritualism can be accounted

for through its agency." Now it is on this point I would speak.

French physicians were the first to have their attention drawn to the subject of animal magnetism, as they called it, and to its value in medical science; and since that time many doctors have arisen who could cure by the "laying on of hands," among whom may be mentioned Dr. Cullis, of Boston. Many of the readers of this article are doubtless acquainted with persons who can charm away pain by passes with their hands. But it is with animal magnetism as affecting inanimate objects that we have to deal.

The writer has a friend, now a teacher in Gaskell's Business College, in whom this magnetic force is developed to a remarkable degree. He has seen this person, by the application of his fingers, cause heavy tables to move as if endowed with life, no one else being near the table, and this under circumstances which prevented the possibility of any fraud being employed. On one of these occasions a clergyman was present, who denied the existence of any such force, maintaining that the effects were produced by trickery. This man, being challenged to find any fraud employed, grasped the wrists of the performer. Still the table moved about as if a living being; and the clergyman admitted that there was no contraction of the muscles of the wrists at all, and was finally convinced that the effects were indeed produced by animal magnetism.

I have now to relate something which bears still more closely upon spiritual phenomena. The writer's friend, above referred to, at one time was seated at a table with a lady friend, who was also possessed of the magnetic power, both having their hands upon the table to see what effects might follow. Still the table did not move; but soon, to their mutual surprise, there were heard perfectly distinct *knocks*, or raps, slowly repeated, apparently on the under side of the table. The writer admits that he did not see, in person, this last feat performed; but others did whose word cannot be doubted, and who affirmed that the above-mentioned results took place. This feat, which corresponds to some which are claimed for Spiritualism, becomes the more noteworthy when I state that neither the lady nor gentleman referred to believe in Spiritualism. Both were convinced that the effects were due to magnetism.

Now I think that this magnetism may be used to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism which cannot be accounted for by deception,—for instance, spirit raps. The circle is formed about the table, and when the table becomes sufficiently charged with the magnetic fluid, the performer, or "medium," holding this force under the

control of his will, either causes the table to move, or the magnetism to produce raps, directing, also, by his will, just when and how often these raps shall occur, thus giving intelligent answers to questions.

Now, in the case of the feats which gave rise to the fourth dimension theory, the fact that tables and chairs jumped about the room, is at once explainable by the theory that they were charged with this magnetism, emanating from the body of the performer. But just how the magnetic force operated to tie knots in an endless rope is not so clear, it must be admitted. Still, it is conceivable that such a result could have been produced by this force, if we grant its existence, and the results caused by it referred to above. Possibly, too, the mind of the German philosopher was a little under the control of the medium, so that the feat appeared more striking than it really was.

In Spiritualism, it must not be supposed that all mediums are voluntary deceivers. I was told by the gentleman before mentioned,—and his word is sufficient for those who know him,—that at one time, lying asleep upon a sofa, with his hand resting upon a chair beside him, he was awakened by the chair's moving about, as if possessed of life. From this and observations in other directions, I am led to believe that magnetism is a *nerve* force, residing in the nerve matter, largely under the control of the will, but may act independently of the will. In this connection I will relate another feat which appears, if possible, more wonderful, and which does indeed appear to partake of the mysterious. This same gentleman used to amuse himself and a friend by experiments with a *planchette*, or "spirit-writer." At one time, when thus engaged, he, placing his fingers upon the instrument, directed his friend to think intently of the name of some person, of whom he—the performer—knew nothing. His friend accordingly concentrated his thoughts upon the name of a person who had been dead for years, and of whom the performer could have known nothing, and of whom, as he afterwards declared, he had never heard before. Very soon the *planchette* began to move,—the pencil glided over the paper, and, to the astonishment of both, it wrote out, in legible characters, the name of the person thought of! Now it is conceivable how this and similar results may have been produced: the magnetism connecting the minds of the two gentlemen and the *planchette*, and the mind of the one, being intently fixed in a certain direction, causing the instrument to write its thoughts. The result, in the above-mentioned case, must have been produced without the will of the person who furnished the magnetism which moved the *planchette* having anything to do in

the matter. From this and other experiments which I have observed and carefully considered, I conclude that there may be many mediums who are ignorant of the true cause of the results which they produce, and who really believe that those results are due to spirits.

Various theories have been advanced to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism. Many years ago a book was published in which the writer attempted to prove—quoting much scripture to do so—that phenomena of this kind must be produced by veritable demons, or fallen angels, whose mission it was to deceive mortals upon the earth. This theory, I believe, is not generally accepted. It is, however, scarcely less absurd than that of the "fourth dimension of space," unless the "fourth dimension" implies much more than the words suggest. If some of the learned men, instead of theorizing upon fourth dimensions, and attempting to explain Spiritualism by their mathematics, would go to work in the right direction, much good might result to the world. A grand field for investigation is presented,—the comparatively unexplored sea of the occult sciences lies all around. A very little study, rightly conducted, will convince the most skeptical that such a force as animal magnetism *does exist*, which, when better known, will explain much that is now mysterious,—as truly a force as that wondrous power which permeates the unfathomable heavens, and binds the billowy constellations in its mighty grasp.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Utopia at College.

EDITORS HAVERFORDIAN:

In Utopia, it is suggested in the last *Haverfordian*, there will be "no marking system." Is it not, then, to be inferred that there will be *no degrees*? Or else, in that beautiful and wonderful place, all that glitters will be gold, and *all* "students" will study faithfully and indomitably. It will only be necessary to matriculate a youth, and allow him to reside at or within a few miles of college, more or less constantly, to get him through the time required for his graduation as A. B. And, if A. B., why not likewise A.M. and LL.D.? The principle is too fine to be limited to the smaller sphere.

From the remarks in the first article of the *Haverfordian*, however, this month, we gather that perfection in "studenthood" has not yet been reached. Some appear to work only for the recitation and its marks, and others leave that and only cram for the final examination. What is to be done, this side of Utopia, with these two classes of students? On the above-mentioned principle, we ought to drop the "antiquated" practice of marking the recitations to prevent daily cramming, and the equally

antiquated periodical written examinations, to preclude cramming for them. Each man will then, throughout the college course, study or not, at his own "sweet will." No doubt, a majority of college students *will* study, with no other inducement besides their interest in their work, and desire for improvement. But a minority, in every college, will be less constant and zealous. Supposing (which I do not think) that nothing can be done by marking, daily or otherwise, to stimulate these weaker students to better work, what is to be done to *test* and *discriminate* these from the rest?

I do not propose an argument on this question, but will conclude with the observation that one thing at least, in men and colleges, gains by antiquity; namely, experience. The "last thing out" is not always the best, or the surest to last long, even at Harvard University.

EX-PROFESSOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

It has often been a source of surprise to me to see how unprotected the rooms in Barclay Hall are left. The three doors on the lower floor are constantly open, and no guard to protect the property in the rooms, nor attendant to give information to visitors or messengers. Nothing has been stolen yet, and most likely nothing will be done till something is stolen. But in the meantime there is serious cause to expect that any day our rooms will be entered by a tramp during recitation hours. Of course we are ready to protect our rooms if anything occurs; but nothing will occur while we are there. During recitation hours is when there is most danger, and just at that time we are not on hand. It would be easy to place a guard in the Hall at certain hours of the day when the students are at recitations and the Hall is particularly unprotected.

STUDENT.

LOCALS.

Parlez-vous?

Want any oyster—r—r—s?

Three groans for the editors of the *Haverfordian*.

The Senior Class is feeling decidedly measly at present.

What is this? It is a hole. Shall we enter? We shall enter. *Encore*.

(—'84.) Hereafter you will address me as *Mr.* (———). Decidedly fresh.

Translation from German newspaper by a Senior: (Farmer.) "Mr. Agent, I would my life insure."

(Agent of the Lebensversicherungsgesellschaft.) "But you look indeed sick out."

(Farmer.) "Yes; if I sound were, need I my life not to insure."

What did she mean when she whispered to him, as her father entered the room, "Honey Bee ware"?

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," is now the song of the Senior astronomer as he strikes his averages on Ursa Major.

A Freshman calculating his chances of ever becoming an ex-president, wonders if that individual was ever Hayes(ed).

Dominique, an enterprising fruit merchant of the city and its suburbs, in the happy possessor of a horse, whose only fault is that it won't go.

The "*csar*"'oful news from Russia has reached us. This is not *csarcasm*, but there was *csarchasm* in Russia when the glycerine gently spread out.

"A pointed criticism need not necessarily be written with a fine-pointed pen; one of Esterbrook's medium or broad-pointed pens will answer as well."

Our new French professor has organized a class in French conversation which promises to become a success, if we may judge by the numbers who attend.

Lost—while demonstrating the properties of osculatory circles, a set of brains, containing notions of no value to any one but the loser, as they pertain to a "*friend*."

The latest news from the seat of war is that the opposing factions of the Senior Class have actually entered into a truce, and there will be little more bloodshed until next summer.

A Senior who is noted for taking a walk at four o'clock astounded the professor of physiology by declaring that about three hours after meals it was necessary to take something.

Wanted, by the Junior Class, a number of skilled workmen on thesis. Second-hand matter taken in exchange for brass. Need bring no recommendations. Steady work until the 15th.

Tiffany & Co., New York, have received the contract for Senior Commencement invitations. Those students who wish to purchase will make arrangements with the committee as soon as possible.

The number thirteen has always been looked upon as a most unlucky one; imagine his feelings who should be elected to a post of honor by such a number. Of course it was justifiable under the circumstances.

Strayed from its owner about the time of examinations, a pony; was somewhat rumped owing to close confinement. Answers to the name "*Cicero*." Finder will please leave it on the third floor B. H.

The Board of Health would report that they have caused the mortal remains of a defunct cat to be removed from the campus. Owing to the efficient management of the corporation there has been a very low rate of mortality.

The new gymnasium is a perfect palace inside, and it seems a shame to go to knocking the varnish off so soon. Why not have a laying of a new corner-stone, and dedicate the new hall to the future athletes of Haverford.

The small tracts that came to our hands lately, written by Beven Brethwaite, of England, present the subject of books and reading in a clear and interesting manner, and are well worth the thoughtful perusal of every student.

Tennis and cricket crawled out of their holes a week or two ago, and, looking around with half-shut eyes, concluded the ground was too wet to commence their spring campaign, so they crawled back again to hibernate a day or two longer.

The 15th of the present month will be Junior Day (if it does not rain), and it is desirable that all who wish to be instructed, as well as edified by a short programme, will put in their appearance on that day. Flowers of course are in order.

Shipley ('81) is progressing in his law studies as fast as his feeble constitution will permit. We will do our best to get up a little murder trial for him if some of the students don't make less noise through the halls when everybody is expected to be at work.

The mock trial came off in the Loganian as per order. We hardly know who was tried most, the audience or the criminal. It was too long. The heinous crime of snatching the body of Paley met its just reward in the sentence of the court imposed by the Hon. Judge Winston.

The course of lectures to be delivered by Professor Quinton are on popular subjects, and will, no doubt, be appreciated by the students generally. The course announced is as follows: "The Catacombs," "Telegrams from the Stars," "Chemistry of the Stars," "From Chaos to Cosmos," "From Cosmos to Man."

A Freshman walking down the lane,
Sporting a pretty new-bought cane,
A Sophomore saw its golden head,
And going for it, sweetly said,
"Excuse me; see you later."

The new catalogue has made its appearance, and differs in several respects from former ones. Six new names grace the Faculty corps. Resident graduates also appear for the first time. Several new books have been added to the curriculum, while we notice a new course in American History instituted for the degree of Master of Arts.

The apparatus for the gymnasium is already procured, and packed up in Boston, ready for shipment as soon as the new gymnasium is completed. It is of the most improved style, and calculated to develop every muscle in the body, and even in some cases to make new ones. Seven hundred dollars has been expended for the equipment.

By cable: The price of canes in all the fashionable centres of England and France has advanced rapidly, owing to the increased demand in America. The most costly wood is imported from the East, ships laden with hickory arrive daily from India, while the stock of white pine is absolutely exhausted on the banks of the Nile. Do the Sophs advocate free trade, or protection?

A Senior in the parlor sitting,
By his side a maiden fair,
He had thought of many questions,
One he asked her then and there.
"Not this evening" was her answer,
As she shook her little head.
Queried he, "Some other evening?"
"Oh! good-evening, sir," she said.

MARRIED.

UPDEGRAPH—HEBERLING.—February 17, 1881, W. R. Updegraph ('80), of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, to Laura Heberling, of Illinois.

We hear the happy couple will take up their residence in the "far West."

COLLEGE NEWS.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Junior Ball, given this year by '82, was a grand success. The halls were lighted by electricity, which unfortunately went out during the promenade, but was soon reproduced in time for the elegant repast which followed.

The University is now blessed with a janitor, by name Dan Webster; height 5 feet 8; *barbarosa et obliquis oculis*.

The Glee Club, in anxiety the other evening to serenade the boarding-school girls, stood about an hour in the rain with only three umbrellas. They are not all dead yet.

Philo had its prize debate on 11th March. The discussion was enthusiastic, and the decision awarded first prize to Tott, '82, second to Mallet-Prevost, '81, third to Lancaster, '82.

March 21.

PRINCETON.

Gymnastic contest takes place, April 2; the nine will play their first match the same day—probably with the Detroits.

The Juniors had their "Logic Spree" on the 14th. The event was celebrated by a class supper given by the "King of Clubs."

A cricket club has been organized with Shöber, of '82, as president.

The College of New Jersey offers twenty-four prizes, amounting to \$5,890. The two halls offer twenty-six other prizes.

The Glee Club will make a tour through some of the western cities, as far as St. Louis, during the spring vacation. They will go by special car.

Mortar boards, without gowns, have been adopted by '83 and '84.

March 21.

YALE.

The Freshmen came out with canes February 22.

'84 will have a strong team in the field this spring.

The University crew was upon the water for the first time March 12.

The University nine appeared on the field for the first time March 16.

The Glee Club concerts announced for Wilkes-Barre, Harrisburg and Reading have been abandoned on account of Lent.

Three Yale graduates are members of the Princeton Faculty. Yale has sent out 9,202 alumni, of whom less than half are now living, and has conferred 11,909 regular degrees, and 923 honorary. 1702 was the date of the first conferred.—*Record*.

The total fund of Yale amounts to \$1,830,000.

March 21.

EXCHANGES.

Somebody evidently disapproved of our exchange notes in the last issue of the *Haverfordian*, for they came out to us sadly lacerated. Especially did our observations to the *Sunbeam* and the train of reflections suggested by the *Album* suffer from this miscellaneous mutilation. We perhaps expressed in print all that was necessary or proper to the *Sunbeam*, and the mutilation was doubtless owing to the modesty and diffidence of the

printer or some other intermediate agency. The *Album*, had it known all, might have been much troubled in spirit; so we conclude, and this conclusion involves an act of judgment despite the *Concordiensis*, that it was better as it was.

We were about to establish another department in our paper, headed, "Self-knowledge from Without; or, What they know of us that we do not know of ourselves," but on second consideration decided to await further developments. In the last three or four months, besides other items of interest we have learned that a \$4,000 telescope has been purchased for the college; that hash constitutes our intellectual and physical sustenance; and that it is probable that we will join an Intercollegiate Cricket Association, should such be formed. We were inexpressibly glad to hear of these matters, and the realization of them, with the possible exception of the second, would be very desirable. But we beg leave to assure the interested public that we knew not that these things had entered the realm of fact. We recognize the advantages of joining an Intercollegiate Cricket Association, but we fear there are some drawbacks for us which, however, we hope are peculiar to our college.

The *Concordiensis* is a nice little sheet, but as it only has nine men to run it, of course we cannot expect to find it quite up to the standard. The last issue was replete with glowing descriptions of what appears to be the main feature of the University,—class suppers; it fairly made our mouths water to read about those toasts, while our eyes were suffused with tears as we listened to the agonizing groans of the exchequer. It is a great misfortune that the editorials should crowd out other worthless matter. There are actually two whole columns to which the name "editorial" is wisely attached. New subjects adorn every line, while the whole is greatly enlivened by a happy selection of pithy truths which we have seldom heard of before, "Brevity is the soul of wit;" "Variety is the spice of life," etc. The honest confession made by the editor of the exchange column, of being a most extraordinary person, will certainly remove some doubts that must have existed in the minds of his classmates. *Vive la Concordiensis!!*

The *College Rambler* is pouting because we did not include it in our list of "more powerful neighbors" and "cringe and fawn" to secure its notice. The omission may have been in poor taste, but we are not yet inclined to change our course. The *Rambler*, like some other wordy revolutionists, takes to pieces with great facility and equanimity; but, the work of dissolution done, as to the renewing, it "will not attempt to advise any particu-

lar way, but would suggest only, that criticism and suggestions be generalized as much as possible." We await with cheerful anticipations a column of those *generalized* suggestions.

We take the following from the columns of the *Polytechnic*:

"If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish readers with jokes, he is an idiot; if he does, he is a rattlehead lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public, he does it to gratify spite, is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the 'outs.' If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid."—*London Sporting Times*.

We so seldom see our name in print on any other sheet than our own, that it naturally becomes desirable we should understand in what connection it is used when an exchange kindly sets it up. Whether the *Acadia Athenæum* means to express approval or disapproval, or neither, we cannot make out, and so are in a direful state of apprehension. To meet such cases, we would suggest the propriety of adopting a system of signs, one of which placed at the head of the article would indicate the character of the criticism that was to follow.

We would call the attention of the *Oakwood Index* to an error in quoting from our notice of President Chase's lecture on the Revision of the New Testament. It says, "There were no less than twenty thousand inaccuracies in the revised edition, but these have been reduced to about six thousand errors." In the *Haverfordian* it is, "There were no less than *one hundred* and twenty thousand inaccuracies in the *received version*," etc.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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DREAMS.

I have dreams ; I sometimes dream of life
In the fullest meaning of that splendid word ;
Its subtle music, which few men have heard
Though all may hear it sounding through earth's strife ;
Its lofty heights by mystic breezes kissed,
Lifting their lovely peaks above the dust ;
Its treasures that no touch of time can rust ;
Its emerald seas, its dawns of amethyst ;
Its certain purpose, its serene repose ;
Its usefulness that finds no hour for woes—
This is my dream of life.

Yes, I have dreams ; I oftentimes dream of love.
As radiant and brilliant as a star—
As changeless, too, as that fixed light afar
That glorifies vast worlds of space above,
Strong as the tempest when it holds its breath
Before it bursts in fury—and is deep
As the unfathomed seas, where lost worlds sleep,
And sad as birth, and beautiful as death,
As fervent as the fondest soul could crave,
Yet holy as the moonlight on a grave—
This is my dream of love.

Yes, yes, I dream ; one oft-recurring dream
Is beautiful and comforting, and blest,
Complete with certain promises of rest,
Divine content and happiness supreme,
When that strange essence, author of all faith—
That subtle something, that cries for the light,
Like a lost child that wanders in the night,
Shall solve the mighty mystery of death—
Shall find eternal progress, or sublime
And satisfying slumber for all time—
This is my dream of death.

On the 29th page of the College Catalogue for 1880-81 will be found an announcement which should be of interest to every member of the Senior and Junior classes, and doubtless will be of interest to those desirous of self-improvement. The announcement is to the effect that the Alumni offer a prize for excellence in composition and oratory, to be competed for May 27. The establishment of various prizes in all the societies is evidence

of a desire for improvement. While they have been a great incentive to society work, we hope they in no way prevent competition for the Alumni prize. The objects are the same in both, the inducements in the case of the latter are apparently greater. Unless the competition is greater this year than it has been some years in the past, we fear the prize may be withdrawn.

In another column we print the fixtures for the cricket season. The number of matches the Ground Committee were able to arrange for is the first fruit of joining the American Cricketers' Association. The match with the Old Haverfordians seems to be a very fitting one with which to open the season. The two succeeding, it will be seen, are with the Young America and the Girard, clubs which took the lead in American cricket last year. It may be a disadvantage to meet these clubs before the eleven has had more time to practice, but it will make little difference, since, with or without practice, the results in all probability will be the same, while it may be an advantage to meet the strongest first, and feel that the worst is over. The other fixtures seem to give perfect satisfaction. There is a possibility that the committee may be able to arrange for one or two more second eleven matches.

The mounting of the new zenith instrument marks another advancement in the cause of astronomy at Haverford. The Observatory has now all the appliances necessary for the execution of first-class work ; and the reputation which former professors have gained for Haverford through their labors in astronomy will certainly be greatly enhanced under the present efficient management. We doubt whether there was ever more interest taken in astronomy by the students generally than has been evinced during the present year. This may be partly owing to the increased number of scientific men in the upper classes, but we cannot lose sight of the fact that this interest owes its origin to the manner in which daily recitations from the text-books have been carried on. Dry recitations of uninteresting fact naturally beget a disgust which immediately predicts the student's success in that particular branch.

But in a field of ever-increasing interest, like astronomy, there can be no apology made for a lack of enthusiasm, especially when all the appliances for practical work are at hand.

The suggestion made to the astronomy class in reference to their ability to manufacture their own instruments, and do a vast amount of useful work, when relying entirely upon their own resources, strikes the ear very pleasantly; but we doubt very much whether any member of the present class would like to risk his reputation as an astronomer on such an uncertain basis. It is a fact, however, that much astronomical drudgery is now carried on by just such means; and if other men have gained their eminence by this kind of pioneer work, there is certainly no reason why some of us may not go and do likewise.

The recent offer of \$1,500 worth of prizes for journalistic composition to college students and graduates, by the Philadelphia *American*, leads us to observe the growing interest among American colleges in the profession of journalism. The time has passed when the editor, like the school-teacher, could be taken from a class of men who were not fit for anything else; and our colleges are now being asked to lend their aid in supplying a class of men whose natural ability and good judgment are supplemented by good training in the art, for guiding public opinion. Columbia, Ann Arbor, and perhaps one or two others, have responded with special departments for this purpose; and we await the results of their experience with some interest, as their success or failure will doubtless influence public opinion and the action of other institutions.

It is said with much truth that "America is the land of newspapers." Perhaps there is no place on the globe where this class of literature is so generally and so eagerly sought as here, arising, of course, from an unqualified freedom of expression; and this extravagant use has also led to a great evil by falling into the hands of those whose judgment was poor and whose principles were worse. One of our greatest needs to-day, as a nation, is an *enlightened* press,—a press which can rise above sectional and factional interests, a press which shall carry an ennobling influence wherever it goes; and our intellectual gymnasiums can be employed in no more valuable exercise than in doing their part to meet this great want. The plea that an editor is such by natural tact rather than by collegiate training has been urged against every other profession, and with as much force. To be a good journalist, it is necessary to be a good man. The pro-

fession is a broad and powerful one, the need is being realized, and unless our larger universities, which generally lead in such matters, make some provision, it must be had elsewhere.

Another advance which is significant in the collegiate world is the systematic study of politics, which is now being pursued by individuals and organizations, and is being taken up by colleges at the earnest appeals of a thirsty public. Enthusiastic orations and urgent editorials may have seemed vain at the time; but the pressure of facts and of circumstances demanded it, and experience is attesting its value. Political defeats have taught lessons which college presidents could never impress; and many of our educational institutions are now taking steps in various ways to study thoroughly the fundamental principles of the government, to trace them in their development, and to examine the causes of their triumph or failure. It is an example, also, of the practical working of the modern college.

It is an old objection that our colleges are too theoretical,—an objection which, though it is now being broken down, is even yet of some force. It is, of course, not wise for an institution which purports to be a conservatory of thought, and to teach known truth, to take up with the sensational or to bend to the plausible, but it is its prime purpose to fit for life, and to adapt itself to that which forms a part of real life, not to accept what is yet theory, but when experience has proved it to be true, and the needs of the people demand it. And this the American educator has not been the slowest to recognize. We believe the advance is ominous, and will be productive of the greatest value. When the people understand the true science of their government, we shall expect wise legislation.

REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS AND JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

A few months ago the most conspicuous figure in the literary world of the nineteenth century was Thomas Carlyle. The nearest approach to similar intellectual eminence was made by Victor Hugo; yet there was a rugged grandeur about the son of the Scottish peasant, which—at least in Anglo-Saxon eyes—was more imposing than anything in his somewhat melodramatic Anglo-Saxon contemporary.

But it is not my design to attempt to describe the merits of Carlyle as a writer. I wish only to jot down a few recollections of personal interviews which I had the pleasure of having, some years ago, both with him and with his wife. My first meeting was with the latter.

I had been invited by an American lady living in London to a dinner-party at which both Carlyle and his wife were expected. The great man was kept at home by illness; but his wife came, bringing with her the celebrated triumvir of Rome and Italian patriot, Joseph Mazzini. Jane Welsh Carlyle was a tall, dark-complexioned woman, with black eyes, dark hair and thin, nervous face. In conversation she was fluent, and extremely witty and piquant. She was accompanied by a half-Cuba dog, Nero, and amused us by some lively stories of the fondness of childless women, like herself, for pets. This dog, it seemed, was a great resource for the Chelsea philosopher in his hours of recreation. "Calyle"—by which name or by the simple pronoun "he," his wife always spoke of him—amused himself, she said, by tying flat-irons, andirons, etc., to Nero's legs and tail, and making him endeavor to move forward by holding a lump of sugar—an article of which the dog was very fond—before his face.

Another amusement of the philosopher's, of which we were informed, was blowing in the dog's face with a bellows.

Jane Carlyle was very much amused with Delia Bacon, and the theory which she invented that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare. This lady had been to Carlyle to get his aid in finding her a publisher. Carlyle told his wife, "I thought I might as well tell her the truth at once, and so I said that it was impossible that any respectable magazine in the world should entertain for a moment the idea of admitting such an article, unless, indeed, it were as a remarkable specimen of stark madness and absurdity." Delia Bacon tried to flatter the gruff philosopher, and told him that if he would come to America he would be received with a perfect ovation. "Oh, yes!" said he, "and then some strong-minded woman would arise and prove that I was a booby and a gump, and didn't write my own writings!" The words "booby" and "gump" were flattering titles the American lady had previously in her conversation applied to Shakespeare. I might fill this article with bright sayings of the sprightly and *spirituelle* Jane Carlyle, but I must hasten to her husband.

Having been invited to his house, I was shown upstairs to his library and study. Copies in oil of the portraits of the father and mother of Martin Luther were chief ornaments of its walls. No one can look on their strong faces without seeing at once whence the great reformer derived his sturdy force of character; and no faces could be more captivating to a man like Carlyle. Among the many books I noticed a handsomely bound set of the works of John C. Calhoun, presented by the state of South Carolina.

Carlyle himself surprised me by the ruddiness of his complexion, and the vivacity mingled with force and occasional sternness in his expression. He talked, too, with a very broad Scotch accent, which harmonized with the rugged strength of his sentences. Nothing could surpass the simple courtesy of his manners, making me feel at once at ease, although I had come to see him with some trepidation.

It was two years since I had met his wife at dinner, and meantime I had made a tour on the Continent. "And so you have been traveling?" he said. "Ah! your countrymen and my countrymen are too fond of running about all over the earth, instead of staying still where God put them and doing their work. But you are young, and I dare say you've got some good out of it." He gave an amusing account of his own recent journey in Germany, "to study about King Frederick," and the shaking up and botheration with which it was attended.

Among other topics on which he expatiated was prevalence of eye-service and imperfect work in this age of shams. "Things are not made now," said he, "to wear, but to wear *out* as soon as possible; he could not buy a pair of shoes that were honestly made, nor get any work done thoroughly and well. These houses, they, were made to topple over, as they will some day. There are a few quiet men, whom the world never hears of, honestly doing their business, or everything would have come to an end long enough. All our architecture is a sham nowadays. Look at the new Houses of Parliament. There are five hundred weather-vanes on top of it, and *no two* of them point the same way! I told Sir Charles Berry," (the architect,) "that if he had given me one good *honest* vane that would have told me how the wind blew, I'd have been obliged to him; but as it is—well, perhaps it's symbolical of what is going below in the two Houses—wind, wind, wind,—and it bloweth how it listeth, and no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, and it's all to no good purpose under the sun!"

I might extend these notes much farther, but I have given some of the most characteristic sayings of this distinguished man. Altogether it was a memorable interview, and I came away feeling that the sage of Chelsea was quite as interesting in his conversation as in his published works.

T. C.

One of the greatest annoyances which occurred during the course of lectures recently delivered by Professor Quinton, was the conduct of those students who occupied the back seats in company with the "micks" of the neighborhood. Respect at least is due to every man, even though you cannot endorse all he says.

THE COCKNEY POETS.

PAPER V.

"Great in office for what he did for the world, greater out of it for calmly awaiting his time to do more; the promoter of education; the expediter of justice; the liberator from slavery, and always a denouncer of war." Such was Leigh Hunt's political creed so far as it can be tabulated. He never held an important trust office during his whole life; he never figured in politics, except as an extreme radical; his pamphlets were pronounced libels, and he himself was thrown into jail; nor had he any sympathy with the greatest reformer of his day; yet in spite of all these his maxims which I have just quoted, were the mainspring of his actions, and if he judged a man wrongly it was only because of a perverted judgment. As I believe that Shelley has been over-censured for what evil he did, so do I incline to the belief that in the case of Hunt we too readily assent to his praises. In this paper I will depart from the ordinary course, granting first that the labors of Leigh Hunt have been productive of wholesome fruits.

I have little charity for the man who says, "Speak nothing or speak good of the dead;" by studying the *faults* of mankind, we learn quite as much as by studying their *perfections*. The improvement of self and society is the ultimate object of all training, and we have no excuse for neglecting the best aids that are offered us. With something of this spirit do I venture to set forth some of the failings of so great a man as Leigh Hunt. He was an egotist, a castle-builder, and an advocate of that charity which is not charity. Let us trace out the results of these failings. *First*, as to his egotism. Cowley had read the "Faerie Queen" before he was twelve years old; Hunt had printed his own poems, which received laudatory notice from the learned doctors of Oxford, before he was seventeen. It requires a youth of no ordinary nature to pass through a four years' training, in which eulogy is the result of every action, without being dwarfed and narrowed. To such training was Leigh Hunt subjected. He early adopted the views of the radicals, and when finally he came to grapple with subjects in which the world was interested, and to which it was willing to listen, we find that the young politician was little inclined to undervalue his own claims to authority. Too radical to be a consistent whig, too scrupulous to go to the extremes with the liberals, ridiculed and scorned by the Tories, it was an evil day that ever enticed him into the pale of political discussion; but there we find him, his fragile bark lunched among the mightier craft, with no support save

his little learning, his great conceit, and his strong sense of duty. We must judge him as we find him. Had he relied less on his own and more on wiser men's judgment than he did, his pamphlets would have gained him fewer readers and fewer sneers; but the principle of self so thoroughly grafted into his nature in youth, required many rebukes till he came to esteem other men's views as worthy of consideration as his own. Hunt, it must be admitted, from the quotation with which I opened this paper, was in advance of the general sentiment; but it is no honor to be in advance of one's time if one cannot be the moulder of men's thoughts, shaping them to a belief in his higher doctrine; such a man was Hunt, and the element, I think, which most retarded the increase of his influence was his egotism. As Hunt grew older, he grew wiser; we find little arrogance in his later writings, though he always wrote "in his own person," for egotism can be either disgusting or delightful. Lamb never seems to intrude himself where he ought not to be, or where he would be glad not to have him; but because you come with a preconceived desire to admire him, you *do* admire him; so, if you can blind yourself to the early arrogance of Hunt, you may be able to turn your prejudice into admiration. Hunt as an essayist has sometimes been compared to Dr. Johnson; I fail to see any point of agreement except that the themes of each were generally some moral reform. The essays of neither are now much read; Johnson's, because they have outlived their day and performed their mission; Hunt's, because they never were read. Hunt's idea was not original: he copied so far as he could the plan of Swift, but he lacked the powerful individualism which was the key-note of Swift's success as a political essayist and satirist. His philosophy was the purest and noblest that the most advanced men of his age could endorse—far purer and nobler than the great bulk of mankind could yet appreciate. For his insight into the real reason and cause of things, he stands among the very first of moral essayists; it is his manner of approaching his theme and his audience that we criticise, and this fault we are inclined to lay to the charge of his youthful training.

Second, as to his castle-building. Another point in the character of Hunt with which we find fault, is his inability to take a practical view of the most common affairs of life. A youth of twenty who could not perform the simplest operation in arithmetic, cannot, at forty, be expected to make the most clear-sighted and far-seeing politician. We do not criticise Shelley's idealism, because he has never appeared as a disputant in any field in which practical men have any interest; but Hunt,

on the other hand, loaded with his pet theories and hypotheses, enters the ranks where he has to contend with men of the keenest and shrewdest practical sense. His theories are true, but he fails to prove them, and so resembles one who has risen from the bottom to the top of the ladder, but fails to see the rounds by which he ascended. All of Hunt's financial schemes were failures. Not one of his numerous papers was a success; but the motive which guided him in his work, and which called him to repeat his trials after each failure, was the outgrowth of a sense of duty which, had it found broader scope for influence, would have hastened the day of reform in British politics. I quote a few lines from Carlyle's estimate of Hunt: "He is a man of genius in all the senses which these words bear or imply. Well seen into he has done much for the world, as every man possessed of such qualities and freely speaking them forth for thirty years long must needs do." His writings, both poetry and prose, will bear out Carlyle's first assertion; as to his second, I doubt whether Hunt is "well seen into" by men of modern times, and I am sure that, during his own days, his political papers exerted little influence on the great bulk of men.

As harshly as we may criticise these two faults in Hunt's composition, we must acknowledge that they are overbalanced by his peculiar grace of diction. Throughout the whole realm of English prose essayists, I doubt if one can be found who, on his own merits, takes a higher position than Leigh Hunt.

Third. We come to the last and gravest charge against our author. The reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle have an intrinsic value because they represent the real judgment of a great mind. Leigh Hunt's estimates of character, however, are so perverted by accidental circumstances, and by the whims and caprices of the moment, that they are, at best, unreliable. An overwrought sense of charity, and a tendency to slur over the bad points and emphasize the good, though strenuously advocated by some, has its origin in a misconception of the real truth, and yields, as its fruit, little but hypocrisy and deceit. We can only lament that he who was the friend of Wordsworth and Shelley, the adviser of Byron, and the guardian of Keats, has left so meagre and unreliable criticisms on their lives and works; but, happily for us, the days are past when the term of reproach can be applied to the "Cockneys." We welcome them as benefactors, and say,—

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler eares,
The Poets; who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

The Annual Address before the Loganian Society was delivered by the vice-president, John C. Winston on the evening of the 14th of April. "America before Europe" was the subject of the address. The speaker's manner was forcible, and his treatment of his subject indicated a careful study of the principles of American government, and an unusual insight into the character of our institutions, and their relations with like and unlike institutions of European nations. It is impossible to do justice to an address of an hour and a quarter within our limited space, but the line of argument the speaker pursued, and the chief points he made, may appear from the following short summary and extracts.

The theory that one nation acts very much upon the character and upon the career of another,—said the speaker, in opening,—is no longer doubted. The circumstances of the origin of our government, and its novel career, make it a matter of especial interest to examine the character and extent of its influence upon other nations, and observe in what light they regard it. From the discovery of America till the separation of the colonies from the mother-country, our history may be said not so much to influence European history as to form a part of it. But upon the issues of this period depended the destiny of the American continent, and its future relations with Europe. England, France and Spain each coveted America as the means by which to gain its own supremacy. England succeeded, and forever settled upon the English-speaking race the control of the western continent. The immediate results of English supremacy are well understood. The course of events throughout this period indicated that the distinctive principles of the colonists must, sooner or later, lead to separation from the mother country, and the formation of a separate nation. To claim that liberty, justice, and equal rights were originated and secured to posterity by the colonists, is to do violence to history, and in no wise to increase our glory. The colonists preserved and expanded these principles, and left them as a legacy to their sons. They took up arms to defend England against herself, and preserve the principles of English liberty.

While America was doing what other countries had tried to do before, it also did much which was distinctively its own. It was for America to proclaim and establish representation as a prerequisite to taxation. It was for America to found the first great Federal Republic, and to establish political institutions upon faith in human nature. The success of this great movement changed the relations of colonies to the mother countries all

over the world. The speaker then dwelt for some time upon the influence of our revolution upon those of France and the Netherlands.

Europe, though astonished at the success of the colonies in freeing themselves from England, was still more astonished at the sight of thirteen independent colonies peacefully uniting to form one nation. Europe, and especially England, was eager to see the nation split up into hostile states. What had been the result in such a case it is useless to speculate.

Intolerance and bigotry for a time stifled freedom of conscience, but this only showed how deep rooted was the spirit of intolerance in the old country. Ours was the first secular government,—the first to assert the absolute independence of church and state.

Our civil war aroused Europe to a sense of our importance when it found the tremendous influence the withdrawal of American imports from its markets had upon its industrial interests. While all Europe was sympathizing with the liberty party of America, the ruling classes of England were in sympathy with that party whose avowed purpose it was to destroy liberty. This fact shows the extent of our influence at the time, for the English aristocracy feared that the "Americanizing element" would undermine their powers and privileges. The war revealed to Europe the extent of our past influence, and the more intimate acquaintance which followed served to correct many wrong opinions, and increase the respect in which other countries held us. When the government took its position on the vantage-ground of consistency, its moral influence was greatly augmented.

The Geneva arbitration was another step in the process of instructing Europe, and another evidence of the increased moral force of the United States government. The result of the arbitration was one more evidence of the growing conviction that the United States and England are too intimately connected to afford to be enemies. The unparalleled course of events since the war has increased the respect of other countries for us. That the greatest army in the world should, at a moment's notice, dwindle to the least, quietly assuming again the habits of social life; that the republic should assume a debt of nearly three billions of dollars, and pay it off by taxation at the rate of sixty-five millions annually; that eleven states lately in rebellion should be restored to the enjoyment of their rights; that four millions of negroes should be raised from a condition of servitude to free-citizenship; that meanwhile order should prevail and prosperity increase,—is a prospect on which all Europe looks with wonder and admiration. The financial management of the French Republic has doubtless succeeded

through the encouragement of our example. The Republic itself, though it cannot be said to owe its existence to us, yet owes to us the establishment of the republican idea on which it is founded. "It is the United States that has made republicanism respected in Europe."

"In this year, 1881, it is our exalted privilege to witness our country in the enjoyment of a national, social and material prosperity never before equaled in our own history, nor in the history of any nation in any age of the world. We have the additional satisfaction of seeing our nation for the first time universally honored and respected abroad." While the European people grant us a large degree of independence in the sphere of politics and inventive genius, they accuse us of being content to follow in the line of other lands in art and literature. The speaker at some length showed this to be an unjust charge, though not entirely unfounded.

"The second criticism which is passed upon us seems to arise from a broad spirit of benevolence on the part of our foreign commentators, which excites their anxiety that the United States should apply the fortune to which they are born for the welfare and benefit of the world. Thus the London *Spectator*, in a recent article on America, reproaches us for not using our strength for the relief of the oppressed and incompetent nations elsewhere. The writer would have us aid in accomplishing the deliverance of Armenia. He would have us go down to Mexico and teach the people there how to govern themselves. It is very kind in our friends thus to remind us of our duties and obligations, and we bow in humble acknowledgment that the London press has at last recognized that the American Republic has a mission, and is capable of instructing other nations in matters of government. But this advice, coming as it does almost simultaneously with the news that the English government has finally concluded to let the Boers of Africa govern themselves, and after the bestowal of much self-sacrificing, though unappreciated, labor in behalf of the Afghans, has at last given up all idea of delivering them, can hardly fail to provoke a universal smile among Americans. It is this wonderful spirit of benevolence which necessitates the maintenance of enormous standing armies,—the greatest curse of Europe to-day, the great impediment to its growth in wealth and happiness. Indeed, this benevolent desire to deliver somebody seems to have been the mainspring of most of the modern wars of Europe. This is the kind of philanthropy to which America has not yet attained, and it is for lack of this sort of a desire for the welfare of mankind that we are reproached by our London friends. This is the salvation which we are exhorted to carry to the Mexicans and Armenians.

"If England had applied the one hundred millions of dollars expended in the late attempt to save the Afghans to the relief of her Irish subjects, it would have been far better appreciated, and the sum of human happiness might have been greatly enlarged. . . . The United States—by exhibiting to the world the unprecedented example of a nation composed of thirty-eight States, embracing a territory of three millions of square miles, steadily maintaining order and administering justice throughout its vast dominions without the intervention of a large standing army—is doing vastly more toward delivering the oppressed, and carrying hope and help to the weak, than it could accomplish with an armed force equal to all the fleets and armies of Europe combined. Nature and fortune seem to have marked out for the United States the peculiar and exalted mission of convincing the world that large standing armies are not necessary for preserving the honor and integrity of a great nation, and that war is no longer needed to propagate Christianity and carry civilization to weak and incompetent races. One might think the present aspect of Europe furnished little indication of the accomplishment of this mission, but, as we recently heard from this platform, in words which carried conviction, if the United States continue to invade Europe with one-third its entire farm produce annually, it cannot be many generations before economic pressure alone of this country will force the heavily taxed nations of Europe to disband their armies and adopt Federalism, after the example of the United States. One step farther, and national warfare will be rendered obsolete over the world, and all questions of dispute between nations will be decided by a national council. America has set the example of Federalism on a large scale, and, by the strong decrees of war, has forever decided that it shall be perpetuated on this continent; and is now rapidly deciding, by its enormous industrial development, that the same principle must be carried into Europe."

The speaker closed with an expression of his deep conviction that there is no cause for the gloomy apprehensions in regard to the future of our country and government entertained by some, but that everywhere there is reason for hope and confidence, and that after our present achievements "there only remains for the full realization of our most sanguine hopes for the future that all good men lay hold to purify, ennoble and enrich the inheritance of the century just completed."

Those sleds in the basement of Barclay Hall should be removed as soon as possible. We know of a student who falls over them every time he passes through, which occurrence always leads to some discussion on his part.

JUNIOR DAY.

The annual Junior Exhibition came off April 15, with its usual greetings of friends and interchange of good feeling and pleasant gossip. Notwithstanding the forebodings of a late spring and the apprehensions of anxious speakers to the contrary, the day was clear and pleasant. A large number of invitations had been sent out, and a large audience was expected, but the arrival of the trains from the city assured us that Lent, weddings and funerals had all contributed to our disappointment, and the audience, in consequence, was the smallest that has assembled for Junior Exhibition in a long time. At 10.30 the class, followed by the faculty, proceeded to Alumni Hall, and took their seats on opposite sides of the stage. On the stage were seated the professors only,—the first occasion of this kind we have ever seen when no one of the managers was present, and only one to be seen in the audience. As unceremoniously as the burial of Sir John More, President Chase announced the first orator, and business began.

PROGRAMME.

"The Greek Revolution," Richard Bowne Hazard, Vt.

"International Copyright," Lindley Murray Winston, Va.

"The Mission of Mohammedism," Elisha Gamble,* Ohio.

"Heroes of Reform," Frederick Dillwin Jones, Maine.

"School Days at Athens," Wilmer Pancoast Leeds,* N. J.

"America and Russia," Jesse Henley Morgan, Iowa.

"Kansas, her Aims and Development," John Elihu Coffin,* Kansas.

"Monopoly," George Loring Crosman, Mass.

"Zwingle," Daniel Corbit,* Del.

"Science and Religion," Thomas Chalkley Palmer, Jr., Pa.

"Savonarola and his Times," Isaac Milton Cox,* Kansas.

"Irish Land Tenure System," William Charles Jay,* R. I.

"Prohibition and Party Politics," Wilmot Rufus Jones, Maine.

"Frederick the Great," Edward Randolph,* Pa.

"The Influence of the Early Plantagenets," George A. Barton, Canada.

As modestly as they began the exercises closed, and after a brief visit to the dining departments, and a few promenades, the company departed, and Haverford took a recess.

* Resigned the privilege of speaking.

As is seen from the programme, only eight of the class spoke; an arrangement effected by a vote of the class, as they thought a larger number would be likely to weary the audience with a continuous stream of orations. It is noticeable, however, that had the orations been only an ordinary length for such occasions, the usual number might have spoken in less time, as the eight consumed an hour and forty-one minutes in delivery. We believe it is generally the case that the shorter orations make the better impression; yet there are exceptions, as in this case.

It is not our place to criticise the speakers, but suffice it to say they acquitted themselves well and left a good impression. The list of subjects showed a good variety. Statesmanship, scholarship and philanthropy each had its representatives, and, we hope, did not suffer. We might mention particular ones which showed much originality, and well deserved the praise they received.

LOCALS.

We are sons!

Did you see the whale?

A suit for my friend, if you please.

Greatest show on earth: "Tart" boy with a bucket of white-wash.

A notice of a class-meeting of the Seniors always means business.

The reason tennis is so objectionable is that there is so much "racket" connected with it.

The Seniors have finished their text-book on astronomy, and are now devoting their time to practical work in the Observatory.

"There," said a Senior as he made a fatal pull at his glove before going to the ball, "I've sacrificed a kid to Venus."

A tub race is to be the next excitement at Haverford. Those wishing to participate will leave their names at Room 18 B. H.

The new addition to the Observatory is now completed, and the accommodations for practical work are greatly enhanced thereby.

Owing to the backward spring, for which Vennor is responsible, the lawn was not so beautiful on Junior Day as it has been on former years.

Lazy Senior to his room-mate: Why don't you fix up the room? it is terribly out of order.

Chum: I cannot, it is for "bid"

The pike between the college and the city is in first-class condition for our bicyclers, and the only thing lacking is a regularly organized club of wheelmen.

"The first triumvirate, formed 59 B. C., consisted of Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus, and the three leading pens of Esterbrook's make are the Falcon, Bank and Easy Writer."

Waiters: Say, Jim, why don't you walk on de ole path to de station, insted ob going around de board-walk?

Jim: Oh, cause there is so much "cindar"!

Sophs disputing in the recitation room — 1st Soph: You're the biggest (——) in the college.

Prof. stepping in: Gentlemen, you forget that I am here.

The number of "odes to spring" that have reached us is simply overwhelming, and to avoid hard feelings we have refused to publish any. There is enough sickness in the college now.

The debating contest in Logonian resulted in awarding the prize to Kennard ('81). The criticisms on the three debates gave each contestant a fair idea of his abilities, and are to be bound with the Collegian.

The umbrella belonging to the Assistant Business Manager is the only one of its kind that survived the flood. It was probably used as a mainsail by Noah, and the children of Israel complain of its being rather large for one nation's use.

Nothing is so injurious to the progress of a paper as to have two or three men to do all the work, especially since they invariably do it so poorly. The prize system has only partially alleviated the difficulty it was intended to remedy.

If you want to study the changes in expression which flit over the human face, you should have seen the mobile countenance of the student, when he reached under the board-walk for a lost nickel and picked up a raw bumble-bee by the stem.

Arrangements for having telegraphic communication between Haverford Observatory and Washington have been under consideration for some time. The only difficulty being the unwillingness on the part of the Western Union to make connections at present.

A Senior's diary for the late recess reveals the following facts:—That "he got up, washed, and went to bed" for five consecutive days; on the sixth, all these duties are neglected. A blank for the remaining days allows us to make all sorts of conjectures.

The new apparatus with which our gymnasium is furnished is of a novel sort, but appears to be well suited for the development of muscular tissue. Cricket will undoubtedly have the monopoly this summer, so there need be no fears but that the gymnasium will be in first-class order next winter.

Cricket is thoroughly aroused, and the matches arranged for the Dorian with the first elevens of the leading clubs in America foretells a summer of unusual interest. Those especially interested in cricket should exert themselves to the utmost to fill the vacancy left by the class of '80.

PERSONAL.

'64.—Morris Longstreth holds the position of lecturer to both the Jefferson Medical College and the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'71.—Edward M. Wistar is in the Provident Life and Trust Company, Philadelphia.

'71.—W. H. Haines is connected with the Sun Fire Insurance Company, Philadelphia.

'72.—C. W. Haines has been engaged since last November in a preliminary survey of the Mexican National Railroad through Mexico.

'73.—James Comfort is following a mercantile life in the City of Brotherly Love.

'76.—Seth K. Gifford has met with a sore bereavement in the death of his wife, which occurred at Providence, R. I., in the early part of last month.

'76.—Professor L. L. Hobbs, of New Garden, N. C., was among the list of those who had addresses before the Educational Conference in Philadelphia recently.

'78.—We learn that Robert Haines, Jr., is doing quite a successful business with the electric light.

'79.—W. C. Lowry, who now holds the Childs cup, for his excellent bowling last year, made us a call on the 14th ult., and was one of the three or four alumni who were present on Junior Day.

'80.—Charles E. Gause made us a call in the early part of last month while on a visit home during their vacation. He looks well, and reports Barnesville as being in a flourishing condition.

'80.—We have nothing to say about J. L. Lynch, for we know of no one who has heard from him since he reached Missouri, soon after graduation.

'81.—L. M. Harvey graduated at the Central Law School of Indianapolis, April 7.

'81.—Isaac Sutton, we learn, has settled at High Point, N. C., after spending the winter farther South for the benefit of his family's health. We hope to see him up at Commencement.

'81.—T. Whithall has been spending the winter on the farm, and, we hear, has given up the idea of professional life for that of the farm.

'82.—Richard Mott, of Plainfield, N. J., was out on Junior Day to see his fellows through, looking well, and in good spirits.

Joseph C. Exton of New Jersey, sends us his subscription, accompanied with good wishes for *The Haverfordian*.

We learn that Oak Grove Seminary, Maine, under the management of Professor E. H. Cook, is in a flourishing condition.

Clarkson Sheppard, the first vice-president of the Loganian Society, and who has been for several years clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, says in a recent letter that when he recalls his grateful reminiscences of Haverford, fifty years ago, he quotes, "Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing."

EXCHANGES.

In our last issue we called the attention of the *Oakwood Index* to an error it made in quoting from our report of the lecture on the revision of the New Testament. We have since found that our own statement was at fault. We should not have said there were no less than one hundred and twenty thousand inaccuracies in the received version," but that "There were no less than one hundred and twenty thousand different readings of passages in the New Testament found in the manuscripts. This gives some idea of the magnitude of the labor the committee have just completed. In the light of after-thought, our mistake was a ridiculous one.

The *Illini* calls the *North Western* into court on the charge of "body-snatching." It seems that the *North Western*, in its issue of March 11, printed a poem with a striking resemblance to "My Pony," printed in *The Haverfordian* some months since. It happens that this particular number of the *North Western* did not reach us, though we received the ones immediately before and after. This is unfortunate, for we would like to have seen for ourselves. We would, however, suggest charitable treatment in such cases, for we know by experience that accidents sometimes happen which place editors in disagreeable positions. Quotation-marks and "Ex.'s" are very easily dropped out in the course of printing. The stanzas in question suffered in this way in *The Haverfordian*. There should have been an "Ex." after the first two, the last two only being original with us.

The *Alabama University Monthly* has a remarkably ingenuous way of "filling up." After it has apparently exhausted all the methods commonly resorted to for this end, it leaves blank spaces. In the April number these were equivalent to nearly two pages. The exchange editor is frank, but uses somewhat indelicate expressions. He says: "That mongrel offspring of idiocy and conceit brought forth by the ex. editor of the *College Message*, against our paper, is of such a low-bred character as to be unworthy of notice." But, in the face of this assertion, he proceeds: "After having exhausted nearly the entire catalogue of abusive epithets—epithets such as no respectable paper would allow to scar its pages—the ex. editor, in his characteristic cringing and sneaking manner, offers us profuse apologies," etc. Farther on we learn that the "ex. editor" is a "hair-brained and vulgar youth." And this purports to be a criticism on disreputable language used in an exchange. If the *College Message* produced anything more abusive than the language of the *Monthly*, we would like to exchange with it as a master of billingsgate. The *Monthly*, however, must have borrowed epithets from the "mongrel offspring;" for it is evident that, if the *College Message* "exhausted nearly the whole catalogue of abusive epithets," no margin was left for such a storm of abuse as we find in the *Monthly*. If this is the case, the *Monthly*, according to its own showing, is "no respectable paper;" if it is not the case, the *Monthly* is guilty of a misstatement, and the inference is scarcely less disagreeable than before. As further examples of delicate criticism and the sparing use of epithet by the exchange editor, we find the editors of the *University Reporter* are a "sickly staff," an "imbecile crew," and edit a "dyspeptic paper," and the *College Lancet* is a "miserable, cringing, begging, and generally worthless sheet."

DORIAN CRICKET CLUB. BATTING AVERAGES.

First Eleven.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in one Match.	Times not out.	Averages.
S. Mason	5	7	137	48	48	2	27.40
A. M. Carey	4	5	101	44	44	0	20.20
A. P. Corbit	5	7	101	52	52	0	14.13
T. N. Winslow	5	7	53	26	26	2	13.25
T. H. Chase	2	2	18	9	9	0	9.00
W. F. Price	5	6	35	13	24	2	8.75
W. P. Shipley	5	6	52	25	25	0	8.66
E. Y. Hartshorn	5	6	51	19	19	0	8.50
S. B. Shoemaker	3	5	33	19	19	1	8.25
D. Corbit	5	6	43	17	17	0	7.17
E. M. Jones	4	6	35	23	23	1	7.00
R. Mott	1	1	7	7	7	0	7.00
B. V. Thomas	4	4	4	3	3	1	1.75
R. S. Rhodes	1	2	2	2	2	0	1.00
Second Eleven.							
S. B. Shoemaker	4	7	97	29	52	0	13.86
W. C. Jay	5	8	54	40	40	0	6.75
R. S. Rhodes	5	8	46	36	36	1	6.56
R. Mott	4	7	33	13	16	2	6.00
L. M. Winston	5	9	58	26	26	0	6.44
W. E. Page	2	4	18	10	17	1	6.00
W. L. Bailey	1	2	12	8	12	0	6.00
R. Dunn	4	5	22	7	11	1	5.50
J. E. Coffin	5	7	31	19	22	0	5.14
G. H. Evans	2	2	5	5	5	1	5.00
W. A. Blair	3	5	16	13	15	1	4.00
E. Randolph	5	7	13	8	8	1	2.17
A. C. Craig	5	6	4	2	2	1	.80
L. B. Whitney	1	1	0	0	0	0	.00

BOWLING AVERAGES.

First Eleven. Matches.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.	Averages.
(2) W. P. Shipley	439	214	23	32	1	0	6.68
(3) B. V. Thomas	245	94	14	13	2	0	7.23
(4) T. N. Winslow	432	144	21	17	2	0	8.07
(5) E. M. Jones	396	122	8	13	3	0	9.38
Second Eleven. Matches.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.	Averages.
(2) E. Randolph	579	173	13	35	2	0	4.94
(3) A. C. Craig	381	122	14	24	0	0	5.08
(4) W. L. Bailey	144	41	0	7	0	0	5.85
(5) L. B. Whitney	66	17	5	2	0	0	8.50
(6) S. B. Shoemaker	90	26	3	2	2	0	13.00
(5) R. Mott	28	17	0	2	0	0	8.50
(5) W. A. Blair	335	136	10	16	0	0	8.50

CORRESPONDENCE.—In All Things Let Us Be Just.

EDITORS HAVERFORDIAN:

In the last issue of your paper there appeared a communication from the Class of '83, which was called forth by an editorial in the number preceding. In this article we endeavored to treat the subject under consideration in a candid and gentlemanly manner; and we expected to be treated likewise. But, on the contrary, we claim that we have been grossly insulted by the editors of *The Haverfordian*.

Instead of allowing our article to rest on its merits, you attempted to weaken its force by attaching a note, which we will show to be utterly false. Before our

article went to print, it was submitted to two professors for their approval; and the truth of every word in that article was admitted by them. This being the case, we do not deem it necessary to further substantiate our veracity.

In this editorial note we are virtually accused of barefaced falsehood. We think we have satisfactorily shown that we spoke the truth. Therefore we consider your action nothing short of insult; and we feel safe in saying that you will find very few students in this college who uphold your course in this matter. We feel that this insult has gone too far to be mended; and we are satisfied that, under the present management, we are unable to exercise in your columns that freedom of speech which is the right of every student.

We, as a class, are desirous of seeing *The Haverfordian* prosper. But, for the reasons above given, we request that our names be stricken from the subscription list while the paper remains under the present management.

CLASS OF '83.

[The above article is certainly the offspring of a very determined class of young men. Its unsound logic has not changed our opinion of their actions. As in the last communication they stated facts which admit of no proof, so in this they are guilty of the same offense. They claim the "right of free speech" has been denied them. This power has never been catalogued in our list of prerogatives; it is a limitation which is beyond our province to restrict. Their attempts to hide under the authority of the professors not only discloses their weakness, but also an ungentlemanly desire to lead them into the dispute. Their withdrawal from the subscription list betokens thoughtlessness rather than discretion; their actions will still be open to criticism through our columns, while their only avenue for redress will be closed. We accept your article as a final statement of your views.—EDS]

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 2.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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This number of the *Haverfordian* marks the last issue under the present management, and the completion of the second year of its existence as a college paper. The thought connected with these facts would naturally lead us into a long valedictory article, extolling the charms of the infant project that was intrusted to our care one year ago. Thoughts would also spring up in regard to his future development, and the renown which the sturdy youth will achieve when brighter lights shall guide his footsteps. We would then collapse into a most pensive reverie, shed a few tears, have an imaginary hand-shaking, and a most pathetic farewell; this is the ordinary method on such occasions. But we would not deceive our readers; we would not have them believe the "*thing*" we have charge of was a perfect little cherub, fragrant as a rose, and fair as "Pallas, rosy-fingered child of dawn," which Homer alludes to occasionally. The cherubic attractions of the "*thing*" before mentioned, are not so great as to lead us into a prolonged state of despondency upon our separation, and if a rose should ever be so unfortunate as to adopt the peculiarity referred to, we would ask that the bush might be planted on the leeward side of the campus. The fact is "*it*" has not had the right kind of milk. The temptation to which farmers are prone is clearly manifested in the adulterated food with which we have had to cram our cherub. Water is good, milk ditto; but let them mix, and there is sure to be an upheaval in the delicate stomach of public opinion. Then, again, we believe that there has not been enough excitement and hardship encountered to develop the child into a first-class pugilist.

We are among those who believe that the clouds of youth should be as large as a woman's hand, and, if neces-

sary, these dimensions may be doubled. It is only after a boy has been knocked down and run over by a locomotive two or three times, that he learns how to take care of himself. This is what our boy wants; substitute the strength of the college press for that of the locomotive, and you have the idea exactly. Suggestions from strangers will always be more carefully considered than the daily admonition of our friends, which is soon disregarded because of its frequency.

The Loganian Society tried an experiment with the prizes which it offered last winter, and it may be proper now to consider with what success the effort has met. The declamation prize was well contested by twelve speakers, and awarded to John C. Winston, for his delivery of an extract from Webster's Reply to Hayne. The prize for extemporaneous debating was offered on a new plan which seemed not to be sufficiently understood at first, and was contended for by only two debaters, though several others joined occasionally to rekindle the enthusiasm. But the two defended their respective sides ably, manifesting much care and research in preparation, and the contest became more exciting as the limit of time approached. After the third debate the prize was awarded to E. O. Kennard. The *Haverfordian* prize, offered soon after the others, has not received the support due it. Up to the present writing there are but four competitors, and though the time is open until the 8th, no others have signified their intention of entering the list.

Considering that this is the first year that they have been offered, and the late day at which they were announced, we think the encouragement, on the whole, is sufficient to warrant their continuance. But they should be announced as early in the year as possible, and on such terms as to render them desirable. If they had been announced at the opening of this year, they would doubtless have been contended for by a larger number, and much of the work would have been more thorough. The *Haverfordian* prize, also, as we feared at the time it was offered, has suffered from being divided, as it was thus rendered less desirable, and some who would have competed for it thought that a prize for composition ought to be worth as much as one for debating.

Strangers visiting the college, as also professors and students, notice the singular unfitness of Alumni Hall to answer the purposes for which it was designed. Intended for an audience room and library, it is at present too small for the one, too large for the other, and inconvenient for both. However, in time the library would grow to fill it, and another building would be necessary for a hall. We only hope the new hall may not be delayed until the necessity becomes immediate. We have often thought how well a building of solid Port Deposit would fit the space west of the south end of Barclay Hall, and south of the east end of Founder's Hall. We should then have a classic rectangle.

The question as to the best method of practicing the cricket elevens has been agitating the minds of the ground committee. That is undoubtedly the best method by which the elevens will get the most practice in the shortest time and with the least work. Without the last two provisions so few would go to the field to practice that even the most energetic must acknowledge the necessity of them. For a few days a plan has been pursued which seems productive of the best results so far attained. Two creases are selected, and the elevens practice upon them separately, each man taking a certain number of hits. This is good for the batting and bowling, but the fielding is almost wholly neglected. The three matches which have been played this season have shown that the weak point, in the first eleven at least, lies in the poor batting, while the fielding is as good as it has usually been. So the plan that is being tried meets the immediate wants of the elevens, though in time, through want of practice in fielding, that too may degenerate.

The report has come to us, though only by hearsay, that Dr. Ladd, the justly popular Professor of Physical Culture, does not approve of cricket, on the ground of its developing the muscles of the body unevenly, and tending to introduce a stoop in the shoulders. Lacrosse, a positive enemy of which, in all its relations with Haverford, we long since declared ourselves to be, and baseball, are reported to be his games. Dr. Ladd's influence in establishing these sports at college, should he choose to exert it, would be great; but since some of the best cricketers are physically the ablest men in college, and since in one or two notable cases the shoulder which, we learn by hearsay, according to Dr. Ladd, ought to be the higher is in reality the lower, and in many cases both are on the same level, we suggest that we do not give up

cricket on account of certain *tendencies*. Since the apparatus in the gymnasium is designed to train all the muscles in the body, a course of exercise might be prescribed to meet the wants of those cricketers who are becoming deformed or whose muscles are unevenly developed. Now, as hitherto, we omit all discussion of the advantages of cricket for Haverfordians, as well as all remarks, long since superfluous, as to the high estimation in which it has for many years been held by the students and the alumni.

In the recent Educational Conference held in Philadelphia, Mr. F. K. Carey's address on the Study of Political Science, called the attention of the Conference pretty directly to what Haverford is doing in that line, and gave his *alma mater* a rather close criticism for sending forth her sons without a more thorough and extensive knowledge of the definite working of our national machinery. The address elicited an interesting discussion of the subject, in which some of the participants were not disposed to take so gloomy a view of the matter as the speaker, and further revealed the fact that some of the friends of the college are already contemplating the establishment of Political and Social Science at Haverford.

It is not our purpose here to enter upon a criticism of the address, but while every one would feel grateful for a provision which would give us a professor who could devote his time exclusively to Political and Social Science, yet we must take a more cheerful view of what the college is now doing in that respect. Viewed from an undergraduate's standpoint, we believe the *average* Haverford graduate goes forth with as much patriotic zeal, and as extensive a knowledge of our politics, as the average graduate of any American college of an equal grade of scholarship. The number of text-books gone through in that department, to be sure, are few, but taken in connection with the interesting discussions on that and kindred subjects elicited in various ways, and with the investigation and reading which the student is incited to do for himself, they produce more substantial worth than some prescribed courses of more pretentious appearance. Nor is it possible to make a statesman of every graduate, no matter what the opportunities given. Students will pursue, after the elements are acquired, the branches in which they are interested, and the elements and general principles in any department are the most one can hope to do in a four-years' course that begins where ours does. For making a good citizen, too, very much is needed besides a knowledge of government; and generally the

man of broad and liberal views is a more useful and valuable citizen than he who sacrifices breadth to length.

But we would not be understood as opposing the desired object, or as concluding that the present arrangements are sufficient. The facilities may be improved very much, so that the same amount of time may be utilized with greater profit, and Haverford's influence will be increased in no small degree if the hoped-for arrangements shall have been effected.

THE HENRY SOCIETY.

TO THE HAVERFORDIAN:

It is more than twenty-five years since I made the acquaintance of the Henry Society. Haverford was a very different place then from now. When I became one of its inmates, in the autumn of 1855, the institution was officially known as "Haverford School," though it became "Haverford College," I think, within the following year, without change of curriculum. But if the course of study was carried to a high point, it was possible, thanks to an academical department, to begin it at a very low one. The consequence was that boys were sent to Haverford at any age, and proudly wore the name of "Haverford student" for years while laboring on rudimentary studies in the "Academical" to qualify for admission into the "Third Junior," as the Freshman Class was then called. My impression is that two-fifths of "our students" in my time were Academicals. I haven't an old catalogue by me, so speak not by the book, and the proportion may really have been much less. But the tireless bodily activity of the Academical, the shrillness and staying power of his voice, and the elfish lawlessness of his enterprises, may have had the effect of multiplying his apparent numbers. His presence certainly gave a more juvenile character to the college than it now exhibits, and lowered the tone of the institution in many ways. Some fellows passed a dozen years or so at Haverford before they graduated, and large numbers entertained no idea of ever graduating at all.

At the time I speak of there were only two societies at Haverford,—the Loganian and the Henry. The former was an "omnium gatherum," like Noah's Ark, and took in all the world. The Henry, on the other hand, was small and select, and its members were chiefly Juniors and Seniors of imposing stature and senatorial dignity. It was well understood as to the Henry that "no Academicals need apply." Among the great barons of this patrician circle were Cyrus Mendenhall, six feet four or thereabouts; Stephen and James Wood, Edgar Cope and Thomas Clark, all good six-footers. To be on intimate

terms with one of these "big fellows" was an honor almost enough to turn an Academical head; while the brilliant part they took in the Loganian exercises procured them high repute and popularity among all classes. They also stood deservedly high with the Faculty, and on great occasions easily obtained for the Henry the privilege of holding what was known as a "bust." To participate in a Henry "bust" was supposed to be one of the chief delights that this life affords. The first one that I remember took place about Christmas, 1855, in the dining-room of the College, on a seventh-day night, long after supper was over for the rest of us. The Henricans doubtless enjoyed themselves greatly, and they made a great deal of noise without any check from the authorities. Sorrowing the uninvited walked by the windows of the much-sounding dining-room. Therein, inaudible to us, jokes were flying thickly about, like phosphorescent fish playing among billows of laughter. Reeling in this sea of mirth like a jolly Neptune, there sat at the table's head the mighty president, confronting a skeleton—for there was a skeleton at the feast, at least at the close of it—the osseous frame of a noble turkey; but as this was before I became a member, I saw it only through the window, as one of the shades in the outer darkness.

Some time after this occasion, I, a mere Third Junior, and smallest save three of all the sons of Haverford, found myself a member of the Henry, no doubt through the patronage of two tall cousins of mine who were prominent members. How old the society was at this time I have no idea. It was supposed to be of great antiquity, but its papers had not been preserved, so its history rested solely on traditions orally transmitted. It was at this time even destitute of the luxury of a Constitution or By-laws, and did perfectly well without them. It had had several, but whenever they chanced to be mislaid by the secretary the society did not construct new ones, so long as it could find other entertainment. Indeed, it was asserted that the Henry had always prospered best when without written law of any sort, every man being a wise and just law unto himself.

There can be no doubt that the society was named in honor of Patrick Henry, and not "Old Harry," as was sometimes insinuated. It appears to have been sincerely designed to promote mental culture, and undoubtedly tended that way, but being at this time the only authorized association of students not under the immediate eye of the authorities, its spirit was one of reaction and rebound from the restraints of the then prevalent system. To enter a Henry meeting was to escape, for the time, from a discipline that regulated the cut of our coats and roundabouts, that caused little fellows like myself to walk to

meeting extinguished under a tall silk hat (vulgarly called a "plug"); that made it a misdemeanor to possess a jew's-harp, and forbade the reading of any book not found in the course of study or in the library. Thus there came to be a supposed man-of-the-world tone in the Henry discourse of some of us, which would have been highly amusing to a person of mature age. The society possessed a pair of foils, and, I think, for the sake of their desperately wicked appearance, as I never saw them used for fencing. Some of us treasured forbidden books, Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley and Tom Moore, but the soundness of our literary judgment will be apparent when it is stated that for a while we gave the highest rank in literature to the poetry of Alexander Smith and the prose writings of N. P. Willis. There was, however, a solid element in the society, men whose good sense prevented their forsaking recognized standards, and whose weight of character and influence kept the Henry, in the main, true to its worthier aims. Still, the society was informal and unconventional in a high degree, and I think secretly regarded itself as a very knowing and original school of philosophers.

The exercises were of a varied character,—debates, essays, poems and recitations. I think the debates were usually unpremeditated, and the other exercises quite voluntary. The rules of order did not always interfere with general conversation. The final meeting of the session (usually followed by a "bust") was a more formal affair. Guests were invited, the use of the lecture-room secured, and the exercises were allotted by ballot. The programme invariably was as follows: An oration, a dissertation, a Latin declamation, poem and valedictory.

I only knew the Henry during 1856 and 1857, and what I have said of it may be inapplicable to any other period of its career. Haverford College has greatly improved since that time, and I am told the students' societies are superior in every respect to those of my day. The present strictly collegiate character of the institution naturally gathers an older and wiser class of students, sincerely desirous of the best culture and the truest manhood. Leaving home with your characters more completely formed and your minds better developed, you bring to your college life the cheerful earnestness of scholars and the deportment of gentlemen. But looking back to *my* period of Haverford and Henry membership, I can now discern a fact of which we were quite ignorant in my set, namely, that we were all very green fruit indeed. Like winter pears, we have had to ripen off the tree; and perhaps (though in a far less degree, of course) you may come to view your own case in a similar light. I say this with profound respect. Your opportunities are greater

than ours were. May you never experience the bitterness of remembering such opportunities as unappreciated and unimproved!

I envy you your day and generation, and if I had not made other pleasant arrangements that will positively prevent it, I should like to go back and be one of you.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1881.

J. W. C.

A POET WITH A PURPOSE.

In view of the intelligent and warm-hearted appreciation which exists for America's most characteristic poet, the attempt to pay any new or worthier tribute to his genius and poetical talents were almost fruitless. And yet, perhaps, the repetition of sentiments which are, or at least should be, common property, will serve to strengthen an individual estimation of Whittier, both as a man and as a poet. As a man and as a poet, because, as may be remarked in the outset, he is a striking combination of two phases of character often alien, and never before seen so remarkably united in one person. Men of philanthropic tendencies are nearly always of a practical turn of character and devoid of poetical conception; but Whittier, on the contrary, while he has charmed with poetic fancies and those delicate intuitions which prose cannot grasp, has also fought the battle of moral progress by his earnest advocacy alike of freedom of conscience and the elevation of the oppressed and enslaved.

"For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dreamland blew.
Along his task-field weird processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped."

Quite as much honor is due to the "strenuous will" that strove so long and so passionately for the abolition of human slavery as there is to his poetical genius. But, in fact, the two were never separated, for it scarcely need be remarked that a large portion of his writings shows the spirit of an earnest reformer as well as the imagination of an impassioned poet.

Sometimes, indeed, the stormy qualities of the reformer take the ascendancy; and, as one of his critics has said, his fancy and imagination can hardly keep pace with their fiery companion. With an intense love of right he always assumes a hostile attitude towards the champions or exponents of wrong; and armed with a song which contains a "blow in every thought" his invective is merciless and his indignation terrible. But united with the enthusiasm of a reformer, Whittier possesses a delicate descriptive talent as related to natural scenery; "an ardent devotee of nature as well as of humanity," he has written correctly and beautifully of the familiar landscapes

of his own New England. More than this, he has the true poetical talent of interpreting nature and rendering her beauties so easy to discern that the common as well as the cultured mind can perceive them without an effort.

And as he has interpreted for us the rugged outlines of New-England scenery, so also has he given us an insight into the simple life and manners of the olden-time New-Englanders with genuine tenderness and artistic power. Aside from their literary character, these legendary and descriptive poems possess a historical value, already great, but which must increase as the old-fashioned customs become more and more obsolete, and the memories of Puritan New England are swallowed up in the bustling artificial life of to-day. Already, except in some out-of-the-way corner, one would seek in vain for the home scenes pictured in *Snow Bound*; and though the prospect is not an agreeable one to consider, the time cannot be far distant when the special characteristics which once distinguished New England farm-life will disappear entirely. To Whittier, then, more than to any other man, the future will be indebted for a truthful picture of customs and manners now unhappily yielding to those less pure and less natural. The deep religious feeling underlying so many of Whittier's poems is too well appreciated to require much comment. Always seeking the highest truth, and unswerving in its defense, he yet possesses a wide liberality of sentiment and the true spirit of toleration. His Quaker education is often apparent, especially when he ends some particularly stirring and almost warlike lyric with an appeal in behalf of peaceful action. This leads to make mention of the graceful tributes which he has composed to the memories of those faithful ministers of his own denomination, William Forster, Daniel Wheeler, and others, which show how thoroughly he is in sympathy with the zealous workers of his generation. The grace and beauty of these memorial poems convey lessons not less effective in moulding our lives than many a long-drawn sermon in prose.

For the heroic qualities of the earlier Friends, Whittier evinces the deepest admiration, and it is hardly possible to read his writings without catching some of the same enthusiasm, together with a feeling that will prompt to breathe with him the aspiration :

O spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

It is said that Whittier has written no *great* poem, and that he possesses no extended knowledge of human nature—criticisms undoubtedly just in a degree—but the test of a true poet evidently consists in neither. Some have even denied the possibility of sustaining genuine poetical feeling throughout an extended composition; but however this may be, he is certainly happiest in his shorter pieces, leaving little room for doubt but that he has wisely measured his own powers and capabilities. The latter criticism is more serious; but perhaps, in general, Whittier displays as deep an insight into human nature as the character of his themes requires. To the future it belongs to determine finally his true position in American literature; and, whatever place is assigned him here, it is safe to say that at that tribunal this life so full of earnestness and purpose will receive its just reward.

THE PARDONING POWER.

To investigate the origin and growth of the pardoning power from the time when it was vested in the patriarch of an Aryan family to its present station, as now centred in the various crowned heads of Europe and the presidents and governors of our own country, is a duty devolving upon every statesman and politician that may ever expect to legislate on this great question. When our Constitution says that the executive shall pardon criminals, it merely reprints the English law of the eleventh century. This law had its origin in the customs of the ancient Saxons, and these again can be traced still further back to the days that our Aryan fathers fed their flocks in south-central Asia. The present imitates the plan of many thousand years ago, and no opportunity has been granted to practically test any modern scheme. If there be other methods, founded on more advanced principles, and if these new methods can be sustained by sound logic, it behooves legislators to look to it that the present be not too willingly satisfied with the ways of the past. It is the object of this short essay to state some of the evils which grow from the present system of pardoning, and to set up a new method, which, wherever tried, has succeeded, and which is claimed to meet all the cases that the present method does with far greater justice. The law recognizes the fallibility of the best judges when it makes their decisions alterable by a third party. Every opponent of the present system recognizes and endorses this principle. What they *do* oppose, however, is this,—that the executive, whether he be king by descent or president by election, is not the best and by no means the only one in whom this power can be vested. It is universally recognized that the pardoning power

ought to *exist*, and it is also, I think, admitted by all considerate persons, that, as now organized, wherever existing it is much abused. One objection which lies at the very threshold of the institution, and one to which, under its present arrangement, it will always be subject, is that it gives to *one* man power to annul a costly and well-devised system of legislation. Whether this power *will* be often abused is foreign to the question; that it may be and sometimes has been disastrously employed is evident. Shall we distribute power and so lessen individual responsibility? Here, I judge, is the main point of contention. The majority of men who have thought and written on the subject recognize the evil, but claim that the remedy devised will effect no cure.

Suppose, then, that the end can only be achieved by giving to one man the whole pardoning power of a nation or State, making him ineligible to all other civil offices in the keeping of the government, does it follow that this one person should be the executive of the government? If I mistake not, the chief requisites for the position are an exact knowledge of law and an impartial judgment; and these, excepting the prerequisites for every office, are all the qualities that need be demanded. Does the legislative department of government imply these two requisites? Does the executive or judicial? The first claims to be only a law-making body for the second to execute and the third to interpret. Is it the original intention of law that any one of these powers should exercise such a function? If not, is there sufficient analogy between a State Governor and an Indian chief to warrant the vesting of a similar power in both? Has the distribution of legal power reached its final limit? These are queries that must be answered before the pardoning question can be rightly solved. As to the first, the functions of government are measured by the demands of society, they have increased or diminished as society has advanced or gone backward. Each component factor of government has its own peculiar function, and to no one of these departments does the pardoning power peculiarly belong; again, if one man unite in himself the legislator, executive and judge, it need not follow that when these three are distributed, still further division is unwise, for each year's record shows us that legal power is not yet fully and fairly distributed.

We have given the requisites for the office; the duties are "neither to make nor to apply a law, but to defeat its operation in a given and peculiar case," hence the power is foreign to both the legislative and judicial, and must either be vested in the executive or in a new and special department of government. A cursory glance at the prison documents of our own State will show that

often the more guilty have undergone shorter confinement than the less guilty; that many committed for life have been released long before those convicted on lighter charges have completed their time, and that not a few of those pardoned have been again returned to prison for some new offense. This evidence of corruption is only strengthened by the statistics from other States, many of them showing more disgraceful records than our own. By the laws of Pennsylvania, we have in this State a board of pardon, which, sad to relate, is more in name than efficiency, and the fact that we are more or less corrupted than some other States is due in no measure to this change. In one or two European countries a new system has been tried with marked success. Our pardoning system in Pennsylvania has failed in part by not adhering more strictly to the system practiced in Geneva. Let the typical board of pardons be on this wise: Let one man well qualified for the position by previous study and experience be entrusted with the whole matter; do not heap upon him a score of other duties, so that this will be but secondary to them; let this be chief and paramount; give him legal advisers, but shoulder the whole responsibility on him. Should such a board be established, so that each case will receive careful investigation, so that the individuals composing it shall have the full confidence of the law, so that they are respected by the community and independent of "ring organization," in the process of time a system of fair and honest rules will be established, founded more on equity than law, and once so established the pardoning power will be beyond the reach of caprice, and but little exposed to arbitrary action.

PLATINUM WORKING.

It may be news to some to know that the only considerable platinum factory in the United States is within a three hours' walk of Haverford. As we had an opportunity, not many weeks ago, to explore the establishment, and converse with the second employee, a short account of the place and people may be of some interest.

Strange as it may seem, the only platinum worker in this country, who competes with foreign trade, is one Joaquin Bishop, of Sugartown,—a small, unpretending place, "where the streets are paved fresh every frosty morning." We found, after a tedious search, that the factory stood back from any public road, in the middle of a pasture field, and was a small, three-storied, unpainted frame structure. One's ideas of greatness sometimes fall suddenly, as ours did when we saw this small "balloon of boards," the model United States platinum factory.

Bryn Mawr was the former home of the platinum worker, but her people and fashions grew so fast that the factory withdrew to the centre of this pasture field. We thought ourselves fortunate in having a letter of introduction to the proprietor, but, to our sorrow, found him from home, and were allowed to know that ordinary strangers were not admitted; but we gained the good graces of proprietor Number 2, who conducted us over the establishment, and showed us all that was proper for us to see, I suppose.

Platinum, as you know, is a whitish-grey metal of difficult fusibility, requiring about 3,000 degrees of heat to melt it, and is only found in small grains in a few places in the world, associated with more or less impurity. The uses of platinum have grown with the wonderful growth of chemical analysis during the past fifty years, so that it is no longer solely used for rivets and crucibles, but in all chemical analysis, where the results warrant the expense, and where the highest temperatures are needed, or where the acid reaction is particularly active, platinum is coming into more considerable use. The infusibility, together with the welding power of platinum, are what render it difficult to be worked, and though the rules and methods, as we read in our text-books, are the simplest imaginable, the manipulation requires peculiar skill. It is largely this which gives the Sugartown factory so high a reputation, due in part, no doubt, to a natural tact—perhaps to some secret process of the proprietor. The whole laboratory had the air of business; the unpolished bottles and jars showed us that they had been recently used; nothing was labelled, but, amid all the confusion, there was no possible danger of mistaking the right thing for the wrong. On the basement floor was the fusing apparatus, an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, the gases, manufactured in the shop, being subjected to an immense pressure. The rough unfused metal was placed on a kaolin brick, held in the jet by a pair of tongs till melted, and then rolled, moulded or drawn into wire as the case demanded. Most of the metal worked at the shop consists of refuse clippings and rivets for artificial teeth, so that the purifying process is largely avoided. The crude material that is used is obtained from the Ural Mountains, perhaps the richest section in platinum as yet discovered. We were not admitted to the second floor until the gentleman that was waiting on us had gone before, as we supposed, to lay aside a few matters not intended for every one to see. Here, when we were admitted, was little more to be seen than in any small shop where they work the less noble metals. The wire is drawn out by a gradual strain on a piece of metal, the diameter of the wire being regulated by the bore of hard steel through which it passes in the making process.

The most interesting feature of all, except the original fusing of the metal, is the shaping of the sheets or platinum into the intricate forms which its present various uses call for. The flat blocks, as they come from the blow-pipe, are forced to a continuous rolling between a pair of strong steel rollers, the machinery of which closely resembles that in an iron-mill; by repetition of this, the metal is obtained in the desired thickness, and then beaten into proper shape over smooth steel moulds. Much pounding and much grinding are still requisite before the article leaves the mechanic's hands. Only long practice, combined with native tact, could possibly educate one up to the patience required to smooth and polish a small platinum crucible till neither dent nor scratch could be seen. Platinum is worth about one-third the value of gold, and is bought and sold by weight, as the delicate scales, with their aluminium weights, testified.

The factory, which, all said, employs two hands, the proprietor being one of the two, is now doing a thriving business. The machinery is kept at work five days out of every seven. The proprietor is only another proof of the law that practice and theory in combination yield their richest fruit.

LOCALS.

Tha-ple-doo.

Private property.

Not open to inspection.

White derbies are in order.

Snaps for this year are about extinct.

Where, oh! where are the Senior babies?

Motto for '84, "*Ignis via et nunquam animus.*"

A great day for hangs,—the coming 4th of July.

Senior thinks it ought to be *sister* instead of brother.

(Prof.) What do you wish to go to town for?

(Soph.) Oh, a Lotta things!!

Winslow is president of the Cricket Club, and Carey captains the eleven.

The students are late to dinner; is the trouble subjective or objective?

The lawn is beautifully decorated with garlic, dandelions, daisies and calves.

Tart-boy: "Didn't I serve those last balls splendid?" Companion: "Ye-es."

"They both stood on the altar, and he told her to stop swearing."—(Auf Deutsch.)

A large crowd and an interesting programme are the order for Commencement.

(Mr.) Ferris is authority on all subjects relating to tennis and cricket: give him a call.

Wanted! A competitor for the prize who thought "he was going to try" three weeks beforehand.

As soon as the mud dries, the road between Haverford and the city can hardly be bettered for bicycle men.

An album containing the photographs of the Seniors presents all the characteristics of a first-class rogues' gallery.

The fire in No. 19 might have been more serious than it was; fortunately only a little of the wood-work was burned.

When prizes are offered at Haverford, one or two try for them, and others just join in so as to make up a good number or to get practice.

W. F. Price and W. H. Collins will return next year to take post-graduate courses; Price as librarian, Collins as assistant in the Observatory.

Dominique took his horse out of the harness the other day, but forgot the necessary props. Horse collapsed,—tart-boy on hand helped him up.

There is no patience on record to be compared with that of a mosquito that will perch on the window-sill for three hours waiting for a belated Senior.

The new platform on the cricket field is wretched considering its newness; however, it has no more resemblance to a "ploughed hillside" than it had a year ago.

John C. Winston ('81), at the request of David Scull, read his Vice-President's address before the Friends' Institute in Philadelphia, on the 19th of the present month.

Some one suggests that since water has been taken from the college pond to use in the steam roller on the pike, it might be proper to ask that Maple Avenue be rolled.

The lectures delivered by Professor Brun, on French literature, were listened to as well as could be expected by the students, who could understand very little of what was said.

The Ardmore tailor is responsible for the numerous knickerbockers, and ought to be choked. These are relics of barbarism which should never be countenanced by a Christian age.

Barton ('82) was elected by the Haverford Y. M. C. A. to represent the Association at the International Convention which met at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 18th of the present month.

We were sorry we could not join the Inter-collegiate Cricket Association, but Mr. Thayer said we better not. So, of course, the first college club in the land could have no voice in the matter.

"The gilt dome of the State House in Boston can be seen ten miles off, and the gold-plated pens of Esterbrook's make can be appreciated at any distance from their factory in Camden, N. J."

There are a great many kinds of crackers, such as, whip crackers, soda-water crackers and fire-crackers; only three of these are used on the table, the other should be used on the Freshmen.

"Comparisons are odious," but often striking. Some one has said that ladies and elephants gain their growth at eighteen, but here the analogy ceases, one trunk being enough for an elephant.

The formal opening of the Gymnasium was a success in every particular. The address by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, was listened to with marked success. And the explanation of the apparatus by Dr. Ladd certainly removed some doubts as to the nature of part of the machinery.

We hear of a railroad out West, probably in Ohio, where the corporation has the foresight to take the conductors from the trains in time of a storm, and stick them on top of the stations to prevent their being struck with lightning.

The poverty plant on the Senior invitations is certainly aptly chosen, if we may judge from the advertisements on the bulletin-board. A man must be in very straitened circumstances that would sell the only tooth-brush he ever owned.

PERSONAL.

'62. George Mellor is farming near West Chester, Pa.

'72. F. B. Gummere took his degree of Ph. D., at the University of Friburg before returning to America. Mr. Gummere's address on the study of English, before the Educational Conference in Philadelphia, showed much enthusiasm in his study of that branch.

'76. Prof. F. G. Allinson attended the Greek play at Harvard.

'78. S. H. Hill made us a call on the 18th ult., while *en route* for Harvard to attend the Greek play. He will spend his summer vacation in Europe.

'78. C. S. Crosman, while on his way home from Washington for his summer vacation, visited his cousin, our assistant business manager, on the 14th ult. Mr. Crosman seems to enjoy Washington life.

'80. Samuel Mason, Jr., is building a reputation as a cricketer. He is now captain of the first eleven of the Germantown Club.

'80. J. L. Lynch is teaching near Longwood, Mo., and writes most encouragingly of the educational prospects for the future in that section. He thinks much of his life at Haverford.

'80. A. P. Corbit was out on the 14th ult., congratulating us on the new gymnasium. Mr. Corbit was president of the Gymnasium Association while at college, and took a great pleasure in that kind of sport.

'81. G. F. Hussey graduated in the Law Department of the University of Maryland, on the 27th ult.

'81. W. P. Shipley made a fine score for the Germantown club against the University at Nicetown, on the 21st of May.

MARRIED.

RANDOLPH—HOPKINS.—At Millboro, Va., November 24, 1880, William H. Randolph ('69) to Virgillia Hopkins, daughter of Colonel Hopkins.

DAVIS—MENDENHALL.—At Deep River, N. C., May 4, 1881, J. F. Davis ('75) to Laura Mendenhall, daughter of Dr. Nereus Mendenhall.

Professor Davis is now engaged in teaching at New Garden N. C., in place of Professor L. L. Hobbs.

CRICKET.

The opening match of the season was played on the college grounds between the Dorian 1st and a "picked eleven," which, with two exceptions, consisted of Old Haverfordians. Such matches are always the pleasantest

of the year, though the exhibition of good cricket may not be so marked as at other times. The fielding of the Dorian seemed as good as last year, but the batting gave evidences of being weaker. However, a score of 78 was not bad for the first time, especially as the Dorian succeeded in getting their opponents out for 48. Winslow and Corbit made good catches. The second innings were not played out, the match being stopped that the players might attend the exercises at the opening of the new gymnasium. The following is the score in the first innings :

DORIAN.

S. B. Shoemaker c. Craig, b. J. Jones	15
L. M. Winston c. C. Haines, b. J. Jones	4
B. V. Thomas c. A. L. Baily, b. W. Shipley	3
T. N. Winslow b. W. Shipley	1
A. M. Carey c. A. L. Baily, b. W. Shipley	0
W. F. Price c. Jay, b. W. Shipley	19
E. Y. Hartshorne b. W. Shipley	0
D. Corbit c. Shipley, b. W. Shipley	1
T. H. Chase c. Sheppard, b. J. Jones	5
W. L. Baily not out	10
R. S. Rhodes b. A. L. Baily	15
Byes, 1; leg-byes, 2; wides, 1; no balls, 1; total	5
	78

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Shipley	96	6	36	6
J. Jones	90	1	36	3
A. L. Baily	6	0	2	1

PICKED ELEVEN.

J. C. Comfort b. Thomas	11
A. L. Baily l. b. w., b. Winslow	4
J. Jones c. L. Winston, b. Winslow	0
C. Haines c. D. Corbit, b. Thomas	3
J. Sheppard c. S. Shoemaker, b. Thomas	3
W. C. Morgan b. Winslow	0
F. Perot c. A. Carey, b. Thomas	8
W. H. Haines b. Thomas	0
W. P. Shipley c. T. Winslow, b. Thomas	7
R. Cadbury b. Thomas	0
G. Mellor not out	6
Byes, 3; leg-byes, 1; wides, 2; total	6
	48

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
T. Winslow	66	4	12	3
B. Thomas	78	1	27	7
W. Baily	6	0	3	0

The match with the Girard, on May 11, was in many respects of great advantage to the Dorian. It was possible to learn a great deal as to the best manner of arranging the field, and to get many valuable hints in batting, from the greater experience of the visitors. Matches are sometimes played in which the scores are no true indices of the excellence of the play. And the match with the Girard was one of these. The good fielding required of the Dorian to get the Girard eleven out for 122 runs, cannot be set down in tabular form. The *Cricketer* says: "The fielding of the Dorian was simply perfect; only one error (and that excusable) being noticed." This is rather strong, but indicates the impression made upon a stranger by the excellence of

the playing. Carey's 16 not out, Baily's 13, and Shoemaker's 8, were the batting features. The score is appended :

DORIAN.

FIRST INNINGS.

S. Shoemaker thrown out Brooks	8
L. M. Winston c. H. Hargrave, b. Jarvis	6
B. V. Thomas b. Jarvis	6
T. N. Winslow b. T. Hargrave	2
A. M. Carey, not out	16
W. F. Price b. Jarvis	4
W. L. Bailey b. R. Hargrave	13
E. Y. Hartshorne c. Jarvis, b. R. Hargrave	1
D. Corbit b. R. Hargrave	0
R. S. Rhodes b. R. Hargrave	3
T. H. Chase, c. R., b. T. Hargrave	12
Byes	12
Leg-byes	65

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Jarvis	108	24	5	3
R. Hargrave	78	14	7	4
T. Hargrave	101	23	6	2

GIRARD.

FIRST INNINGS.

Brooks c. Hartshorne, b. Winslow	22
T. Webster b. Winslow	10
R. Hargrave c. and b. Winslow	9
J. Pearson c. Carey, b. Winslow	0
T. Hargrave c. Rhodes, b. Winslow	4
J. Hargrave b. Winslow	1
W. Vernon b. Thomas	19
N. Tomlin c. Carey, b. Bailey	10
H. Hargrave, not out	35
W. Jarvis b. Bailey	12
J. Carvin b. Bailey	3
Byes	5
Leg-byes	1
Wides	1
	122

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Winslow	180	57	9	6
Thomas	144	32	6	1
Bailey	111	26	4	3
Thomas bowled 1 wide.				

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Dorian	10	18	23	27	32	48	50	52	56	65
Girard	32	41	41	46	47	50	69	95	113	122

On Saturday, 14th, the Dorian played the Young America. The latter appeared on the field with only six first eleven men, but the high reputation the club enjoys, and the presence of the Newhall brothers, put all thought of a "snap" out of the minds of the Dorian. The fielding during the first innings of the visitors was careful and effective, as the Young America score shows; with one marked exception, it was equally good in their second innings. D. Newhall and Dixon made a stand until the former's wicket fell before a finely pitched ball from Baily. Of the Dorian batting the less said the better; so small a score has never, we believe, been made upon the grounds before, and we hope never will be made again, at least by the Dorian. Baily's bowling throughout the game was fine.

FIRST INNINGS.

YOUNG AMERICA.

C. Newhall, c. Hartshorne, b. Thomas	1
Ed. Wright, c. Thomas, b. Winslow	4
H. Brown, c. Price, b. Thomas	0
Il. Schwartz, c. Price, b. Thomas	3
D. Newhall, b. Baily	21
Van Rensselaer, b. Thomas	6
A. J. D. Dixon, b. Baily	21
Woolston, c. Carey, b. Baily	0
J. R. Davis, l. b. w. b. Baily	0
A. Hunter, c. Corbit, b. Winslow	1
P. Butler, not out	0
Byes	0
Leg byes	1
Wides	1
Total	59

DORIAN.

S. B. Shoemaker, c. D. S. Newhall, b. C. A. Newhall	0
L. M. Winston, c. Wolston, b. C. A. Newhall	11
B. V. Thomas, c. Wright, b. D. S. Newhall	0
W. L. Baily, c. Van Rensselaer, b. D. S. Newhall	0
A. M. Carey, b. C. A. Newhall	8
T. Winslow, b. Brown	5
W. F. Price, c. C. A. Newhall, b. C. A. Newhall	1
E. G. Hartshorne, b. C. A. Newhall	0
D. Corbit, run out	0
R. S. Rhodes, b. C. A. Newhall	3
E. Randolph, not out	0
Byes	2
Leg-byes	2
Wides	12
Total	35

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

YOUNG AMERICA.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wides.
C. A. Newhall	96	12	6	10	2
D. S. Newhall	90	0	12	17	0
Brown	12	1	1	1	0

DORIAN.

Winslow	125	8	12	19	0
Thomas	120	7	4	35	1
Baily	42	5	4	3	0

SECOND INNINGS.

YOUNG AMERICA.

C. Newhall, c. b. Hartshorne, b. Baily	0
E. Wright, l. b. w. Baily	11
H. Brown, l. b. w. Baily	0
Il. Schwartz, b. Baily	0
D. Newhall, b. Baily	0
Van Rensselaer, b. Baily	0
A. J. D. Dixon, not out	36
Woolston, c. b. Price, b. Winslow	7
J. R. Davis, c. b. Winslow, b. Thomas	11
A. Hunter, b. Winslow	0
P. Butler, b. Thomas	0
Byes	1
Leg-byes	2
Wides	4
Total	78

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

DORIAN.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wides.
Baily	111	9	6	27	3
Randolph	24	1	0	10	0
Winslow	78	3	12	21	0
Thomas	43	1	2	13	1

The match played at Chestnut Hill, Saturday, May 21, between the Dorian and Chestnut Hill first elevens, ended disastrously for the former. The Chestnut Hill played their professional Tyers; for which departure from custom in the case of matches with college teams and others without professionals, they found an excuse in the absence of three or four of their first eleven men. Winslow's 24, most of which was made against Tyers, and all in the most approved style of cricket, was the most noticeable feature of the game. Baily's bowling, as in previous matches, was well on the spot. Tyers was the life of the Chestnut Hill, his bowling keeping down the runs of the Dorian, and his 21 and 13 not out materially affecting the result of the match. Toward the close of

the first innings, as the score indicates, the playing was close, and much excitement was manifested on all sides. In their second innings the Dorian were careless till the fall of the fourth or fifth wicket, when their opponents were found to have the upper hand of them. The rest of the game for the Chestnut Hill was a race against time. Murphy went in and slogged after his most approved style till he was run out. Tyers proved that professionals even do not always confine themselves to good cricket.

The following was the score:

DORIAN.

FIRST INNING.		SECOND INNING.	
S. Shoemaker, c. Patterson, b. Tyers	0	c. Herriek, c. Patterson	0
L. Winston, c. Farnum, b. Tyers	2	l. b. w. b. Tyers	0
B. Thomas, c. Hart, b. Patterson	3	not out	10
W. Price, b. Tyers	2	c. Herriek, b. Patterson	4
A. M. Carey, b. Tyers	6	b. Tyers	1
T. Winslow, not out	24	b. Patterson	4
E. Hartshorne, c. Tyers, b. Patterson	3	c. Herriek, b. Patterson	3
W. Bailey, c. Patterson, b. Murphy	1	c. Groome, b. Tyers	2
S. Rhodes, b. Murphy	0	b. Tyers	0
D. Corbit, c. Groome, b. Murphy	3	b. Tyers	1
E. Randolph, c. Farnum, b. Copperthwait	2	c. Farnum, b. Tyers	1
Byes, 1; leg-byes, 1; wides, 4	6	Byes	1
Total	57	Total	27

CHESTNUT HILL.

FIRST INNING.		SECOND INNING.	
J. P. Sims, b. Winslow	0		
T. C. Patterson, b. Winslow	4		
J. C. Groome, b. Winslow	0	run out	0
G. H. Murphy, b. Thomas	7	run out	8
E. H. Herriek, c. Winston, b. Bailey	6	not out	11
Tyers, not out	21	not out	13
C. S. Farnum, c. Winslow, b. Bailey	5		
J. Copperthwait, b. Randolph	4		
J. A. Harris, run out	1		
C. Copperthwait, c. Price, b. Bailey	0		
R. L. Hart, b. Bailey	2		
Byes, 1; wides, 2	3		
Total	53	Total	32

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS HAVERFORDIAN:

I beg leave to call the attention of the college public to a matter which, though neither life nor limb, salvation nor fortune depends upon it, and which may not have cost any one much money, I yet unhesitatingly pronounce an evil, and hope it may be remedied. I refer definitely to the practice of taking the unbound periodicals out of the Library. The *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, the *Art Journal*, and even the *Tribune*, are occasionally taken out (always without permission), and carelessly or intentionally kept away for two or three days or more, during which time the whole college have to do without them for the convenience of one. Nor is the inconvenience all, but numbers of the monthlies are thus occasionally lost, and have to be replaced at the expense of the Library to which it belongs. As the practice seems to be growing, though it is now late in the year, it ought to be checked at once, which can be done only by individual consideration, as it is impossible for the Librarian to do it where there is such freedom of access as we have, and persons are disposed to take them without his knowledge. A single thought ought to show any one the propriety of the rule of the Library which forbids the taking of the periodicals out, and I hope with this notice and proper regard for the interests of others the practice may be abolished.

Respectfully, STUDENT.

R. & J. BECK,
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 3.

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No. 1.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITORS:

GEORGE A. BARTON, '82.

ELISHA GAMBLE, '82.

BOND V. THOMAS, '83.

GEORGE L. CROSMAN, '82, *Business Manager*.

Subscription Price, One Copy, One Year, \$1.00

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Subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price.

We take pleasure in informing our readers and all friends of Haverford, that the price of *The Haverfordian* has been reduced to one dollar. The paper is no longer an experiment, but is established on a firm basis. We hope to make it such an exponent of Haverford life that no old graduate can do without it. One dollar is a very convenient amount to send by letter, and will never fail to be acceptable to our Business Manager.

We are very sorry that the Dorian first eleven have scored so many defeats during the present season, but we do not think that in the long run this will be detrimental to the reputation either of the club or of the college. The long series of victories which the club has experienced during the past few years, had created an opinion in the college that the Dorian was nearly invincible. These defeats will make our cricketers feel the necessity of being thoroughly on the alert when they have to cope with the best elevens in the country. However, we do not think the outlook for the coming year at all discouraging. The bowlers will, with one exception, remain in the college another year; and the batting will, we believe, be better next year than it has been this, if the members of '82 and '83, who are on the eleven, do their duty by keeping in practice. The members of these classes have won the scores in three out of five matches this year, and, with the failures of this season to profit by, we venture to predict a successful career for the Dorian next year.

Much has been said during the present year about the marking system now prevalent in the college. There are at present two different systems pursued by two different classes of professors. One class mark notably high, the other notably low. It is also a patent fact, in the college, that that professor who marks on the highest scale elicits more work for his recitations than any other professor in college. As the only excuse for the existence of a marking system is to incite to greater earnestness in work, we say that, if we must have any such system, let us have that one which best accomplishes its purpose.

The new telescope recently constructed by L. T. Edwards ('81) is a valuable addition to the apparatus of our Observatory. The instrument is an alt-azimuth equatorial Newtonian telescope of 9½ inches aperture, with a speculum of 8¼ inches. Its magnifying power is nearly as great as that of the equatorial already in our Observatory, and its field of view much more extensive. The instrument is to be conveniently mounted, so as to be taken for use to any point out of doors that may seem most desirable. The principal advantages of this telescope are, that it can be taken out of the dome for use, thus rendering a more unobstructed search of the heavens possible, that its field of view is much more extensive than our refractor, and that the combination mounting makes a complete and systematic search of every part of the heavens a comparatively easy task. These advantages are invaluable, especially in searching for comets, a department of astronomy which is attracting considerable attention at the present time. We hope that this addition to our facilities for effective work in this department will promote an increased desire among us to become familiar with the methods of exact astronomical work. We are often told that at no other college in the country are such opportunities offered for becoming familiar with all the details of Observatory work as we enjoy; and we hope that the efforts of our Managers and Faculty to give us every facility for improvement will be rewarded, in the present instance, by the discovery of a comet, or some equally notable event, at our Observatory, before the close of the next college year.

We are glad to notice the substitution, by the class of '83, of Wheeler for Paley, as the subject of the Sophomore burial. To go through the ceremony of a funeral over a book written for the express purpose of defending Christianity against infidels, lent an objectionable feature to the proceeding in years past, which always seemed to us to border on the sacrilegious. The burial itself, looked upon as it is meant, simply as an escape for compressed spirits which have accumulated during the college year, is, if rightly carried out, a comparatively innocent thing; and if, on this ground, the custom is to be maintained, we think a mathematical study, containing as it does merely intellectual matter, is a much more appropriate subject for such ceremonies than a book whose subject-matter is intimately connected with that so universally held sacred. We also commend the change in the character of the ceremonies.

With the present issue *The Haverfordian* enters upon the third year of its existence, and its first under the present management. If we were to judge from the joy manifested by our predecessors at their release from this "thing," what sort of a spirit would become us as we assume the duties of its management? We should say sackcloth and ashes would be most appropriate for us at the present time. We take, however, a more cheerful view of our prospects. It may be that in the bliss of ignorance and inexperience as to the arduous task before us we are over sanguine; but taking as our motto the words of the Mantuan bard, "*Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est*," we hope that we shall be able, when our editorial duties at college are done, to transmit the "thing" to our successors in at least as healthy a condition as we have received it. We bespeak the sympathies and indulgence of all our subscribers and readers. We have no distinct line of policy to announce, except that we wish to make our journal, in reality, as well as in name, *The Haverfordian*, and, like our beloved *Alma Mater*, shall aim to be "loyal to all truth." If we fail, please remember that "the spirit was willing."

LOGANIAN.

The Loganian Society held its usual public meeting on the 20th inst. Professor Pliny E. Chase having been chosen by the unanimous voice of the Society to preside over its meetings another year, in a few well-chosen and courteous remarks manifested his appreciation of the dignified position he was called upon to fill. "Almost thrice have ye offered me the kingly crown," said he, "and almost thrice have I refused." The indi-

vidual members of the Society are thankful for the kindly feeling which prompted him to honor us with his services, and through the columns of *The Haverfordian* can ill afford to do less than acknowledge their obligations. The president's address was an informal one. He brought before the audience the origin of the name Loganian. He alluded, in connection with the name, to the aims and hopes of the founders of the Society. He dwelt, at the close, on the growing influence of Haverford, on the work she had done and was doing, and finally he portrayed her future development with a confidence which bespoke a conviction that her mission is an exalted one, her work definite and practical, and her resources exhaustless. This address was followed by an oration, delivered by John Blanchard, on "Women in Politics." The speaker had adapted well his discourse to the mixed audience he had to address. None could take umbrage, and yet he pandered nothing to Utopian theorists or female political economists. He showed that woman is indeed the true power behind the throne, and that her purest and noblest ambition can find ample room for development in the ever-widening influence of the domestic circle. The member bore himself with his accustomed ease. S. R. Jones followed in an earnest appeal for a more natural and native organization of society, in which the genuine impulses of the heart would not be smothered and choked by the thousand artificial restraints which wind their insidious coils around polite society. Whether all the sentiments can be sustained, which were advanced in support of his subject, "Acting from Impulse," admits of doubt. The third speaker, T. C. Palmer, had chosen "Our Country" for his subject, and it proved large enough to contain him. His address was up to the standard of the evening, and enlivened by his native spice. "The Secret of the Muses" was treated in an original style by J. S. Estes. He evinced that either through natural inclination or acquired taste he was accustomed to dwell upon the ideal. How deeply he may be able to drink at the inspiring fountain time will prove. We would venture, however, one suggestion,—we live in a world of realities, and it is only as the ideal is brought to bear upon the real that the individual will experience benefit and mankind be improved. E. Gamble, the last speaker who took the stage, announced he was not intending to pronounce a tirade against "The Stage," and followed out this assertion by an analysis of the elements of the drama. He advanced the opinion that the theatric element would vanish from the stage as intellectual culture advanced and the moral taste improved. The subject was one of general interest, and though all may not have endorsed the extreme sen-

timents near the conclusion, none would ignore the importance of a candid examination of the question.

COMMENCEMENT.

The morning of the 22d dawned clear and bright. Every one felt that a better day for Commencement could not have been found, while the class of '81 rejoiced that the temperature of the atmosphere rendered the duties devolving upon them less irksome. About 9 A. M. people began to arrive, and the grounds, which are now looking their best, were soon enlivened by the flitting to and fro of ladies, both youthful and of mature years. At 10.45 A. M., when the graduating class, followed by the Faculty and several of the Managers, entered Alumni Hall, the audience room was filled fuller than on any similar occasion for some time. To this the perfect weather and the fact that the class has more than the usual number of men from these parts largely contributed.

The exercises were opened by E. O. Kennard, of Indiana, who delivered the Latin salutatory. He spoke gracefully, and even those of his audience who could not follow him could not fail to be pleased.

Next followed W. A. Blair, of North Carolina, who spoke in an able manner of "England's Mission," showing wherein her glories surpassed those of the ancient nations,—that her mistakes were but the ordinary foibles of humanity, and that her mission was closely connected with all that is highest and best in the world's progress and in her hopes.

We next listened to I. T. Johnson, of Ohio, who discoursed on the "Sacred Literature of the Hebrews,"—this oration, owing its origin, as we believe, to the fact that the speaker has been a member of the Hebrew class formed in the college last autumn, is a proof of the increased interest taken by Haverford students in the Hebrews, their language and literature, which interest has received its reward by admitting Hebrew into our curriculum.

The next speaker, Walter Brinton, of Pennsylvania, had for his subject "Poetical Tendencies." The speaker deprecated the amount of worthless literature current in our country and times, and thought it high time that America's poets of promise should not be confined to a few "New England giants," already past their "three-score years and ten."

Levi T. Edwards, of Indiana, then spoke in a forcible and graceful manner upon the "Political Element in Education," showing how much national success depends upon a broad and thorough training. His graceful allusion to Haverford's connection with the New

Testament revision, through our President, was apt, and was very pleasing to his audience.

We then listened to W. E. Page, while he spoke of "American Self-esteem." The speaker took a very just view of his subject, and showed, in an able manner, the tendency of our people to become over-exultant over our prosperity, and, in the exuberance of their feelings, to allow their sentiments to evaporate in self-congratulations.

A. M. Carey, of Baltimore, next spoke of "The Friars in England," pointing out the sphere of usefulness they occupied in their day, as well as the fact that they did not sink into insignificance until they had practically abjured the noble doctrines of their founders.

The next speaker was E. V. Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, whose subject was "The Renaissance at Florence." The speaker pointed out clearly the cold and lifeless state of the Christian Church at that time, and the consequent turning of many of the best minds to the Platonic philosophy as superior to the Christianity known to them.

The last speaker, W. F. Price, in a forcible manner and with feeling, delivered the valedictory, after which the presentation of diplomas by President Thomas Chase followed.

The farewell address to the graduates was then delivered by the President in his usual easy and graceful manner, and the audience dispersed feeling, as we trust, well paid for the trouble of coming.

Those who had "resigned the privilege" of speaking were as follows: J. H. Cook, of Philadelphia, subject of oration, "The Eastern Question;" J. H. Moore, of North Carolina, "The Decline of Spanish Supremacy in Europe;" J. C. Winston, of Virginia, "The World's Indebtedness to Quakerism;" D. H. Forsythe, of Pennsylvania, "Modern Science;" A. L. Smith, of Philadelphia, "Government and the Railroads;" W. H. Collins, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "Astronomy, Past and Present;" and T. N. Winslow, "The Influence of Neo-Platonic Thought."

The subjects were well selected, and the speaking was fully up to the Haverford standard for such occasions.

As the audience left Alumni Hall a large group formed to see the annual cricket prizes presented. This was done by T. N. Winslow, the outgoing president of the Dorian club. The awards were as follows: The first eleven Cope prize bat, to T. N. Winslow; the Edward Bettle prize bat, offered for improvement during the year to any member not on the first eleven, to A. C. Craig; prize ball, open to the whole college, for playing on regular matches, to B. V. Thomas; Congden first eleven ball, to W. Bailey; Sophomore ball, for practice matches,

B. V. Thomas; Sophomore bat, for practice matches, to S. B. Shoemaker; Haines first eleven fielding belt, to B. V. Thomas.

As soon as these presentations had been made the new collection room was filled with spectators, to see the outgoing Sophomores present the incoming Sophs. with the traditional spoon, and what spoils had been wrested from them during the year; in short, to "see the Freshmanic worm develop into the Sophomoric butterfly." B. V. Thomas acted as orator for '83, and S. R. Jones for '84. The audience was treated to the usual number of jokes, puns, etc., and seemed to enjoy the greater publicity which was given to this performance this year. After partaking of a hearty repast in the dining-room of Founders' Hall, the company dispersed, friends having enjoyed a pleasant day, graduates going with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, and under-graduates with a considerable sense of relief; but all well satisfied with the day's doings, with Haverford and her work.

ALUMNI DAY.

On the 21st inst. Haverford Alumni were seen gathering to their annual meeting. The day was cool and pleasant. An executive session was held during the afternoon, in which Joseph Parrish was elected president for the coming year; E. P. Allison ('74), secretary. Alden Sampson, Jr. ('73), was chosen orator to address the Association at its next meeting. After adjournment the visitors admired once more the growing beauties and conveniences of their "Alma Mater;" they revived afresh their mutual interest in the college and in one another, and when the hour for supper arrived, the tide of social feeling had broken over its temporary barriers and was flowing on free and easy. The plentiful repast which they had spread for themselves they shared with professors and others. An elegant and spicy impromptu address, by Professor Edward Cope, furnished the mental desert. The public meeting was held in Alumni Hall in the evening. The Alumni Medal for elocution and oratory was conferred on J. C. Winston ('81), for his oration delivered before the judges. The president then introduced the orator of the evening, Henry Wood, Ph. D. ('69). His address cannot be compared with previous ones, as it was entirely unlike any of them. We will not here enter upon an analysis of a discourse which gave a broad and comprehensive view of the inner spiritual development of the Anglo-Saxon and Germanic races. The whole subject was richly illustrated by comparative views from classic and Norseman literature. It was altogether a most scholarly production,—just such a paper as one cannot listen to without feeling conscious

of the supreme dignity of a cultivated mind. This Association, though not yet formidable, is growing within and without, and we believe it is destined to become a powerful factor in cementing the interests of Haverford's sons and in attracting their energies into her service.

WHEELER.

The class of '83 have performed the ceremony which was inaugurated in 1836. With more or less regularity the Sophomore classes for the past forty-five (?) years have held appropriate ceremonies on that book which appeared to them to deserve their attention, and the present found an appropriate subject in their mathematical textbook. After the Loganian exercises, the audience, on leaving the building, was met by a party of knights, soldiers and friars. In the midst, carried by four guards clad in armor, sat Wheeler in effigy. A smiling face and grey hair gave rather a gracious air, and seemed to make unnecessary such a stern array. The gorgeous train, singing the Invitation Song, passed on amid the shades, between lines of torches, till the whole assembly was gathered in front of Barclay Hall. In the midst of the lawn had been raised a dais, on which sat the Knight Templar, clad in all his robes, and supported by two stern men-at-arms, while, as if to temper the sternness of the assembly, there sat at his feet the jester. To the right stood the herald, and just in front, facing the court, sat Wheeler surrounded by his guard. Behind him, and facing the knight commander, was the chorus, and to the left of these the "Fryers of the Order Grey." While the court was taking its place the chorus sang, and after a short interval, was announced the "Prædicatio a Præcone." The accusation was made in Latin, and was immediately followed by the "Oratio in Wheelerum," a brilliant effort, which was fully appreciated by the audience, and decided the knight commander,—for the "Oratio pro Wheelero," which followed, was not able to gain an acquittal for the prisoner.

After the "Dijudicatio Principis," which was delivered by the Knights Commander of the Triangle, followed the "Hortatio a Flaminc," delivered in Greek by one of the Fryers. It seemed as if we had stepped back into the middle ages; and the wierd shadows, the flashing costumes, the stake and the outward solemnity, combined to make a picture which is rarely seen.

Taken from his seat, tied to the stake, and insulted by the jester, Wheeler still smiled the same sweet smile, and seemed by his utter indifference to scorn his persecutors. He was burned like a martyr, and showed to the end a face indifferent alike to jeers and suffering. Not a sign

of pain escaped him, and when he became thoroughly consumed, he fell in a little heap of ashes. Many visitors expressed themselves fully repaid for the trouble of coming, and one and all congratulated the class of '83 on the handsome manner in which they had done their part. If the afternoon had not been so rainy, the company, in the evening, would have numbered at least five hundred. As it was, there were more than three hundred present; and there is no doubt that it was the best celebration there has yet been, and more brilliant than there will be again for some years.

PRIMATES OF THE UNIVERSE.

A primate may be defined as an indivisible and eternal element, the essence of which is comprehended within the realm of matter, so called; or it may exist within some manifestation of force or principle of motion. The universe is composed of these primates, which, eternal in themselves, according to the influence of those superior in the scale of attraction and repulsion, have been arranged into the various modifications of matter, force and life. According to this view, each of the chemical elements may provisionally be regarded as a primate. Heat also is a primate, and light, and possibly electricity. The principle of life is a primate, eternal, indivisible and indestructible. Mind and spirit, if their existence be admitted, are merely accidents of life, and cannot be separated therefrom. While life may exist without spirit, as in plants and the lower animals, spirit cannot exist except as an accompaniment to the vital principle. The primate of life is homogeneous, as are all the other primates, the living principle of a plant being the same as that of an animal, and both alike being eternal and indestructible. Life, therefore, can no more be differentiated or destroyed than one of the chemical elements, which, according to this theory, are necessarily *all* homogeneous. Hence it is seen that this system, unrivaled in beauty and simplicity, takes as its foundation principle the self-evident proposition that homogeneous primates undergoing no disintegrations are, through the influence of necessarily developed forces and the operations of pre-existing laws, altogether removed from any tendency toward a state of heterogeneity; and secondly, that any theory of evolution by natural selection or otherwise, is highly untenable, because a state of homogeneity tending in to heterogeneity through successive disintegrations is an essential condition to all evolutionary metamorphoses, and this, according to the hypothetical principle of the primates, cannot occur except under abnormal conditions, which are not the proper subjects of scientific investigation.

Following out this hypothesis we shall be prepared to assert with a confidence amounting to absolute certainty, that the self-evident and axiomatic operations of known vital forces and natural laws cannot be successfully controverted without the assumption of untenable premises. It is also evident to the reader that the only objection to the primate hypothesis is involved in the question of priority, but this, after a full consideration, combined with a knowledge of inter-elemental conditions, seems to us of too little weight to merit a serious examination by the scientist. Still it may be remarked that all specialized objections not characterized by an evident lack of fairness and scientific knowledge, should be met with a corresponding spirit of candor. In conclusion we only add an extract from Professor Cope's remarks upon the diplocynodus, which evidently favor our theory. He says: "The edentulous parietal symphysis is characterized by a punctiform hypapophysis not connected with the parapophysis, but is fused together into a crescentoid capitulum, intercalated abnormally, whence it plainly appears that there is but one taxonomic solution to the difficulty; and that is a hypothesis recognizing the non-interchangeability of homogeneous relations."

HERBERT SPENCER, JR.

Y. M. C. A.

A little over two years ago a Young Men's Christian Association was organized at Haverford. At first there was much doubt and hesitation in regard to it. Some who were willing to use their influence in the college for good, and on the side of order and correct living, felt that they could not, consistently with their previous education, unite with such an organization. Others who were in full sympathy with similar work elsewhere, doubted whether there was any place or need for an organization here. We believe that there was abundant evidence, at our last regular meeting, that doubts from both these sources have been removed, and that the progress of the Association has developed a firm conviction in the minds of all who love to see the work of the Lord prosper among Haverford students, that there is a place and a great need for such organized work as is accomplished by the Y. M. C. A.

At our closing meeting for the year, reports of the various standing committees showed that weekly prayer meetings had been held throughout the year, on fourth day evening, with an average attendance of twenty or twenty-five; that each of the four classes have held on first day evening, pretty regularly, a Bible class, at which the international lesson was studied; that fourteen new members have been received during the year; that

thirteen meetings for religious teaching and worship have been held in the neighborhood under the auspices of the Association, and conducted by members. That one Bible school, which was organized last year by two of the students, has been kept up through the year, with the exception of a few weeks during the severe weather, one student acting as superintendent, and another as teacher, while six other students have taught regularly in three other schools. It is believed that in all this work guidance has been sought and received of the Lord, and that much good has been done both in and out of the college.

One of the most interesting features of our last meeting was the report of the delegate to the Cleveland Convention, G. A. Barton. Notwithstanding the pressure of examinations, most of the active members were present, and all listened with great interest to the glowing account which he gave of the five days which he spent at this biennial conference. Those who entertained doubts as to the propriety of our sending a representative, were well satisfied with the result, and all felt richly repaid for sending him. He brought back many valuable practical suggestions, and we believe the Association will be permanently benefited and its influence extended, as a result of what our representative learned and gave out at Cleveland. We were glad to hear the delegate speak of the testimony which he bore against the use of tobacco among members of the Y. M. C. A., and of the hearty response with which it met.

After the presentation of certificates of recommendation to the out-going members, the president, John C. Winston, in a few remarks, introduced the new president, G. A. Barton, who also made appropriate remarks. Some parting words were spoken by the members about to leave, and the meeting adjourned with mingled feelings of joy and regret, but with a united feeling of thankfulness to Him who has blessed us abundantly.

THE ALUMNI PRIZE.

The prize offered by the Alumni for excellence in composition and oratory was contested for on the evening of fifth month 27th. Most of the students, and not a few strangers, listened with pleasure to the exercises.

We had heard vague rumors that the Alumni were hardly satisfied with the number of students who had, on former occasions, responded to their generous offer (last year was an exception); and it had even been hinted that the prize might be withdrawn; it was therefore gratifying to see five candidates step forward to the chairs reserved for them. The Prefect made a few

remarks explaining to the audience the nature of the contest, and introduced each of the speakers in turn.

The first oration was by J. C. Winston ('81), of Virginia. The subject, "The Political Character and Influence of Alexander Hamilton," was well handled; a careful study of the life and times of the soldier statesman was manifested,—the man whose services as a soldier were so highly valued by Washington that, when our country was threatened a second time by foreign war, the great chieftain would consent to lead the army only on condition that Hamilton should be second in command. In peace, his genius shone still more brightly. The duties of the most responsible, and, at the same time, most trying, position in the first cabinet were performed by him as they could have been fulfilled by no other. Only since our late rebellion has this century been able to understand what honor is due to Hamilton, for "he touched the dead corpse of our public credit, and it sprang upon its feet; he smote the barren rock of our national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth."

"The Culture of Patriotism," by W. Brinton ('81), of Pennsylvania, was next listened to, and we were warned not to understand from these words the culture of such sentiments as are fostered by the sound of drums and march of armies; but, rather, of those milder propensities of our nature,—the love of home and of social pleasures, which are in no slight degree connected with the welfare of a state. We may frown with justice upon the *evils* of the feudal system, but we must admire the beauty of one feature of its life,—the unfeigned devotion to the family hearthstone, and love of family creeds, which the hardships of the camp could not destroy. It is the more careful culture of this same element that our country needs to-day.

W. R. Jones ('82), of Maine, followed with "Webster and our Nationality" as his subject. He plainly felt a deep admiration for the character of the man of whom he spoke, and endeavored earnestly to awaken a like feeling in the minds of his hearers. We, as citizens of the United States, owe to ourselves to know Webster as he was; to know what he contributed to the development of our nationality. Washington laid its corner-stone; Webster seized upon *his* policy, made it his own, and carried it out to most triumphant results. After Andrew Jackson had faltered to attempt the solution of the knotty problem of our north-east boundary, Webster, by the exercise of skillful diplomacy, effected a treaty, and quieted the ill-feeling which had become so great as almost to threaten an open quarrel between this country and England. His statesmanship was always harmo-

nious, always practical, always founded upon the precepts of the fathers of the republic.

W. A. Blair ('81), of North Carolina, was next introduced. By him the "Power of the People" was discussed. Examples drawn from the history of Greece, of Rome, of Mediæval Europe, of our own times, show that though one man be *called* the head of the state, it is the great mass of the people in whom the power really rests. Could the eagles of Rome have flown so widely had the Roman *people* not been willing to entrust their property and their lives in the hands of their commanders? What could Cromwell have done if Puritan England had not stood at his back? The lesson then is obvious: If the people are to rule, they must be educated; and the statesman of to-day has no greater duty imposed upon him than to see that they receive this education as quickly and as thoroughly as possible.

I. T. Johnson ('81), of Ohio, closed the programme with an oration on "The Jew and his Mission." When the Teutonic race refuses longer to associate with the Semitic, reason demands that we should investigate the causes of this disagreement to determine, if possible, whether it would be better that one element be eliminated, or that both should remain. Education was a characteristic of Jewish institutions: the rabbis discussed learnedly with their disciples before there was an Athens with its Socrates, or a Rome with her Cicero. The Babylonish captivity was the beginning of that long wandering which has carried civilization with it, and blessed the western world with the Hebrew culture. Their mission extended through the centuries, and did not cease with the scene without Jerusalem's walls. They have preserved in their schools the rich literatures of Greece and Rome; it is to them we owe all that we have of revelation; they have taught us lessons of meekness, of non-resistance under persecution; they force us to believe that to every element of society there is given a peculiar duty which it must perform.

The speakers all did themselves great credit. Summing up, we might say that I. T. Johnson's oration excelled in the amount of historical research it manifested; W. A. Blair's, in its well-chosen illustrations; W. Brinton's, in originality; W. R. Jones surpassed in the earnestness and force of his delivery, and J. C. Winston in that happy combination of force and grace.

The judges immediately held a consultation, and the Prefect announced John C. Winston as the successful competitor. The hearty applause with which the students received the decision showed that it was entirely in accordance with their own opinions.

WEBSTER AND OUR NATIONALITY.

(AN ORATION DELIVERED BY W. R. JONES, AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE, MAY 27, 1881.)

It is a wholesome truth that the past and present prosperity of this nation, our hope for the future and all coming time, are dependent ultimately upon our cultivation of those paramount domestic American principles upon which the proud fabric of our nationality rests, and resting upon which has stood, now stands, and must continue to stand, perfectly secure against sectional intrigue and states' rights on the one side, and close centralization and party supremacy on the other.

I venture to use a sentiment from the mouth of the great man of whom I now speak: "The true friend of his country loves his friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them." He who thus nobly spoke is dead, but he "still lives"—lives as a pillar of our nationality!

Let us attempt to bridge over the score and ten years—full of political fury and civil discord, a broad deep gulf—which separate us from the death of Daniel Webster. Let us earnestly ask ourselves what we owe to him, what we owe to ourselves. Who can answer the first question? The second I put aside with this brief expression: We owe to ourselves to know him,—as he was and as he is,—know what he contributed to American nationality; to judge him in the spirit of our blessed religion, which in public and private he sought to extend,—by his own words and works, and not by the ribald language of political chicanery. But I blunder not into a defense of a great name; as he once said of Massachusetts "it needs no defense,"—it is its own defense. His published works are, and will ever remain, at once the best defense and grandest monument of the living, surpassing genius which they disclose.

I wish to illustrate Webster's contribution to our nationality.

In the storms of debate which followed the suffering and blood of the Revolution, finally closing in the adoption of the Constitution, and the succeeding heat and rancor of party strife, when every inch of party supremacy was contested, again in the vexed question of peace or war prior to 1812, and the tremendous interests involved in that war, and in the omnipresent discussion of past administrations, little time was allowed, little attention given, to the great internal interests of government, upon a proper development of which Washington, and all the respected fathers of the Republic, knew the normal healthy growth of our nationality was largely, if not wholly, dependent. That development was begun,

was carried grandly forward, and was, in the main, completed, not in abstract theory, but in actual practical operation. The result is before the world, before this country, before this generation.

A just question now is, Who aided that development?

My answer would be in the words of Lowell, if those words had not been already applied to the great martyr of our freedom, "The first American,"—Daniel Webster,—of whom it is but true to say that he was rocked in the same cradle with the Constitution; drew his forces from the same gushing fountain of freedom; learned the glory, sympathized with the sufferings of the Revolution,—did everything in that natural, American-like way which has since allowed him to be called the political prophet and great intellectual light of his age and his country.

If the expression is allowed, the granite of our nationality was quarried by our Revolutionary fathers. Washington laid the corner-stone in that sublime disinterestedness which all generations will commend; but to Daniel Webster was intrusted especially to aid the even and steady development from the very place at which Washington ceased his labor.

He had the inclination and power to seize upon, and make his own, the policy of Washington; to enlarge and adapt it to his own and all time; and to show what was meant by that unity of government which constitutes us one people; and all those other sentiments which had their birth in the bosom of Washington.

Every student of our history is thoroughly aware of the great outburst of sentiments,—for a long time stifled or restrained by what now seems a better, nobler patriotism,—immediately succeeding the early administrations, to meet which—it may seem unimportant to say—a man was needed who could see both the letter and spirit of our free institutions; dwell perpetually on unity and union; defend public faith at all times; keep a vigilant eye on our struggling commerce, develop a just theory for its protection, and develop also that strong, internal domestic policy, which, more than almost anything else, was to stamp upon the world the impress of our strength and durability; and, above all, who would reject no stone which the fathers had made ready to become a part of the fabric of nationality.

Webster, once embarked on his great career, saw that Americans must prove that vital motto of our political faith,—“One from Many;” saw the supreme importance of immense internal national strength; and kept those constantly in view. He next saw that by whatever policy those were produced, our external foreign power,

influence and dignity must follow in accordance with the familiar dictates of Washington's administration, and concurrent with all his words of parental advice.

What was the general application of such principles?

In his judgment the war of 1812 should have been a naval war,—a war with Englishmen with English weapons. He knew the exploits of our seamen; knew that their blood and valor were the same that allowed England to boast; knew unless our commerce was protected,—then slight and weak,—it would be swept ignominiously from our seas; knew that equality or superiority of power were better seen by meeting the enemy with the enemy's chosen weapons; knew, in short, that the principles of our nationality demanded that the war of 1812 should be emphatically a naval war. What more?

In the early part of the twenties there shot up—a ray of hope from out a chaos of theory—another policy, not always borne in mind, of immeasurable value to our nationality, which, applied in the spirit in which produced, would have furnished a strength and vitality to the great tariff question through all the decades of our history; and in its native simplicity it meant the fostering of our commerce, not by urging it to an unnatural growth, which at best could not long continue, but by giving it the power, whether free or protected, of acquiring a natural growth with ample means of adapting itself to the changing conditions of the times. Who believes that politicians can establish commerce at their own gracious pleasure?

Webster therefore denied the practicability of protection in 1816 and 1824, and on the same grounds he would not abandon it in 1828.

And in keeping with this arose that other policy, exalted, national, commending itself to the intelligence and thoughtful attention of the whole country, extending its far-reaching force everywhere, in the words of our great Englishman, from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the milder waters of the Pacific main, especially directed, in that great three-fold speech on Foot's Resolution, toward unity of interest and concurrent consolidation of power, I mean the policy for our internal domestic development, by his introduction of which the people, the constant objects of his thoughts and aims, were let into the real secret of nationality,—but another word for that unity of government which constitutes us one people!

The speech referred to,—glowing with great thoughts in simple words, sending conviction to every true American heart,—may be read by him who runs; and it,

with those immediately succeeding, made under the influence of forces ever to be held sacred, sprung from the very source of our nationality, against the clearest, sharpest, most cutting Anglo-Saxon logician of his age,—who moulded words into syllogisms and sent them forth at white heat,—constitutes, in the principles involved, a triumph in behalf of nationality eclipsing in moral sublimity the boldest exploit of the boldest chief of the six hundred battles of the Rebellion.

The conclusion is honest for justice's sake. What more?

Our unsurveyed and as good as unknown north-eastern boundary stood as the bone of contention with Great Britain. Both nations knew there existed no impassable gulf between words and blows; and, somehow, both thought that blows, on the average, were the best means of curing international disorders,—and from her experience the United States very rightly so thought. But to increase the disorder and the difficulty of removing it, both nations—to use an expression stronger than it is nice—were mad with each other, and to aggravate the case still more the intrepid dash and bold political cunning of Andrew Jackson had actually faltered to attempt the cure. Who could go where he would not?

Flowers sometimes bloom on the perilous edges of the precipice.

The achievement of Daniel Webster was the treaty of Washington; having its basis on the liberal sentiment hidden deep in the spirit of our free institutions, the internal principle of a self-governing people,—the greatest good to the greatest number,—showing for almost the first time in our history the power of skillful diplomacy; giving a new phase to our whole history as a nation; enlarging and unfolding our foreign power, but, above all, giving a new value to the lives and happiness of our citizens. Briefly, a triumph for nationality!

And this is but a part of Webster's great peace policy, upon which, we may hope, the future historian will dwell with special fondness and delight, when we may suppose him to record that peace, not war, is the normal condition of this nation.

The development of that internal policy—which knew no North, no South, no East, no West, but one country—depended upon the peace and happiness of the whole nation; and in that high chamber of our power and eloquence he stood, once the expounder of the Constitution, now again to call back the people to a consideration of objects and aims; and we may hear him denounce more modestly than I can express it as meaningless, purposeless, base and cowardly, the war with Mexico! See the eminence on which he stood,—a people's nationality!

—from whence he scanned the whole horizon, from gulf to lake, from ocean to ocean, and he denied that any just man could give nor jot nor tittle of his influence in support of a war which defied the spirit of nationality.

Passing interesting topics of illustration, by easy sequence I come to the perfect harmony of Webster's statesmanship.

Always satisfied with the immediate pre-eminence of his country, loving her for what she was, and not for what she might be or ought to be, he was fired with no utopian ideas or impracticable theories, but developed those forces only which might be applied with almost mathematical certainty to the needs of nationality. And the challenge might go forth over the broad stretch of this nation, even to the remotest village politician, for any man to show when, where, and how one stroke of his statesmanship sank to the vulgar level of an impracticable theory; show that it was not founded at first and at last—at last!—on the precepts of Washington and all the respected fathers of the Republic, show that it did not include all those general interests of government; briefly upon those great principles which unite national sovereignty with states' rights, individual security and public prosperity, together the sum total of a powerful State,—a nationality,—resting upon the representative will of a free, decent, and, above all, Christian people. Grand, exalted, almost sublime association, Webster—Nationality!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

In the widest distinction men may be divided into thinkers and actors. Not that thought does not swiftly array itself in armor and grasp the weapons of action, and not that action is ever effective without a viewless steam power of thought setting the mechanism in motion; but that the two great classes of men are set in marked contrast to each other, and present themselves in very different aspects to the biographer and historian. Nay, more; their effects upon the destinies of men are vastly different and distinct in certain grand characteristics.

Among the eminently thinking minds we may also distinguish two great classes, corresponding to two opposite temperaments. The first proceed methodically and cautiously from one idea to the next. They divide the field which they would investigate into sections, and not until the first section is thoroughly examined and every stone in it upturned, do they proceed to the next. To this class belong especially the men of science. The other embraces those minds, strangely constructed indeed, yet oftentimes strong and impetuous, which seem to think only by sudden concentration of vehement ideas.

After having violently and confusedly rummaged among the details of a group, they plunge with a sudden spring upon the mother idea. Not capable of following a regular series, they always perceive in a lump.

Carlyle may be taken as an example of the latter form of intellect; and, not only was he himself aware of the fact, but he argues plausibly that genius is an intuition, an insight. "Our Professor's method is not in any case," said he in speaking of Teufelsdröckh, "that of common school logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other; but at best that of practical reason, proceeding by large intuitions over whole systematic groups and kingdoms, whereby we might say a noble complexity almost like that of nature reigns in his philosophy or spiritual picture of nature; a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan."

The minds of the Scottish race are noted especially for their earnestness, simplicity, shrewdness and humor; while the Germans, on the other hand, are characterized by mysticism, exaggeration and eccentricity. It is a well-known saying of Jean Paul Richter's, that while the French have dominion of the land and the English of the sea, to the Germans belong the empire of the air and the upper regions. Their poetry and philosophy abound in dreams, scientifically constructed indeed, and gorgeously colored, but still dreams of the wildest and most mystic nature. These peculiarities often extend beyond their romances, epics and psychological treatises into their books of science and other practical works—nay, for aught we know, their very spelling-books are tinged with the same hue, and perhaps, like the primer of the unfortunate school-master commemorated by Dr. Johnson, "dedicated to the universe."

Carlyle, Scottish by birth, and possessing a mind emphatically Scottish, has engrafted on this strong stock the German element. He appears as a hybrid. "The voice indeed is Jacob's, but the hands are Esau's."

Having thus seen the character and inclinations, to some extent, of the mind before us, we shall be prepared, partially, at least, to understand some of the most salient points of his philosophy and teachings.

One thing appears very evident at the beginning, and that is that Mr. Carlyle has never pledged himself exclusively to any one system of philosophy, his ineradicable conviction being that it is impossible to sum up the whole truth in any system formed by man. But, although not professing himself to be a disciple of any philosopher, and not accepting any code of opinions in a lump, he holds all as worthy of study, and is ready to accept truth from any. Thus of Kant he says: "Perhaps among all the worthies of the eighteenth century, there is not one

that so ill meets the conditions of a mystic as this same Immanuel Kant."

Of Fichte he speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Of the works of the mystic Novalis, whom we might call the transcendent transcendentalist—for he seems to have got into the eighth heaven while the others were still in the seventh—he says: "They are an unfathomable mint of philosophical ideas, where the keenest intellect may have occupation enough, and in such occupation, without going further, reward enough."

He defended Coleridge and opposed Locke.

But, although, as we have said, Carlyle followed none of these systems, yet a few central thoughts in his writings have characterized them from the beginning, and are discoverable in their purest form in that book composed amidst the wilds of Galloway—his profession of faith—the world-renowned Sartor Resartus, which, no doubt, the author would himself have indicated as containing the germs of his expansive, efflorescent, and—shall we say?—too unfruitful philosophy.

The thesis or proposition which underlies this work from beginning to end, is, that all matter and material things are but vesture, clothing or visual appearance of spirit. Matter as such he holds to be dead. That is to say, he finds in the universe, as revealed to him by his senses or conceived by his mind, no matter which itself originates force, or which is a self-originating force. All is dead save spirit; spirit man and spirit God.

This idea he tells us was derived from the transcendental philosophy as expounded by Fichte. Illustrating these views, our author says in *Hero Worship*: "All things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves, are a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance. Under all these lies, as the essence of them, what Fichte calls the 'Divine idea of the world.' This is the reality which lies at the bottom of all appearances."

Again in *Sartor*: "To the eye of vulgar logic what is man? An omnivorous biped that wears breeches. To the eye of pure reason what is he? A soul, a spirit and divine apparition. Round this mysterious *me* there lies under all these wool rags a garment of flesh contextured in the loom of heaven. Deep hidden is he under that strange garment; amid sounds and colors and forms, as it were swathed in and inextricably overshadowed."

Language, poetry, church, State, and, in fact, everything, which we see around us, was regarded by Carlyle as a mere symbol. All things are but emblems. What we see is not on its own account, and if we take it strictly is not there at all.

Matter according to this idea exists only spiritually, and then to represent some idea, or, to use Carlyle's own

expression, "body it forth." In every symbol, too, he sees an embodiment and revelation of the Infinite. We quote again from Sartor Resartus: "The infinite is made to blend itself with the finite, to stand visible and, as it were, attainable there. By symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with symbols, recognized as such, or not recognized. The universe is but one vast symbol of God. Nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a symbol of God? is not all that he does symbolical, a revelation to sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him?"

Carlyle's theory of space and time is intimately connected with Kant's speculations. He considers that both are but forms of intuition, and are woven for us before birth to clothe our "celestial me" for living here, and yet to blind it.

Although we can hardly separate our thoughts from connection with *when* and *where*, yet they are but adhesions which we must consider as superficial and terrestrial, and that, beyond the narrow confines of our little earth, they mount up into the *everywhere* and *forever*. These views are clearly set forth in many parts of our author's writings. Thus he says: "Think well—thou too wilt find that space is but a mode of human sense, so likewise time. There is no space, no time. We are—we know not what—light sparkles floating in the ether of Deity." We *seem* to be born and to die, but really we *are*.

Thus, then, we are taught (?) that time, space, matter, and in fact this great globe itself wherein our spirits strut out a part of their little lives, before the universe—are but airy images, but circumstances of our dreams. We clutch at the shadows as if they were substances, and sleep deepest while we fancy ourselves awake. But what exists beneath all these vain appearances? Carlyle answers we know not, cannot know. We feel that this universe is the embodiment of beauty, grandeur and majesty. We, indeed, "are fearfully and wonderfully made." The volume of nature is terrible. It cannot be read by mortal man. Thus far with awe and wonder can we come, but no farther.

Though we may say, and with justice too, that, in many particulars, Carlyle takes the ground of the mystics, however much reason there may be for calling him a pantheist, positivist, idealist, transcendentalist or a mirage philosopher, none will certainly impute any tinge of materialism to his system. Starting with the existence of spirit as his fundamental truth and axiom, all his works are counter-blasts to materialism in every shape and form.

Carlyle's religion was widely separated from much that is called religion at the present day. He had no

patience with second-hand beliefs, and articles of faith ready made for the having. Whatever was accepted by men because it was the tradition of their fathers, and not a deep conviction arrived at by legitimate search, was to him of no avail; and all historical and merely intellectual faith, standing outside the man, and not absorbed in his life as a vital moving and spiritual power, he placed amongst the chaff for burning. "But all true work is religion," he claims.

Carlyle, though belonging to no church himself, tolerated, with one exception all creeds. In Ignatius Loyola he seemed to see the type and embodiment of all that was supremely wrong. Much could be said of Carlyle's religion—its peculiarities and depths, his attachment to the ceremonies, government and architecture of the mediæval church, and many other points of interest in this connection.

But we turn to his later years, and cannot but notice the pessimistic tendencies into which he seems to have fallen. He had looked abroad over mankind, had grappled with problems of thought, and had witnessed the degraded, prostrate state of the world. It appeared to him that the world had worn out its last suit of clothes and, with the reverse intention of Balaam, he went up into the mountain to bless the progress of civilization, and lo! he was compelled to curse it altogether. He seemed to realize that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit." "Like the valley of Jehoshaphat," he says, "it lies around us, this false modern world, and no rapt Ezekiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they are awake, may now deliberately see." "We walk in a nightmare wilderness, a wreck of dead men's bones, a false world." Not a pleasant picture truly.

In middle life Carlyle was eminently a moral teacher, and no small part of his ethics can be summed up in the words, "Work, work;" "Seek light;" "Shun cant;" "Speak the truth," and "Have a clear understanding."

Such is a partial and necessarily imperfect sketch of some few points in the philosophy and teaching of a man who has been called the truest Diogenes of the nineteenth century. Although many object to his teaching, and ask what all that he has written amounts to, although we hear the complaint that he pulls down the old and supplies nothing in its place, that his influence has rested on illegitimate grounds, a will-o'-the-wisp leading unstable minds into marshy and unprofitable places, yet, even if his philosophy is obscure in its premises, it is most practical in its results.

No one has a deeper sense of the Infinite and Eternal, no one has knelt with more solemn awe under the shadow of the universe, and no one has expressed a higher reverence for the "worship of sorrow." If he was not a little nearer the light it is because the scale is infinite, and every student of his works, however widely he may differ from him in his views, must feel that he has loftier ideas, and is amply repaid for his labor in studying of a philosopher who strangely sums up the path of man by saying "generation after generation takes to itself the form of body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian night, on heaven's mission *appears*. What force and fire in each he expends!—one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces, on the rocks of strife in war with his fellows, and the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon, even the sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. But whence? O Heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God." "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

LOCALS.

Wait.

Till next year.

Bees cell their own honey.

Are you free trade or protection?

Where, oh! where will you spend vacation?

The Senior invitations exhibited marked taste.

From a Senior: "The editorial *choir* are invited," etc.

The revised New Testament is quietly establishing itself in the College.

PROF.—"What is the French word for 'sweet'?"

JUNIOR (who thinks the Professor said "*je suis*").—I am. (Class collapses.)

Is it so that the first eleven are going to play Swarthmore at marbles?

(The more we think of them, the less we think of them—Examination snivels.)

"Legend" says: "Io was changed by Juno into a heifer, but it is now known Io-dide of Potassium."

An interregnum from the close of examination to the conferring of degrees (filled in with nothingness).

A number of the students are going to spend their summer vacation in canvassing for the Christian Union.

The broader basis upon which our new board walk rests has not failed to commend itself to all lady visitors.

A Junior renders Pliny's "*Ut penitentiarii locum non relinquat*,"—"So that he may not leave the place for a penitentiary."

Professor Ladd means business in the Gymnasium. Some who have been receiving his instruction claim great benefit from it.

Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey, delivered an able lecture at the College on the 6th instant, on The American System of Protection.

To those who are over-careful in their mode of expression we commend the following: Lost, a black lady's fan and a small gold-faced lady's watch.

We are willing to pay extra for something that pleases us. So thought the Senior while musing over the name "Tiffany" at the bottom of his Commencement invitations.

A laudable enterprise merits patronage, and we doubt not all friends of Haverford will show their appreciation of this fact when they learn *The Haverfordian* can now be had for \$1.00.

"The gilt dome of the State House in Boston can be seen ten miles off, and the gold-plated pens of Esterbrook's make can be appreciated at any distance from their factory in Camden, N. J."

Any old geography solves the modern problem of city sanitary systems, by the remarkable statement: "Albany has 400 houses and 4000 inhabitants all standing with their gable ends to the street."

President Chase delivered an address at Brown University on May 25, before the forty-ninth annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. This college society was founded at Hamilton in 1832.

We regret that the local editor in the last number of *The Haverfordian* evinced so little mental application, as the lectures on French Literature were entertaining and instructive to those who took pains to follow the speaker.

Dr. H. Crosby says the common version of the Bible is not perfectly intelligible to the common people, and that it has "little insidious obsolescences" running all through it. We can imagine many of these common people would not understand that kind of thing.

President Barnard, of Columbia College, in his recent address to the graduating class gave sound advice. In speaking of the "spoil system" in party politics, he urged every young man to set his face like flint against it and all its supporters. Let Haverford's sons do likewise.

Those students who were present at the closing meeting of our Y. M. C. A., and listened to the practical suggestions made by the delegate who represented the Association in the International Convention at Cleveland, will enter upon their work next year with an added impetus.

The annual election of officers in the Logonian Society occurred on the 5th instant. The first ballot was successful, resulting as follows: President, Professor P. E. Chase; Vice-President, W. R. Jones; President of the Council, E. Gamble; Secretary, J. Blanchard; Treasurer, F. D. Jones; Librarian, R. B. Hazard; Curator, T. C. Palmer; Editor of *Haverfordian*, G. A. Barton; Business Manager of *Haverfordian*, G. L. Crozman; Editors of *Collegian*, Professor F. G. Allison, T. C. Palmer, J. H. Morgan, S. R. Jones, J. S. Estes.

PERSONAL.

(Any one who can furnish items for this column will greatly oblige both the editors and old graduates by forwarding such items to us.)

'43.—R. B. Howland is living at his residence in Union Springs, New York.

'53.—Professor Wm. B. Morgan will not remain at Penn College next year.

'60.—Wm. B. Corbit is a prosperous physician in Washington, District of Columbia.

'68.—E. H. Cook is principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Maine.

'78.—F. K. Carey took his Master's Degree on the 22d. He took his examination for it in English Parliamentary History.

'81.—Blair will grind Greek at Harvard next year.

'81.—Carey goes into business with his father in Baltimore.

'81.—Edwards expects to have a good time at home this summer.

'81.—Hartshorne goes into his father's office.

'81.—Johnson goes into the Christian Union business for the summer.

'81.—Kennard takes a trip through New England, and then goes into the Christian Union business.

'81.—Moore stops at home at present.

'81.—Page will be a senior at Harvard next year.

'81.—Price will be a resident graduate and assistant librarian next year.

'81.—Winslow goes into the "C. U." business.

'81.—Winston opens a Christian Union office in Indianapolis after a short visit to Virginia.

'81.—Brinton enters the civil engineering corps of Philadelphia.

'81.—Collins will pursue resident graduate studies, and will also act as assistant in the Observatory next year.

'81.—Cook will become a civil engineer.

'81.—Forsythe will spend the summer in railway grading, and begin teaching in the autumn.

'81.—Smith goes to California.

'81.—L. M. Harvey, of Indianapolis, came on to see his class graduate.

'81.—W. C. Hadley, of New Mexico, visited us a few days ago.

'82.—W. C. Chase sailed for Europe on the 15th, where he expects to spend a year or more travelling in Germany and Italy.

'82.—H. M. Thomas made us a visit on the 17th.

'83.—Dunn had a narrow escape the other day. Runaway horses were at the bottom of it.

'84.—Haines sailed for Europe on the 18th, where he will spend the vacation.

MARRIED.

SMILEY—NEWHALL.—In Boston, June 18th, Daniel Smiley, Jr., ('78), to Miss Effie Newhall. Mr. S. and bride will spend the summer at Lake Mohunk, Ulster County, N. Y.

CRICKET.

It is our mournful duty to report another defeat for the first eleven of the Dorian, and that, too, by a club which for fifteen years they have defeated, frequently by over an innings, always badly. The 4th of June, 1881, will be a day long remembered by Haverford cricketers. But let it rather spur them on to constant and continued practice, so that the record of this year may never be repeated.

The wicket was so softened by the rains of the week previous that it was almost impossible to score; yet, as the day advanced, the sun came out, and the ground became better and better suited for scoring, as will be seen by the gradual increase in the scores.

The Dorian won the toss, and sent the University to the field; this was a decided mistake, and did much towards losing the game. Winston and Thomas opened for Haverford against the bowling of Thayer and Clark; Thomas' wicket was soon shattered by a ball from Thayer, and immediately Winston was caught off Clark. The example set by these two was very carefully followed, as the wickets fell in one, two, three order, until Craig made a stand of 7. This innings of Craig's was especially praiseworthy, as this was his first match with the first eleven. The eleven was retired with only 19 to their credit, which, it is needless to say, is the smallest score Haverford has ever made. The University then sent G. Thayer and Johnstone to the bat to face the bowling of Winslow and Baily. Johnstone was soon caught at square leg, and Thayer was run out by his brother who had joined him. J. Thayer, who has formerly been unfortunate in other matches played at Haverford, made 18 in a style which would have been better had the condition of the ground permitted it. This was the only score of double figures made in this innings. The remaining wickets fell rapidly, the tenth falling for 34. In the second innings the Dorian did somewhat better, getting in all 56 runs. Shoemaker's 18 and Thomas' 12 were the only double figures, though Craig's steady innings did much toward breaking the bowling. The University had only 42 runs to make, which G. Thayer and Clark, who were sent in first, seemed about to get, when Thayer was bowled off his pads, having made 14 in very good style. Perot joined Clark, and together they made the 2 required to win. This gave the game to the University, with 9 wickets to spare. Following is the score:

DORIAN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
B. V. Thomas, b. J. B. Thayer.....	3	c. Clark, b. Thayer.....	12
L. M. Winston, c. Page, b. Clark.....	3	b. Clark.....	1
A. M. Carey, c. Scott, b. Clark.....	1	c. Cowperthwaite, b. Scott.....	1
T. N. Winslow, c. Scott, b. Clark.....	2	b. Clark.....	1
S. R. Shoemaker, b. Clark.....	0	b. Clark.....	18
W. F. Price, b. Thayer.....	0	c. and b. Scott.....	2
J. E. Coffin, c. Cowperthwaite, b. Thayer.....	0	c. G. C. Thayer, b. Scott.....	2
E. G. Hartshorne, run out.....	1	st. Thayer, b. Clark.....	5
A. C. Craig, run out.....	7	st. Thayer, b. Clark.....	9
R. S. Rhodes, c. Johnstone, b. Thayer, 0	0	not out.....	1
W. L. Baily, not out.....	2	b. Clark.....	0
		wides.....	1
Total.....	19	Total.....	56

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.		B. R. M. W.			
Clark.....	59	11	4	4	
J. B. Thayer.....	54	8	2	4	
SECOND INNINGS.					
Clark.....	132	27	10	6	
J. B. Thayer.....	51	13	5	1	
Scott.....	92	15	5	3	

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
G. C. Thayer, run out	0	b. Baily	14
W. J. Johnstone, c. Thomas, b. Baily	0		
J. B. Thayer, Jr., b. Winslow	18		
F. C. Perot, b. Winslow	1	not out	1
G. L. Montgomery, c. and b. Winslow	4		
J. S. Clark, c. Carey, b. Winslow	5	not out	26
J. I. Scott, c. Coffin, b. Winslow	1		
J. B. Cowperthwaite, b. Craig	0		
J. Sergeant, Jr., not out	1		
L. R. Page, b. Winslow	2		
Wides	2	no balls	1
Total	34	Total	42

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Winslow	93	15	8	6
Baily	42	8	3	1
Thomas	24	8	1	0
Craig	18	1	2	2

SECOND INNINGS.

Winslow	30	11	0	0
Craig	48	12	2	0
Baily	47	15	2	1
Thomas	24	3	3	0

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

FIRST INNINGS.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Dorian		6	6	7	8	9	9	9	17	17	19
University		0	1	6	19	20	31	31	31	31	34

SECOND INNINGS.

Dorian	15	23	25	26	26	27	40	52	53	56
University	40									

The first match of the second eleven, which was played on the 28th of May with the Germantown second, turned out very successfully, as the Dorian won by 8 wickets. The Germantown second rightly has the reputation of being the best second eleven in the city, and the Dorians thought the ground committee unwise in arranging this match for the first one; yet the result proved the wisdom of the committee; and we think that this victory did much towards giving the second that confidence in themselves without which no eleven can be successful. We should say, for the Germantown, that they had not their best eleven, as several substitutes played with them.

We would remark on the very pretty score of W. Brockie, Jr., who made, in the first innings, 18 runs; these were the only double figures in either innings for the Germantown. The bowling of Craig all through the game was beautiful, and we believe a much stronger eleven would have been retired for a very few more runs. For the Dorians, Coffin, Craig and Dunn did most of the work at the bat,—Dunn and Craig deserving especial praise for their steady playing. Following is the score:

GERMANTOWN SECOND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
W. Brockie, Jr., c. and b. Craig	18	c. Evans, b. Randolph	2
G. B. Robbins, run out	5	b. Craig	0
C. E. Yerkes, run out	7	c. l. Whitney, b. Craig	3
R. Thomas, c. Chase, b. Craig	2	b. Randolph	3
G. B. Warder, c. and b. Craig	3	c. and b. Craig	4
J. Longstreth, b. Randolph	0	c. Blair, b. Randolph	3
H. Thorpe, b. Craig	1	c. and b. Craig	3
R. A. Morgan, b. Craig	6	c. Randolph, b. Craig	5
C. N. Robinson, b. Craig	0	l. b. w. b. Randolph	3
C. Kurtz, not out	0	c. l. Whitney, b. Craig	3
E. L. Stewartson	not out	not out	4
Extras	2	Extras	3
Total	44	Total	36

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.		B.	R.	M.	W.
Randolph		90	20	4	1
Craig		87	22	4	6

SECOND INNINGS.

Craig	84	21	3	6
Randolph	84	12	6	4

DORIAN SECOND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Chase, c. Warder, b. Yerkes	3	b. Robinson	0
Dunn, c. Warder, b. Robbins	7	not out	11
C. Whitney, b. Yerkes	0		
Randolph, b. Robinson	0		
Craig, c. Longstreth, b. Yerkes	12	not out	2
Coffin, b. Robinson	23		
L. Whitney, b. Kurtz	0		
Evans, b. Yerkes	1		
Jay, c. Morgan, b. Yerkes	0		
Worthington, b. Robinson	1		
Blair, not out	0	c. and b. Thorpe	7
Extras	8	Extras	8
Total	55	Total	27

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.		B.	R.	M.	W.
Robinson		75	7	7	1
Yerkes		12	8	0	0
Thorpe		36	4	3	1
Brockie		6	1	0	0

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

FIRST INNINGS.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Germantown		23	29	37	37	38	39	40	43	44	
Dorian		12	13	13	23	33	38	41	41	54	55

SECOND INNINGS.

Germantown	3	5	9	14	14	19	23	27	32	36
Dorian	9	15								

On the 11th of June, the second eleven played the Merion second, and were defeated by them by 59 runs. The ground was very soft, which, judging from the batting of the players of both sides, made good cricket impossible. We had hoped that the second would have done as well against the Merion second as they had done but two weeks before against the Germantown second, but the result was entirely different. Following is the score:

MERION SECOND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
H. Sayers, b. Randolph	5	c. Jay, b. Craig	0
A. J. Dallas, c. and b. Craig	0	not out	9
R. Montgomery, c. Randolph, b. Craig	3	b. Randolph	1
M. Wall, b. Randolph	0	c. C. Whitney, b. Randolph	1
M. Ewing, c. and b. Randolph	7	b. Craig	1
W. Philler, c. Craig, b. Randolph	4	run out	2
J. Waln, c. and b. Craig	0	c. Chase, b. Craig	1
G. S. Philler, c. Stuart, b. Randolph	5	b. Craig	12
N. Etting, c. Coffin, b. Craig	0	b. Randolph	31
W. Hall, not out	0	b. Craig	3
C. K. Biddle, b. Craig	1	b. Craig	5
Extras	26	Extras	6
Total	26	Total	72

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Randolph	72	7	7	5
Craig	71	18	4	5

SECOND INNINGS

Craig	102	36	3	6
L. B. Whitney	18	9	0	0
Randolph	72	19	2	3
Dunn	6	0	1	0

DORIAN SECOND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
R. R. Dunn, b. Philler	0	l. b. w. b. Philler	1
T. H. Chase, c. W. Philler, b. Hall	0	b. Hall	0
A. C. Craig, b. Hall	1	b. Philler	0
C. H. Whitney, c. Montgomery, b. Hall	2	b. Hall	2
J. Coffin, c. J. Waln, b. Hall	1	b. Philler	4
L. B. Whitney, b. Philler	3	b. Philler	0
E. Randolph, not out	5	b. Philler	7
G. H. Evans, b. Hall	2	b. Hall	0
T. K. Worthington, b. Hall	0	b. Hall	0
F. Stuart, c. W. Philler, b. Hall	2	not out	0
W. Jay, c. Sayers, b. Hall	2	c. and b. Philler	0
Extras	4	Extras	3
Total	22	Total	17

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.		B.	R.	M.	W.
Hall		81	6	9	8
Philler		78	12	6	2

SECOND INNINGS.

Hall	60	10	4	4
Philler	60	4	7	6

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